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JACOBITE
INSTRELSY:

WITH NOTES

TRATIVE OF THE TEXT;

AND CONTAINING

HISTORICAL DETAILS

IN RELATION TO

The House of Stuart,

FROM 1640 TO 1784.

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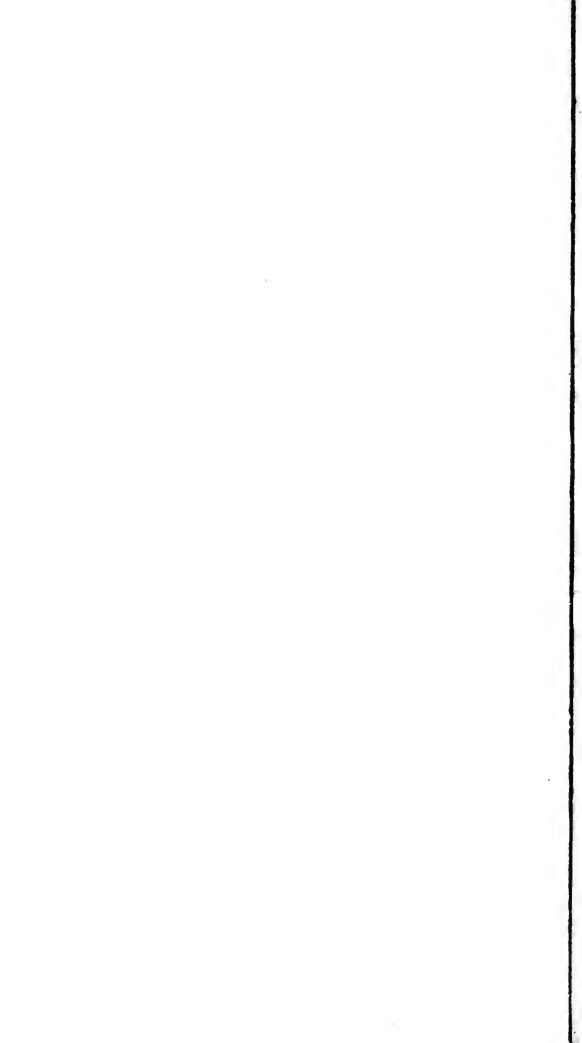
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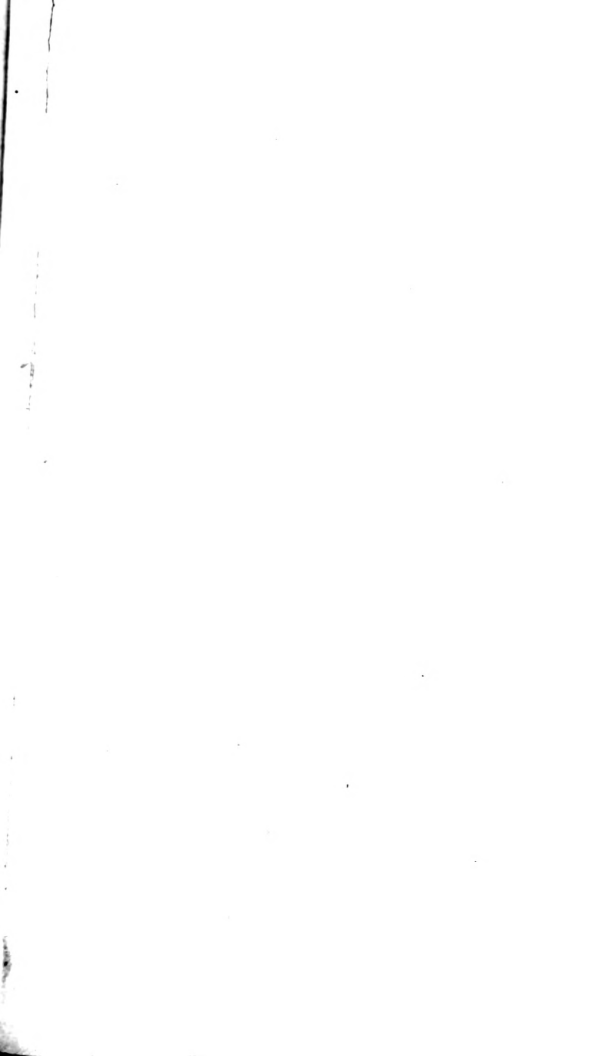
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Portrait of a Soldier in the 18th Century

By the Artist of the Engraving

Published by the Author, 1780

London: Printed by J. Smith

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JACOBITE MINSTRELS;



THE WAYS OF SCOTLAND.

BY J. G. K. & CO.

LONDON: J. G. K. & CO.

1841.

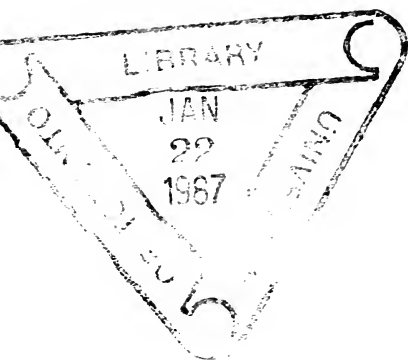


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JACOBITE
MINSTRELSY;
WITH *Poetry*
NOTES *J.*
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE TEXT.
AND CONTAINING
HISTORICAL DETAILS
IN RELATION TO
THE HOUSE OF STUART,
FROM 1640 TO 1784.

Glasgow:
PRINTED FOR RICHARD GRIFFIN AND CO.

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ROBERT MALCOLM, PRINTER.

PREFACE.

IN Scotland, of late years, a very laudable anxiety has been shown to collect and preserve every relic of past times, connected in any shape with the literary or political history of the country. Much skill, industry, and perseverance have been displayed in pursuit of this object; and in several departments the efforts of individuals have been eminently useful. In no instance, however, do these appear to have been exerted to better purpose, or with greater success, than in collecting the ballads, songs, and legends of the *Jacobites*,—the productions of those nameless bards who so long sung the Stuarts and their cause, and who were wont, with irresistible effect, to rouse and inflame the partizans of that family. So keen, indeed, has been the zeal or the patriotism of those who undertook the task of gathering together the widely scattered remains of the *Jacobite* muse, that they may almost be said to have done her more than justice. All sorts of collections have been anxiously sought after and procured; manuscripts innumerable have been examined and collated; every stray verse or fragment

has been treasured with enthusiasm ; and hardly any thing worth perpetuating appears to have escaped their indefatigable search. These, again, have been embodied in various laborious publications ; and, at length, we have only to turn to the volumes of the collectors, particularly those of Ritson, Cromek, Cunningham, and the Ettrick Shepherd, in order to find that the Minstrelsy of the *Jacobite* times forms one of the most valuable and interesting portions of our national song.

Most of the productions which have been thus carefully collected, enjoyed at one time a very extensive popularity ; but it is a peculiar feature in their character, that the interest which they were originally written to inspire, is little diminished, either by change of circumstances or the lapse of time. They are still read with enthusiasm by all ranks in Scotland, and admired as the very best compositions we possess of the lyrical kind. Several causes concur to produce this general partiality in their favour ; but none, perhaps, more strongly conduces to it than the decided excellence of the pieces themselves. The efforts of the Jacobite muse seem, in almost every instance, to have been faithful transcripts of the feelings of their authors—the results of genuine passion working on heated imaginations, or the overflowing bitterness of exasperated, indignant, and disappointed minds. They were always the bursts, too, of temporary and spontaneous excitement. Hence, whether they pourtray the animated details of a battle, satirize the character of a state measure, ridicule the personal qualities of an enemy, or bewail the calamities of a friend, it is done with a

truth, energy, and feeling, that at once imparts kindred emotions to the breast of the reader, and leaves an impression on his mind that nothing can efface. Perhaps, therefore, it is not too much to assert of them, that as effusions of real passion, they are unrivalled by any similar compositions, either ancient or modern. Nothing can exceed the force and variety of their humour, the keenness of their wit, the vigour of their invective, the buoyancy of their hope, and not unfrequently the pathos of their despair.

Though much of the pleasure which is felt in Jacobite song may thus be ascribed to the force of its own peculiar charms, it cannot be denied that a large share of the interest which belongs to it is owing to the *cause* which it sung, and the events and recollections with which it is associated. On this account the greater portion of the pieces hitherto published, possess a value in the eyes of most Scotsmen, altogether independent of their poetical characteristics. Not that the principles of the Jacobites, or the objects for which they contended, are now held in particular veneration, for these, it is well known, warred alike against common sense and the natural liberty of mankind; * but that there is felt in almost every

* The extravagant nature of Jacobite principles may be best ascertained by contrasting them with those of the Whigs and Tories, as they have been defined by Mr Hume the historian. "A Tory," says he, in one of his essays, "may be defined in a few words:—to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without renouncing monarchy, and a friend to the settlement in the British line. A Jacobite seems to be a Tory who has no regard to the constitution, but is either a zealous partizan of

breast a warm and irresistible admiration of the devoted constancy and heroic valour displayed by the partizans of the House of Stuart, and a melancholy sympathy for the misfortunes that pursued them. In spite of the equivocal motives which are known to have actuated many of those who took the lead in that luckless cause, we still admire the integrity of purpose as well as pathetic heroism displayed by the great body of its followers. We forget their mistaken views, their pernicious enthusiasm; and only think of their romantic courage, their persevering fidelity, and their unshaken fortitude, through all the vicissitudes that marked their attempts to recover what *they*, at least, thought their own and their monarch's right. But it is chiefly in contemplating the reverses of the Jacobites, and especially the grand catastrophe that followed their short lived triumphs in 1745, that we find our sympathies most powerfully awakened in their behalf. However much they may have erred both in politics and religion, we cannot but remember with pity the dreadful penalty which was paid for their attachment to them; their powerful and warlike bands broken up and dispersed, the frightful military execution by fire and sword inflicted on their country, their wives and children exposed to

absolute monarchy, or at least willing to sacrifice our liberties to the obtaining the succession in that family to which he is attached."

During the whole of the period to which the *Minstrelsy* of this volume refers, the people of England were divided into Whigs, Tories, and Jacobites; though the two last were closely allied to each other. But in Scotland, there were only two parties. All the Presbyterians, the great body of the people, were Whigs; and as the Episcopalians had no worldly motive for dissembling their sentiments, having been dispossessed at the Revolution, they were all nonjurors, and open and avowed Jacobites.

the horrors of famine, and they themselves, when they escaped the axe of the executioner, driven into hopeless exile. Remembering those accumulated ills, all their faults, and all the vices of their cause, are lost in commiseration of their fate; and to this feeling of compassion for the wretched, must we ascribe that general prepossession which still exists for every thing connected with the Jacobite cause and Jacobite times. Hence, also, the universally popular character of Jacobite Song.

Independent, however, of the hold which these relics of the past thus have on the sympathies and affections of Scotsmen; and, besides the charm which they possess as spirited, graphic. and touching specimens of the muse, their practical use in illustrating many events of the period to which they refer, stamps them with an additional value, and renders them of no little estimation in the eye of the historical reader. In fact, when arranged consecutively, and with attention to chronological order, these songs and fragments form a delightful commentary on the memoirs of the time, and may almost be said to constitute an epitome of Jacobite history. Subservient in some degree to this end, and with a view to make them as useful as agreeable, have the pieces in the present collection been selected and arranged, and, on reference to their titles, it will be found that, taken in connection with the notes, they present such a series of political and personal details as may well serve the purpose of more legitimate memoirs.

In this point of view, the Jacobite Minstrelsy is chiefly of importance from the date

of the abdication of James the Second; for although there were numerous party songs in relation to the Stuarts at a much earlier period, few or none can be considered *exclusively* Jacobite, till that family was shut out from the succession to the throne. The Revolution of 1668 is the grand era of Jacobite Song. Accordingly, as the first event in the series, it forms the subject of satire in several pieces, but particularly in *Cakes o' Crowdy*. The next event was the attempt of Viscount Dundee to restore James, at the head of little more than three thousand Highlanders, when, though victorious over a larger Government force, under General Mackay, he was killed in battle. This is commemorated in *Killiecranky*. The character of King William is at the same time severely handled in some other contemporary productions; but particularly in *Willie Winkie's Testament*. The famous Act of Succession, in 1703, follows in order, and it is immortalized in the ballad of the same name. Some of the characters who moved it in Parliament are noticed in the notes. The more important measure of the Union succeeded to this Act, and a valuable commentary, satirical of the Whigs who were instrumental in passing it, is to be found in *The Awkward Squad*. Queen Anne's Ministers, and their measures, are also ridiculed at the same period in *The Auld Gray Mare*, *The Riding Mare*, and *The Union*. The accession of George the First, with his character, in *The Wee, Wee German Lairdie*, and *The Sow's Tail to Geordie*, complete the train of events

till the celebrated insurrection under the Earl of Marr, in 1715.

Marr's attempt is memorable for its melancholy consequences, and these necessarily excited the tender and sympathetic strains of the Jacobite songsters. The pieces of that period, therefore, will be found particularly interesting. Though *The Battle of Sheriff-Muir*, and a few others, be ludicrous, the greater number are plaintive and touching in a very eminent degree; especially such as relate to the march into England, and the subsequent surrender of the rebels. The characters of the principal leaders in this insurrection are described in the notes. The executions of the Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater, with the escape of Lord Nithsdale, are also copiously detailed.

The intermediate period betwixt Marr's insurrection, and the more important one of 1745, is occupied with various humorous and characteristic satires, some of them peculiarly caustic, in ridicule of the courts and characters both of George I. and George II.

But it is in relation to the events of 1745 and 1746 that the Jacobite songs must be deemed of the greatest and most permanent interest. This last attempt of the Stuarts is, if possible, still better illustrated by those pieces than any of the events that preceded it. Indeed, there is hardly an incident of any importance in Prince Charles' expedition that has not been commemorated by the muse. To show this the more distinctly, it only requires to put the successive events in juxtaposition with their corresponding songs in the present collection.

Among the former may be stated—1st, The Prince's arrival in Scotland; 2d, His meeting with Lochiel; 3d, The Battle of Prestonpans; 4th, The March into England and subsequent Retreat; 5th, The Battle of Falkirk; 6th, The Defeat at Culloden; 7th, Escape of Charles and dispersion of the Highlanders; 8th, Cruelties and character of the Duke of Cumberland; 9th, Trials and Executions in England; 10th, Expatriation of the survivors; 11th, Fate of the Prince; 12th, Return of the Exiles. These are the principal acts in the political drama of 1745, and, though forming the subject of numerous pieces in the collection, they are more particularly illustrated by those which thus follow in similar order of enumeration:—*Welcome Charlie o'er the Main, Lochiel's Warning, Johnnie Cope, Mayor of Carlisle, Battle of Falkirk Muir, Culloden Day, Lochiel's Farewell, and Waes me for Prince Charlie, The Tears of Scotland, and Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell, Ode on Prince Charles's Birth-Day, The Exile to his Country, When Royal Charles by Heaven's command, Restoration of Forfeited Estates in 1784.*

In these more prominent pieces the events are regularly commemorated as they successively arose, and though truth, satire, and romance are necessarily intermingled, they constitute, nevertheless, a speaking and accurate picture of the times. In fact, so minute, lively, and interesting are the details, so graphically are the incidents and characters portrayed, that this series may be said to exhibit in its principal features, if not the art and contrivance, at

least, all the charm that belongs to some of the finest Epic Poems.

In selecting the materials which compose the historical illustrations of this volume, it was found difficult to avoid the contagion of party spirit; few of the authorities, which it was necessary to consult, being exempt from a strong political bias towards either the one side or the other. Yet, upon the whole, it will perhaps be admitted, that no undue partiality is displayed. The account given of Prince Charles will doubtless be taken as a test in this respect, and by that test the publishers are willing that the integrity of their work should be tried. The facts in the memorable expedition of 1745, have been taken indiscriminately from the friends and foes of the Stuarts; but it has not been thought necessary to adopt, at random, all that has been written against the disposition and character of the Prince. Without meaning to be partial, it was deemed in better taste, to be indulgent to the memory of the unfortunate. Rash, impatient, and indiscreet, he undoubtedly was, but it is impossible to believe that he showed neither courage nor skill in his own person, or to imagine him so divested of great qualities, as his enemies assert. His expedition was wild and hazardous in the extreme; but, to have undertaken and all but succeeded in it, betokened no ordinary powers of the mind. As justly remarked by the author of *Waverley*, without *courage* he had never made the attempt, without *address* and *military talent* he had never kept together his own desultory bands, or discomfited the more experienced soldiers of his enemy; and finally, without

patience, resolution, and fortitude, he could never have supported his cause so long under successive disappointments, or fallen at last with honour, by an accumulated and overwhelming pressure.

ROYAL GENEALOGY,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

JACOBITE MINSTRELSY.

As some of the allusions to the royal characters occasionally noticed in this volume would be obscure without explanation of their connection with the Stuart family, the following genealogical introduction will be found useful for the sake of reference:—

JAMES, Sixth of Scotland, and First of England, was the common progenitor of the two families, whose contentions for the throne of Great Britain gave birth to what is called "Jacobite Song." He was succeeded, in 1625, by his son, **Charles**.

CHARLES I., after a contentious reign of twenty-three years, perished on the scaffold in 1649.

CHARLES II., eldest son of Charles I., lived in exile for eleven years after the death of his father; but was restored to the throne, May 1660; an event which is commonly called, "The Restoration." Charles died, without legitimate issue, in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother, **James**, who had previously borne the title of the Duke of York.

JAMES II. was fifty-three years of age when he mounted the throne. In his youth he had, as Admiral of England, shown a talent for business, and great skill in naval affairs; but his character was now marked by symptoms of premature dotage. A devoted and bigoted Catholic, he attempted to establish as a maxim, that he could do whatever he pleased by a proclamation of his own, without the consent of Parliament. His obstinacy and infatuation in this purpose, rendered it necessary for all parties of the State to seek his deposition. By a coalition of Whigs and Tories, it was resolved to call in the assistance of William, Prince of Orange, his nephew and son-in-law. William accordingly landed upon the Southern coast of England, with an army of sixteen thousand men, partly his own native sub-

jects, and partly English refugees, November 5, 1688. As he proceeded to London, James was deserted by his army, by his friends, and even by his own children; and in a confusion of mind, the result of fear and offended feelings, he retired to France. A Convention Parliament then declared that James had abdicated, and resolved to offer the crown to William and his consort Mary. This event is usually termed "The Revolution of 1688."

WILLIAM III., son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., and who had married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James II., thus assumed the crown, in company with his consort; while King James remained in exile in France. Mary died in 1695, and King William then became sole monarch. In consequence of a fall from his horse, he died in 1701, leaving no issue.

ANNE, second daughter of King James II., was then placed upon the throne. James, meanwhile, died in France, leaving a son, James, born in England, June 10, 1688, the heir of his unhappy fortunes. This personage, known in history by the epithet of the Pretender, and more popularly by his *incognito* title, the Chevalier de St. George, continued an exile in France, supported by his cousin, Louis XIV., and by the subsidies of his English adherents. Anne, after a reign of thirteen years, distinguished by excessive military and literary glory, died without issue, August 1, 1714. During the life of this sovereign, the crown had been destined, by Act of Parliament, to the nearest Protestant heir, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of King James VI. Sophia having predeceased Queen Anne, it descended of course to her son, George, Elector of Hanover, who accordingly came over to England and assumed the sovereignty, to the exclusion of his cousin, the Chevalier.

GEORGE I. was scarcely seated on the throne, when an insurrection was raised against him by the friends of his rival. It was suppressed, however; and he continued to reign, almost without further disturbance, till his death in 1727.

GEORGE II. succeeded to the crown on the death of his father. Meanwhile, the Chevalier de St. George had married Clementina, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward Lewis Cassimir, born December 31, 1720, the hero of the civil war of 1745, and another son, Henry Benedict, born 1725, afterwards well known by the name of Cardinal de York. James was himself a man of weak character; but the courage and enterprise of Sobieski was conspicuous for a season at least, in his eldest son, whose romantic intrepidity, displayed in 1745-6, did every thing but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

JACOBITE MINSTRELSY.

THE THISTLE AND ROSE.

It was in old times, when trees compos'd
rhymes,
And flowers did with elegy flow ;
It was in a field, that various did yield,
A Rose and a Thistle did grow.

On a sun-shiny day, the Rose chanc'd to say,
" Friend Thistle, I'll be with you plain ;
And if you would be but united to me,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

Says the Thistle, " My spears shield mortals
from fears,
Whilst thou dost unguarded remain ;
And I do suppose, though I were a Rose,
I'd wish to turn Thistle again."

" O my friend," says the Rose, " you falsely
suppose,
Bear witness, ye flowers of the plain !
You would take so much pleasure in beauty's
vast treasure,
You would ne'er be a Thistle again."

The Thistle at length, preferring the Rose
 To all the gay flowers of the plain,
 Throws off all her points, herself she anoints,
 And now are united the twain.

But one cold stormy day, while helpless she
 Nor longer could sorrow refrain, [lay,
 She fetch'd a deep groan, with many Ohon!
 "O were I a Thistle again!

CARLE AN' THE KING COME.*

CARLE, an' the king come,
 Carle, an' the king come,
 Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 An' somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ev'ry man shall ha'e his ain,
 Carle, an' the king come.

I trow we swapped for the worse,
 We ga'e the boot and better horse,
 And that we'll tell them at the cross,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 When yellow corn grows on the rigs,
 And a gibbet's built to hang the Whigs,
 O then we will dance Scottish jigs,
 Carle an' the king come.

* This is one of the very earliest in the series of what are usually called Jacobite songs, and as the words were happily applicable to almost every change of circumstances which occurred prior to the final expulsion of the Stuarts from the throne, it has been more uniformly popular than any other. Perhaps the sweetness and originality of the air to which it is sung, may likewise have contributed to render it so permanently a favourite.

Nae mair wi' pinch and drouth we'll dine,
 As we ha'e done—a dog's propine,
 But quaff our waughts o' bouzy wine,
 Carle, an' the king come.
 Cogie, an' the king come,
 Cogie, an' the king come,
 I'se be fou, and thou'se be toom,
 Cogie, an' the king come.

THE RESTORATION.*

To curb usurpation, by th' assistance of France,
 With love to his country, see Charlie advance !
 He's welcome to grace and distinguish this day,
 The sun brighter shines, and all nature looks
 gay. [praise !
 Your glasses charge high, 'tis in great Charles'
 In praise, in praise, 'tis in great Charles' praise ;
 To's success your voices and instruments raise,
 To his success your voices and instruments
 raise.

Approach, glorious Charles, to this desolate land,
 And drive out thy foes with thy mighty hand ;
 The nations shall rise, and join as one man,
 To crown the brave Charles, the Chief of
 the Clan.
 Your glasses, &c.

* Though entitled only the *Restoration*, this was originally a birth-day song, as well as a party one, commemorative of a change in the government. The words being adapted to a very fine air, it was long a prodigious favourite with the exclusively loyal. Like many others to the same tune, it was written for the *twenty-ninth of May*, the anniversary both of the birth and the restoration of Charles II.

In his train see sweet Peace, fairest queen of
the sky,
Ev'ry bliss in her look, ev'ry charm in her eye,
Whilst oppression, corruption, vile slav'ry, and
fear, [appear.
At his wish'd-for return never more shall
Your glasses, &c.

Whilst in pleasure's soft arms millions now
court repose, [foes;
Our hero flies forth, though surrounded with
To free us from tyrants ev'ry danger defies,
And in liberty's cause, he conquers or dies!
Your glasses, &c.

How hateful's the tyrant who lives by false fame,
To satiate his pride sets our country in flame,
How glorious the prince, whose great generous
mind, [kind!
Makes true valour consist in relieving man-
Your glasses, &c.

Ye brave clans, on whom we just honour be-
stow, [flow!
O think on the source whence our dire evils
Commanded by Charles, advance to Whitehall,
And fix them in chains who would Britons
enthrall.—Your glasses, &c.

THE ROYAL OAK TREE.*

YE true sons of Scotia, together unite,
And yield all your senses to joy and delight;

* The Ettrick Shepherd says, he had this song from a curious collection of ancient MS. songs, in the possession of Mr. D. Bridges, Jun.,

Give mirth its full scope, that the nations may see
We honour our standard, the royal oak tree.

All shall yield to the royal oak tree ;

Bend to thee, majestic tree !

Honour'd was he who sat on thee.

And thou, like him, thrice honour'd shalt be.

When our great sovereign, Charles, was driv'n
from his throne, [own,
And dared scarce call kingdom or subjects his
Old Pendril the miller, at the risk of his blood,
Hid the King of our isle in the king of the wood.
All shall yield, &c.

In summer, in winter, in peace, and in war,
'Tis known to ourselves, and to nations afar,
That the oak of our isle can best screen us from
harm,
Best keep out the foe, and best ride out the storm.
All shall yield, &c.

Let gard'ners and florists of foreign plants boast,
And cull the poor trifles of each distant coast ;
There's none of them all, from a shrub to a tree,
Can ever compare, great royal oak, with thee.
All shall yield, &c.

CAKES O' CROUDY.*

CHINNIE the deddy, and Rethy the monkey ;
Leven the hero, and little Pitcunkie ;

of Edinburgh ; but he disputes its Scottish origin, and seems to think it must be an old English composition. We have since seen it stated to be a modern production, and written by a member of the Royal Oak Society, instituted at Edinburgh, 17th February, 1772.

* This song was written in 1668 by Lord Newbottle, eldest son to

O where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Deddy on politics dings all the nation,
As well as Lord Huffie does for his discretion;
And Crawford comes next, with his Archie of
Levy,
Wilkie, and Webster, and Cherrytrees Davy.

There's Greenock, there's Dickson, Houston of
that ilkie, [think ye?
For statesmen, for taxmen, for soldiers, what
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's honest Mass Thomas, and sweet Geor-
die Brodie, [Goudy,
Weel kend Mr Wm Veitch, and Mass John
For preaching, for drinking, for playing at
noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

There's Semple for pressing the grace on young
lassies, [asses,
There's Hervey and Williamson, two sleeky
They preach well, and eat well, and play well
at noudy—
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

William, first Marquis of Lothian. The following are some of the heroes mentioned in it:—*Chinnie*; Lord Melville, called *Chinnie* from the length of his features.—*Rethy*; Lord Raith.—*Little Pitcunkie*; Lord Melville's third son.—*Leven the hero*; who whipt Lady Mortonhall with his whip. He is the Lord Huffie of Dr. Pitcairn's "Assembly," where he is introduced beating fiddlers and horse-hirers.—*Cherrytrees Davie*; Rev. Mr. D. Williamson, famous in having been put to bed with Lord Burke's daughter by her mother, for the purpose of concealing him when pursued by the military. The young lady afterwards proved with child.—*Greenock, Dickson, Houston*; taxmen of

Bluff Mackay for lying, lean Lawrence for grip-
ing, [piping,
Grave Bernard for stories, Dalglish for his
Old Ainslie the prophet for leading a dancie,
And Borland for cheating the tyrant of Francie.

There's Menie the daughter, and Willie the
cheater, [eater.
There's Geordie the drinker, and Annie the
Where shall ye see such, or find such a soudy?
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy.

Next comes our statesmen, these blessed reformers,
For lying, for drinking, for swearing enormous,
Argyle and brave Morton, and Willie my Lord-
Bannocks of bear meal, cakes of croudy. [die—

My curse on the grain of this hale reformation,
The reproach of mankind, and disgrace of our
nation; [them a soudy,
De'il hash them, de'il smash them, and make
Knead them like bannocks, and steer them like
croudy.

SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION.*

FAREWHEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory ;

the customs. They were Sir J. Hall, Sir J. Dickson, and Mr. R. Young.—*Borland*; this is Captain Drummond, a great turn-coat rogue, who kept the stores in the castle.—*Grave Burnet*; old Gribo.—*Mary, Willie, and Annie*; prince and princess of Orange, and princess of Denmark.—*Argyle*; he was killed (received his death's wound, at least) in a brothel near Newcastle.

* The whigs who promoted the Union, and strenuously opposed every measure likely to prove favourable to the Stuarts, were the

Fareweel e'en to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story.
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.
 The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lain in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace !
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll make this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold :
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

I HA'E NAE KITH, I HA'E NAE KIN.*

I HA'E nae kith, I ha'e nae kin,
 Nor ane that's dear to me,

objects of bitter hatred to the partizans of that unfortunate race. This song is one of the angry ebullitions of the time. The air was popular as well as the words, and both have been since frequently republished.

* The verses here are, in respect both of sentiment and expression, in the most pleasing style of Scottish lyrical composition. The political allusions evidently refer to the time of Queen Anne. When

For the bonny lad that I lo'e best,
 He's far ayont the sea.
 He's gane wi' ane that was our ain,
 And we may rue the day,
 When our king's ae daughter came here.
 To play sic foul play.

O gin I were a bonny bird,
 Wi' wings that I might flee,
 Then I wad travel o'er the main,
 My ae true love to see;
 Then I wad tell a joyfu' tale
 To ane that's dear to me,
 And sit upon a king's window,
 And sing my melody.

The adder lies i' the corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,
 And the blast that reaves the corbie's brood
 Shall blaw our good king hame.
 Then blaw ye east, or blaw ye west,
 Or blaw ye o'er the faem,
 O bring the lad that I lo'e best,
 And ane I darena name !

MY LOVE HE WAS A HIGHLAND LAD.*

My love he was a Highland lad,
 And come of noble pedigree,

the tory faction gained the ascendancy in her reign, the hopes of those who favoured the Stuarts were greatly excited; and it is not unlikely that the lines,

"The adder i' the Corbie's nest,
 Aneath the corbie's wame,"

may be allegorical of some plot or intrigue which was then going on to further the pretender's views.

* This song, like the preceding one, breathes a mixture of love and

And nane could bear a truer heart,
Or wield a better brand than he.
And O, he was a bonny lad,
The bravest lad that e'er I saw !
May ill betide the heartless wight
That banish'd him and his awa.

But had our good king kept the field,
When traitors tarrow'd at the law,
There hadna been this waefu' wark,
The weariest time we ever saw.
My love he stood for his true king,
Till standing it could do nae mair :
The day is lost, and sae are we ;
Nae wonder mony a heart is sair.

But I wad rather see him roam
An outcast on a foreign strand,
And wi' his master beg his bread,
Nae mair to see his native land,
Than bow a hair o' his brave head
To base usurper's tyrannye ;
Than cringe for mercy to a knave
That ne'er was own'd by him nor me.

But there's a bud in fair Scotland,
A bud weel kend in glamourye ;
And in that bud there is a bloom,
That yet shall flower o'er kingdoms three ;
And in that bloom there is a brier,
Shall pierce the heart of tyrannye,
Or there is neither faith nor truth,
Nor honour left in our countrie.

politics that greatly increases the interest of it. Probably both were female productions ; for, as the Ettrick Shepherd remarks, " the sympathy, delicacy, and vehemence which they manifest, are strongly

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.*

As I came in by Achindown,
 A little wee bit frae the town,
 When to the Highlands I was boun',
 To view the haughs of Cromdale.
 I met a man in tartan trews,
 I spier'd at him what was the news;
 Quoth he, the Highland army rues
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.

We were in bed, Sir, every man,
 When the English host upon us came;
 A bloody battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
 The English horse they were sae rude,
 They bath'd their hoofs in Highland blood,
 But our brave clans they boldly stood,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

characteristic of the female mind, ever ardent in the cause it espouses."

* In this song two events are strangely jumbled together, though they are well known to have happened at many years distance from one another. The Ettrick Shepherd accounts for the anachronism by supposing that as the celebrated action in which 1500 brave Highlanders were surprised and defeated at Cromdale in Strathspey, on the 1st of May, 1690, is the only battle on record that ever was fought there, it is more than probable that on that action the original song has been founded. The first twenty lines, he observes, contain a true description of that memorable defeat, and these twenty lines may be considered as either the whole or a part of the original song. As the words were good, and the air most beautiful, they had no doubt become popular; and hence some bard, partial to the clans, and fired with indignation at hearing their disgrace sung all over the land, must have added to the original verses those which evidently refer to the battle of Auldearn, gained by Montrose and the clans in 1645. It would never do now, says the Shepherd, in continuation, to separate this old and popular song into two parts; but nothing can be clearer than that one part of the song describes the victory won by Montrose and the clans, from the whigs in 1645, and the other part, that which was obtained by the latter, under Livingston, over the clans in 1690.

But alas ! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,
And sore we do lament the day
 That e'er we came to Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
Can you direct the nearest way?
For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And view the haughs of Cromdale.

Alas, my Lord, you're not so strong,
You scarcely have two thousand men,
And there's twenty thousand on the plain,
 Stand rank and file on Cromdale.
Thus the great Montrose did say,
I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
 And see the haughs of Cromdale.

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came,
A second battle then began,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Grant, Mackenzie, and Mackay,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most valiantly,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds they returned again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh play'd a bloody game,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The M'Gregors fought like lions bold,
M'Phersons none could them controul,
M'Lauchlins fought with heart and soul,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

M'Lean, M'Dougal, and M'Neal,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
The Gordons foremost did advance,
The Frazers fought with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made the heads to dance,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So fiercely set upon their foes,
They brought them down with Highland blows,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.
Of twenty thousand Cromwell's men,
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lie on the plain,
 Upon the haughs of Cromdale.

YOUNG AIRLY.*

' O KEN ye aught o' gude Lochiel,
Or ken ye aught o' Airly ?'
' They've buckled on their harnessing,
And aff and awa wi' Charlie.'

* James, Earl of Airly, was obliged to leave Scotland in 1640, to avoid subscribing the Covenant. The Marquis of Argyll had afterwards orders from Parliament to proceed against his castle and other possessions, and 5000 men were levied for that purpose. Airly and Forther, his two principal seats, were accordingly destroyed, and the tenantry were plundered of all their goods, corn, and cattle. Though apparently only an instrument in this act of political oppression and cruelty, Argyll was secretly the prime mover of it ; and, as not unfrequently happened in those days, he afterwards paid the debt of retributive justice. At the restoration he was tried and condemned for political offences, and beheaded, May 27, 1661. He died, however, with great equanimity and fortitude. When on the scaffold he took out of his pocket a little rule and measured the block. Having perceived that it did not lie even, he pointed out the defect to a carpenter, had it rectified, and then calmly submitted to his fate.

‘ Bring here to me,’ quo’ the hie Argyle,
 ‘ My bands i’ the morning early :
 We’ll raise a lowe sall glint to heav’n
 I’ the dwelling o’ young Lord Airly.’

‘ What lowe is yon,’ quo’ the gude Lochiel,
 ‘ Whilk rises wi’ the sun sae early?’
 ‘ By the God o’ my kin,’ quo’ the young Ogilvie,
 ‘ It’s my ain bonny hame o’ Airly!’
 ‘ Put up your sword,’ quo’ the gude Lochiel,
 And ‘ Put it up,’ quo’ Charlie :
 ‘ We’ll raise sic a lowe round the fause Argyle,
 And light it wi’ a spunk frae Airly.’

‘ It is na my ha’, nor my lands a’ reft,
 That reddens my cheek sae sairly;
 But the mither and babies sweet I left,
 To smoor i’ the reek o’ Airly.’
 O dule to thee, thou fause Argyle!
 For this it rues me sairly:
 Thou’st been thy king and country’s foe,
 From Lochy’s day to Airly.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.*

COME, all fast friends, let’s jointly pray,
 And pledge our vows on this great day;
 And of no man we’ll stand in awe,
 But drink his health that’s far awa.
 He’s o’er the seas and far awa,
 He’s o’er the seas and far awa;
 Yet of no man we’ll stand in awe,
 But drink his health that’s far awa.

* This is one of the numerous songs which were aptly adapted to all

Though he was banish'd from his throne,
By parasites who now are gone
To view the shades which are below,
We'll drink his health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

Ye Presbyterians, where ye lie,
Go home and keep your sheep and kye ;
For it were fitting for you a'
To drink his health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

But I hope he shortly will be home,
And in good time will mount the throne ;
And then we'll curse and ban the law
That keepit our king sae lang awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

Disloyal Whigs, dispatch, and go
To visit Noll and Will below :
'Tis fit you at their coal should blaw,
Whilst we drink their health that's far awa.
He's o'er the seas, &c.

WHEN THE KING COMES O'ER THE WATER.*

I MAY sit in my wee croo house,
At the rock and the reel to toil fu' dreary ;

times and circumstances by the Jacobites, and it only lost its popularity when the return of the Stuarts had become hopeless.

* Lady Mary Drummond, daughter of the Earl of Perth, was the heroine of this song, and is also supposed to be the authoress of it. So strongly was she attached to the Stuarts, when her two sons returned to Scotland, she never ceased to importune them, notwithstanding the fearful danger attending it, till they engaged actively in the cause of the exiled family.

I may think on the day that's gane,
And sigh and sab till I grow weary.
I ne'er could brook, I ne'er could brook,
A foreign loon to own or flatter ;
But I will sing a ranting sang,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

O gin I live to see the day,
That I ha'e begged, and begged frae Heaven,
I'll fling my rock and reel away,
And dance and sing frae morn till even :
For there is ane I winna name,
That comes the reigning bike to scatter ;
And I'll put on my bridal gown,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

I ha'e seen the gude auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bare the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and grey,
And eild has crook'd me down—what matter ;
I'll dance and sing ae ither day,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

A curse on dull and drawling Whig,
The whining, ranting, low deceiver,
Wi' heart sae black, and look sae big,
And canting tongue o' clishmaclaver !
My father was a good lord's son,
My mother was an earl's daughter,
And I'll be Lady Keith again,
That day our king comes o'er the water.

YOU'RE WELCOME, WHIGS, FROM BOTHWELL
BRIGS.*

You're welcome, Whigs, from Bothwell Brigs.

Your malice is but zeal, boys ;
Most holy sprites, the hypocrites,
'Tis sack ye drink, not ale, boys ;
I must aver, ye cannot err,
In breaking God's commands, boys ;
If ye infringe bishops or kings,
You've heaven in your hands, boys.

Suppose ye cheat, disturb the state,
And steep the land with blood, boys ;
If secretly your treachery
Be acted, it is good, boys.
The fiend himsel', in midst of hell,
The pope, with his intrigues, boys,
You'll equalize in forgeries ;
Fair fa' you, pious Whigs, boys.

You'll God beseech, in homely speech,
To his coat-tail you'll claim, boys ;
Seek lippies of grace frae his gawcie face,
And bless and not blaspheme, boys.
Your teachers they can kiss and pray,
In zealous ladies' closets ;
Your wits convert by Venus' art ;
Your kirk has holy roset.

* It has been well remarked, that in proportion to the desperate state of their master's affairs, the songs of the Jacobites used to become angry, bitter, and outrageous ; this song affords evidence of the fact. It was written obviously just after the Revolution in 1688, and is accordingly full of gall and ill humour. It is, perhaps, one of the best specimens that remains of the spleen and intemperance of the enemies of the whigs.

Which death will tie promiscuously,
Her members on the vail, boys,
For horned beasts the truth attest,
That live in Annandale, boys.
But if one drink, or shrewdly think
A bishop ere was saved,
No charity from presbytrye,
For that need once be craved.

You lie, you lust, you break your trust,
And act all kinds of evil,
Your covenant makes you a saint,
Although you live a devil.
From murders, too, as soldiers true,
You are advanced well, boys ;
You fought like devils, your only rivals,
When you were at Dunkeld, boys.

Your wondrous things great slaughter brings,
You kill'd more than you saw, boys ;
At Pentland hills ye got your fills,
And now you seem to crawl, boys.
Let Websters preach, and laddies teach
The art of cuckoldry, boys,
When cruel zeal comes in their tail,
Then welcome presbytrye, boys.

King William's hands, with lovely bands,
You're decking with good speed, boys ;
If you get leave, you'll reach his sleeve,
And then have at his head, boys.
You're welcome, Jack, we'll join a plack,
To drink your last confusion,
That grace and truth we may possess
Once more without delusion.

KILLICRANKIE.*

CLAVERS and his Highlandmen,
Came down upon the raw, man,
Who, being stout, gave many a clout,
The lads began to claw, then.
With sword and terge into their hand,
Wi' which they were na slaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw, then.

* The battle of Killicrankie was fought on the 17th of July, 1689, between a body of 3000 Highlanders, under the command of Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, and an English and Scotch force, of from 4 to 5000 men, commanded by General Mackay. The two armies came in sight of one another about two o'clock of the day, but it was not till the evening that the battle began. Dundee, it is said, wished for the approach of night, which suited him either for victory or flight. Within an hour of sunset, therefore, the signal was given by the latter, and the Highlanders descended from the hill on which they were posted, in thick and separate columns to the attack. After a single desultory discharge, they rushed forward with the sword, before the regulars, whose bayonets were then inserted within the muskets, could be prepared to receive or resist their furious attack. Their columns soon pierced through the thin and straggling line, where Mackay commanded in person, and their ponderous swords completed the rout. Within a few minutes the victors and the vanquished intermixed together in the field, in the pursuit, and in the river below, disappeared from view. Mackay, alone, when deserted by his horse and surrounded, forced his way with a few infantry to the right wing, where two regiments had maintained their ground. While the enemy were intent on plundering the baggage, he conducted these remaining troops in silence and in obscurity across the river, and continued his flight through the mountains till he reached Stirling. But Dundee, whose pursuit he dreaded, was himself no more. After a desperate and successful charge on the English artillery, while in the act of extending his arm, to encourage his men forward, at the moment of victory, he received a shot in his side, through an opening in his armour, and dropt from horseback as he rode off the field. He survived, however, to write a concise and dignified account of the battle to King James. With the loss of 900 of his men, 2000 of his opponents were killed or taken. A rude stone was erected on the spot to mark the victory to future times. His memory, though hateful to the whigs, was long lamented by his own party, and he is still celebrated by some of them as the last of the Scots. The modern whigs say that Sir Walter Scott has prostituted his genius in making a hero

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
She flang amang them a', man ;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a' then.
They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,
Which to their grief they saw, man ;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man ;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man ;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant,
Cam whigging up the hills, man,
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then :
In Willie's * name they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,
But hur nane-sell, wi' mony a knock,
Cried, " Furich, whigs awa', man."

Sir Evan-Dhu†, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man ;
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink then.

of this man, since it is indisputable that through life he was nothing but a blood-thirsty political ruffian, and only heroic in the accidental circumstance of his death.

* The Prince of Orange.

† Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel.

The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh on a ri, oh on a ri,
 Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Oh rig in di, oh rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then;
 With, *furichinish*, and stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straik out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-sell's won the day, man;
 King Shames' red coats* should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then:
 Had bent their brows, like Highland trues,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd run away then.

KILLICRANKIE.—*Second Set.*

Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
 Whare ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?
 Whare ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?
 Came ye by Killicrankie, O?
 An ye had been whare I ha'e been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie, O;
 An ye had seen what I ha'e seen,
 I' the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

* Irish recruits sent by King James to the assistance of Claverhouse.

I faught at land, I faught at sea,
 At hame I faught my auntie, O ;
 But I met the devil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,
 And Clavers gat a clankie, O,
 Or I had fed an Athol gled
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.
 An ye had been, &c.

O fie Mackay, what gart ye lie
 I' the bush ayont the brankie, O ?
 Ye'd better kiss'd King Willie's loof,
 Than come to Killicrankie, O.
 It's nae shame, it's nae shame,
 It's nae shame to shank ye, O ;
 There's sour slaes on Athol braes,
 And deils at Killicrankie, O.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES
 HAME.*

By yon castle wa', at the close o' the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was grey ;
 And as he was singing, the tears down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars ;
 We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame ;
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

* The plaintive tone of this song, independent of its politics, and the beauty of the air to which it was sung, made it long exceedingly popular among the Jacobites.—(See *Hogg's Relics*.)

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the
yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld
dame:
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE.*

O THIS is no my ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't;
For bow-kail thrave at my door cheek,
And thistles on the riggin o't.
A carle came wi' lack o' grace,
Wi' unco gear and unco face;
And sin' he claim'd my daddy's place,
I downa bide the triggin o't.

Wi' routh o' kin, and routh o' reek,
My daddy's door it wadna steek;
But bread and cheese were his door-cheek,
And girdle cakes the riggin o't.
O this is no my ain house, &c.

My daddy bag his housie weel,
By dint o' head and dint o' heel,
By dint o' arm and dint o' steel,
And muckle weary priggin o't.
O this is no my ain house, &c.

* This was also a very popular song for a long time, probably on account of the familiar and easy character of the air, as well as for

Then was it dink, or was it douce,
 For ony cringing foreign goose
 To claucht my daddie's wee bit house,
 And spoil the hamely triggin o't?
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

Say, was it foul, or was it fair,
 To come a hunder mile and mair,
 For to ding out my daddy's heir,
 And dash him wi' the whiggin o't?
 O this is no my ain house, &c.

KING WILLIAM'S MARCH.*

O WILLIE, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' frae hame,
 Wi' a budget on his back,
 An' a wallet at his wame :
 But some will sit on his seat,
 Some will eat his meat,
 Some will stand i' his shoon,
 Or he come again.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
 He's awa' to ride,
 Wi' a bullet in his bortree,
 And a shabble by his side ;
 But some will white wi' Willie's knife,
 Some will kiss Willie's wife,
 Some will wear his bonnet
 Or he come again.

the coarse character of the satire against the reigning King. Ramsay paraphrased it into a love song, which is poor in comparison with the original.

* A satire on King William's departure to join his army in Ireland previous to the battle of the Boyne.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to sail,
Wi' water in his waygate,
An' wind in his tail,
Wi' his back boonermost,
An' his kyte downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Fighting wi' his kail.

O Willie, Willie Wanbeard,
He's awa' to fight ;
But fight dog, fight bane,
Willie will be right :
An' he'll do, what weel he may,
An' has done for mony a day ;
Wheel about, an' rin away,
Like a wally wight.

O saw ye Willie Wanbeard
Riding through the rye ?
O saw ye Daddy Duncan
Praying like to cry ?
That howe in a 'tato fur
There may Willie lie,
Wi' his neb boonermost
An' his doup downermost,
An' his flype hindermost,
Like a Pessie pie.

Play, piper, play, piper,
Play a bonny spring,
For there's an auld harper
Harping to the king,
Wi' his sword by his side,
An' his sign on his reade,

An' his crown on his head,
Like a true king.

IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING.*

It was a' for our rightfu' king
We left fair Scotland's strand !
It was a' for our rightfu' king
We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
An' a' is done in vain:
My love an' native land, fareweel,
For I maun cross the main, my dear,
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right an' round about,
Upon the Irish shore,
An' ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore, my dear,
With, Adieu for evermore.

* Captain Ogilvie, of the house of Inverquhar, is believed to have been the author of this song. He was with King James at the battle of the Boyne, and afterwards fell in an engagement on the Rhine. It is said also that he was one of the hundred gentlemen, all of good families, who volunteered to attend their royal master in his exile. James had afterwards the pain of seeing these devoted followers submit, voluntarily, to become private soldiers on his account in the French service, rather than return to their own country, with permission of the government, although it was optional to them to do so. They were formed into one company, and fought both in Spain and on the Rhine with heroic valour and reputation. At the peace of 1696, only sixteen of them remained alive. Of the whole number only four were Catholics; the rest were Protestants of the Episcopalian persuasion, and several of them had been bred as divines.—What is perhaps still more curious, by far the greater portion of them were lowlanders.

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again, my dear,
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, an' night is come,
An' a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa,
The lee-lang night, an' weep, my dear,
The lee-lang night, an' weep.

WILLIE THE WAG.*

O, I HAD a wee bit mailin,
And I had a good gray mare,
And I had a braw bit dwalling,
Till Willie the wag came here.
He waggit me out o' my mailin,
He waggit me out o' my gear,
And out o' my bonny black gowny,
That ne'er was the waur o' the wear.

He fawn'd and he waggit his tail,
Till he poison'd the true well-e'e;
And wi' the wagging o' his fause tongue,
He gart the brave Monmouth die.
He waggit us out o' our rights,
And he waggit us out o' our law,
And he waggit us out o' our king;
O that grieves me the warst of a'.

* A satirical complaint of King William's intrusion, as it was called by the Jacobites, at the Revolution in 1688. The present song is a squib at his ingratitude to his father-in-law James.

The tod rules o'er the lion,
 The midden's aboon the moon,
 And Scotland maun cower and cringe
 To a fause and a foreign loon.
 O walyfu' fa' the piper
 That sells his wind sae dear!
 And O walyfu' fa' the time
 When Willie the wag came here!

O WHAT'S THE RHYME TO PORRINGER?

O WHAT'S the rhyme to porringer?
 Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
 King James the Seventh had ae dochter,
 And he ga'e her to an Oranger.
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 Ken ye how he requited him?
 The lad has into England come,
 And ta'en the crown in spite o' him.

The dog, he sanna keep it lang,
 To flinch we'll make him fain again;
 We'll hing him hie upon a tree,
 And James shall hae his ain again.
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 Ken ye the rhyme to grasshopper?
 A hempen rein, and a horse o' tree,
 A psalm-book and a presbyter.

WILLIE WINKIE'S TESTAMENT.

O TELL me, Fader Dennison,*
 Do you tink dat my life be done?

* This is a misnomer, and alludes to Dr Thomas Tennison, Arch-

So be, den do I leave vit you
 My parshments and my trunks at Loo ;
 Von cup, von cloak, von coverlid,
 Von press, von black book, and von red ;
 Dere you vill find direction give,
 Vat mans shall die, and vat must live.

Dere you vill find it in my vill,
 Vat kings must keep deir kingdoms still,
 And, if dey please, who dem must quit ;
 Mine good vench Anne must look to it.
 Voe's me, dat I did ever sat
 On trone !—But now no more of dat.
 Take you, moreover, Dennison,
 De cursed horse dat broke dis bone.*

Take you, beside, dis ragged coat,
 And all de curses of de Scot,
 Dat dey did give me vonder vell,
 For Darien and dat Macdonell.
 Dese are de tings I fain vould give,
 Now dat I have not time to live :
 O take dem off mine hands, I pray !
 I'll go de lighter on my vay.

I leave unto dat poor vench Anne,
 Von cap vould better fit von man,
 And vit it all de firebrands red,
 Dat in dat cap have scorch'd mine head.

bishop of Canterbury, a celebrated polemic writer against popery, who attended King William during his last illness, ' Darien and Macdonell,' mentioned in the third verse, evidently alludes to the Scots settlement at Darien, and the massacre of the Macdonalds at Glencoe which are here made to hang heavy on the mind of William.

* King William's death was occasioned by his horse stumbling on a mole hillock. '*The little gentleman in black velvet*,' was afterwards a favourite toast with the Jacobites of that day, in allusion to the mole which was the cause of his death.

All dis I hereby do bequeath,
 Before I shake de hand vit death.
 It is de ting could not do good,
 It came vit much ingratitude.

And tell her, Dennison, vrom me,
 To lock it by most carefully,
 And keep de Scot beyond de Tweed,
 Else I shall see dem ven I'm dead.
 I have von hope, I have but von,
 'Tis veak, but better vit dan none ;
 Me viss it prove not von intrigue—
De prayer of de selfish Whig.

ON THE ACT OF SUCCESSION (1703).*

I'LL sing you a song, my brave boys,
 The like you ne'er heard of before ;
 Old Scotland at last is grown wise,
 And England shall bully no more.

Succession, the trap for our slavery,
 A true Presbyterian plot,
 Advanc'd by by-ends and knavery,
 Is now kicked out by a vote.

The Lutheran dame† may be gone,
 Our foes shall address us no more,
 If the treaty‡ should never go on,
 She for ever is kick'd out of door.

* The Earl of Marchmont having one day presented an act for settling the succession in the house of Hanover, it was treated with such contempt, that some proposed it might be burnt, and others that it might be sent to the castle, and was at last thrown out of the house by a majority of fifty-seven voices.—*Lockhart's Memoirs*, p. 60.

† Sophia, electress-dowager of Hanover, mother of George I.

‡ For the union of the two kingdoms.

To bondage we now bid adieu,
The English shall no more oppress us ;
There's something in every man's view
That in due time we hope shall redress us.

This hundred years past we have been
Dull slaves, and ne'er strove yet to mend ;
It came by an old barren queen,
And now we resolve it shall end.

But grant the old woman should come,
And England with treaties should woo us,
We'll clog her before she comes home,
That she ne'er shall have power to undo us.

Then let us go on and be great,
From parties and quarrels abstain ;
Let us English councils defeat,
And Hanover ne'er mention again.

Let grievances now be redress'd,
Consider, the power is our own ;
Let Scotland no more be oppress'd,
Nor England lay claim to our crown.

Let us think with what blood and what care
Our ancestors kept themselves free ;
What Bruce, and what Wallace could dare ;
If they did so much, why not we ?

Let Montrose and Dundee be brought in,
As later examples before you ;
And hold out but as you begin,
Like them, the next age will adore you.

Here's a health, my brave lads, to the duke*
 then,
 Who has the great labour begun ;
 He shall flourish, whilst those who forsook
 him.
 To Holland for shelter shall run.

Here's a health to those that stood by him,
 To Fletcher,† and all honest men ;
 Ne'er trust the damn'd rogues that belie 'em,
 Since all our just rights they maintain.

Once more to great Hamilton's health,
 The hero that still keeps his ground ;
 To him we must own all our wealth :—
 Let the Christian liquor go round.

Let all the sham tricks of the court,
 That so often have foil'd us before,
 Be now made the country's sport,
 And England shall fool us no more.

THE AWKWARD SQUAD.‡

SHAME fa' my een,
 If e'er I have seen
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation !

* James, Duke of Hamilton ; able and spirited, but unsteady. He was killed 15th Nov., 1712, in a duel with Lord Mohun, and, as was suspected, received his death's wound from General Macartney, that nobleman's second ; he himself falling at the same time.

† Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a warm and strenuous advocate for republican government, and the natural rights of mankind. He has left a volume of excellent political discourses.

‡ This song is chiefly valuable as comprising the names of all the leading whigs who strenuously promoted the Union, a measure to which, of course, the Jacobites were violently opposed.

The Campbell and the Graham
Are equally to blame,
Seduc'd by strong infatuation.
The Squadronie* and Whig
Are uppish and look big,
And mean for to rule at their pleasure ;
To lead us by the nose
Is what they now propose,
And enhance to themselves all our treasure.

The Dalrymples come in play,
Though they sold us all away,
And basely betrayed this poor nation ;
On justice lay no stress,
For our country they oppress,
Having no sort of commiseration.
No nation ever had
A set of men so bad,
That feed on its vitals like vultures :
Bargeny, and Glenco,
And the Union, do show
To their country and crown they are traitors.

Lord Annandale must rule,
Though at best a very tool,
Hath deceiv'd every man that did trust him ;
To promise he'll not stick,
To break will be as quick ;
Give him money, ye cannot disgust him.
It happen'd on a day,
" Us cavaliers," he'd say,
And drink all their healths in a brimmer ;

* The Marquis of Tweeddale and his party were called the *squadrons rolante*, from their pretending to act by themselves, and turn the balance of the contending parties in Parliament.

But now he's chang'd his note,
And again has turn'd his coat,
And acted the part of a limmer.

Little Rothes now may huff,
And all the ladies cuff;
Coull's Black* must resolve to knock under;
Belhaven hath of late
Found his father was a cheat,
And his speech on the Union a blunder;
Haddington, that saint,
May roar, blaspheme, and rant,
He's a prop to the kirk in his station;
And Ormiston may hang
The Tories all, and bang
Every man that's against reformation.

Can any find a flaw,
To Sir James Stuart's skill in law,
Or doubt of his deep penetration?
His charming eloquence
Is as obvious as his sense;
His knowledge comes by generation.
Though there's some pretend to say
He is but a lump of clay,
Yet these are malignants and Tories,
Who to tell us are not shy,
That he's much inclin'd to lie,
And famous for coining of stories.

Mr Cockburn, with fresh airs,
Most gloriously appears,

* The Earl of Rothes fought in the street with a caddie or porter called Black, because in derision of the whigs he wore a hat with white tracing. Rothes is said to have been killed in the affray.

Directing his poor fellow-creatures ;
And who would not admire
A youth of so much fire,
So much sense, and such beautiful features ?
Lord Polworth need not grudge
The confinement of a judge,
But give way to his lusts and his passion,
Burn his linens every day,
And his creditors ne'er pay,
And practise all the vices in fashion.

Mr Bailey's surly sense,
And Roxburgh's eloquence,
Must find out a design'd assassination ;
If their plots are not well laid,
Mr Johnstoun will them aid,
He's expert in that nice occupation.
Though David Bailey's dead,
Honest Kersland's in his stead,*
His Grace can make use of such creatures ;
Can teach them how to steer,
'Gainst whom and where to swear,
And prove those he hates to be traitors.

Lord Sutherland may roar,
And drink as heretofore,
For he's the bravo of the party ;
Was ready to command
Jeanie Man's trusty band,
In concert with the traitor M'Kertney.

* David Bailey, and after his death, Kerr of Kersland, are said to have acted a double part in the politics of this period. They were employed by Queensberry for the whigs, and by the leading Jacobites at the same time, and they are accused of having proved traitors to the latter by revealing all their secret proceedings to the whig ministry.

Had not Loudon got a flaw,
And been lying on the straw,
He'd been of great use in his station :
Though he's much decay'd in grace,
His son succeeds his place,
A youth of great application.

In naming of this set,
We by no means must forget
That man of renown, Captain Monro ;
Though he looks indeed asquint,
His head's as hard as flint,
And he well may be reckon'd a hero.
Zealous Harry Cunninghame
Hath acquir'd a lasting fame
By the service he's done to the godly :
A regiment of horse
Hath been given away much worse
Than to him who did serve them so boldly.

The Lord Ross's daily food
Was on martyrs' flesh and blood,
And he did disturb much devotion :
Although he did design
To o'erturn King Willie's reign,
Yet he must not want due promotion.
Like a saint sincere and true,
He discover'd all he knew,
And for more there was then no occasion.
Since he made this godly turn,
His breast with zeal doth burn,
For the king and a pure reformation.

The Lady Lauderdale,
And Forfar's mighty zeal,
Brought their sons very soon into favour :

With grace they did abound,
The sweet of which they found,
When they for their offspring did labour.
There's Tweeddale and his club,
Who have given many a rub
To their honour, their prince, and this nation :
Next to that heavy drone,
Poor silly Skipness John,
Have establish'd the best reputation.

In making of this list,
Lord Hay should be first,
A man most upright in spirit ;
He's sincere in all he says,
A double part ne'er plays,
His word he'll not break, you may swear it.
Drummond, Warrender, and Smith,
Have serv'd with all their pith,
And claim some small consideration.
Give Hyndford his dragoons,
He'll chastise the Tory loons,
And reform ev'ry part of the nation.

Did ever any prince
His favours thus dispense
On men of no merit nor candour ?
Would any king confide
In men that so deride
All notions of conscience and honour ?
Hath any been untold,
How these our country sold,
And would sell it again for more treasure ?
Yet, alas ! these very men
Are in favour now again,
And do rule us and ride us at pleasure.

QUEEN ANNE; OR, THE AULD GRAY MARE.*

You'RE right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You've tow'd us into your hand,
 Let them tow out wha can.
 You're right, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 You're right, Queen Anne, my dow;
 You've curried the auld mare's hide,
 She'll funk nae mair at you.
 I'll tell you a tale, Queen Anne,
 A tale of truth ye'se hear;
 It is of a wise auld man,
 That had a good gray mare.

He'd twa mares on the hill,
 And ane into the sta',
 But this auld thrawart jade,
 She was the best of a'.
 This auld mare's head was stiff,
 But nane sae weel could pu';
 Yet she had a will o' her ain,
 Was unco ill to bow.
 Whene'er he touch'd her flank,
 Then she begoud to glowr;
 And she'd pu' up her foot,
 And ding the auld man owre.

And when he graith'd the yaud,
 Or curried her hide fu' clean,

* The poetry of this song is mere doggrel, but the allegory is good. By the *twa mares on the hill*, Ireland and Wales are meant. And England by *the ane into the sta'*, as enjoying the principal fruits of the Union. Scotland is represented by the *auld gray mare*; while the *Farrier stout* and his smiths, are Queensberry and his hirelings, who effected the Union. The drift of the song is evidently to represent to Queen Anne the danger of forming a union between the two king-

Then she wad fidge and wince,
 And shaw twa glancing een.
 Whene'er her tail play'd whisk,
 Or when her look grew skeigh,
 It's then the wise auld man
 Was blyth to stand abeigh.
 "The deil tak that auld brute,"
 Quo' he, "and me to boot,
 But I sall hae amends,
 Though I should dearly rue't."

He hired a farrier stout,
 Frae out the west countrie,
 A crafty selfish loon,
 That lo'ed the white moneye :
 That lo'ed the white moneye,
 The white but and the red ;
 And he has ta'en an aith
 That he wad do the deed.
 And he brought a' his smiths,
 I wat he paid them weel,
 And they hae seiz'd the yaud,
 And tied her head and heel.

They tow'd her to a bauk,
 On pulleys gart her swing,
 Until the good auld yaud
 Could nowther funk nor fling.
 And rippet her wi' a spur,
 Ane daudit her wi' a flail,
 Ane proddit her in the lisk,
 Anither aneath the tail.
 The auld wise man he leugh,
 And wow but he was fain!

dorns. There is considerable humour displayed in it, though rather of a vulgar kind.

And bade them prod eneugh,
And skelp her owre again.

The mare was hard bested,
And graned and routed sair;
And aye her tail play'd whisk,
When she dought do nae mair.
And aye they bor'd her ribs,
And ga'e her the tither switch:
"We'll learn ye to be douce,
Ye auld wansonsy b—h."
The mare right piteous stood,
And bore it patiently;
She deem'd it a' for good,
Though good she couldna see.

But desperation's force
Will drive a wise man mad:
And desperation's force
Has rous'd the good auld yaud.
And when ane desperate grows,
I tell you true, Queen Anne,
Nane kens what they will do,
Be it a beast or man.
And first she shook her lugs,
And then she ga'e a snore,
And then she ga'e a reirde,
Made a' the smiths to glowr.

The auld wise man grew baugh,
And turn'd to shank away:
"If that auld deil get loose,"
Quo' he, "we'll rue the day."
The thought was hardly thought,
The word was hardly sped,

When down came a' the house,
 Aboon the auld man's head :
 For the yaud she made a broost,
 Wi' ten yauds' strength and mair,
 Made a' the kipples to crash,
 And a' the smiths to rair.

The smiths were smoor'd ilk ane,
 The wise auld man was slain ;
 The last word e'er he said,
 Was, wi' a waefu' mane,
 " O wae be to the yaud,
 And a' her hale countrye !
 I wish I had letten her rin,
 As wild as wild could be."
 The yaud she 'scaped away
 Frae 'mang the deadly stoure,
 And chap'd awa hame to him
 That aught her ance afore.

*Take heed, Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
 Take heed, Queen Anne, my dow ;
 The auld gray mare's oursel',
 The wise auld man is you.*

THE UNION.

Now fy let u s a' to the treaty,
 For there will be wonders there,
 For Scotland is to be a bride, sir,
 And wed to the Earl of Stair.
 Three's Queensberry, Seafield, and Mar, s'r,*
 And Morton comes in by the bye ;

* Queensberry had been created a Duke by James II., but never.

There's Loudon, and Leven, and Weems, sir,
And Sutherland, frequently dry.

There's Roseberry, Glasgow, and Duplin,
And Lord Archibald Campbell, and Ross;
The president, Francis Montgomery,
Wha ambles like ony paced horse. [lad,
There's Johnstoun, Dan Campbell, and Ross,
Whom the court hath had still on their bench;
There's solid Pitmedden and Forglan,
Wha design'd jumping on to the bench.

There's Ormistoun and Tillicoutrie,
And Smollett for the town of Dumbarton;
There's Arniston, too, and Carnwathie,
Put in by his uncle, L. Wharton;
There's Grant, and young Pennicook, sir,
Hugh Montgomery, and Davy Dalrymple;
There's one who will surely bear bouk, sir,
Prestongrange, who indeed is not simple.

Now the Lord bless the jimp one-and-thirty,
If they prove not traitors in fact,

theless supported the interests of the Prince of Orange, and took the lead in promoting the union.

Seafeld, son to the Earl of Findlater; was bred a lawyer, and at the convention in 1689, supported the cause of King James, but was afterwards brought over by the Duke of Hamilton to the interest of William, and in 1696 was made one of his secretaries of state. He was selfish, mean, and proud; and when the treaty of union, which terminated the independence of Scotland as a kingdom, was carried, he is said to have exclaimed, "There is the end o' an auld sang." This wanton insult to his country was not overlooked. His brother, Captain Ogilvie, who was a considerable farmer and cattle dealer, being reproved by him for engaging in a profession so mean, is said to have retorted, "True, brother, I dinna flee sae high as you, but we maun baith do as we dow—I only sell *nawt*, but ye sell *nations*."

The other characters mentioned in this song are sufficiently known by their names; but of the part some of them took in bringing about that event, no notice is taken by any of the annalists of that period.

But see that their bride be well drest, sir,
Or the devil take all the pack.
May the devil take all the hale pack, sir,
Away on his back with a bang;
Then well may our new-buskit bridie
For her ain first wooer think lang.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA.*

Awa, Whigs, awa,
Awa, Whigs, awa,
Ye're but a pack o' traitor loons,
Ye'll ne'er do good at a'.
Our thistles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonny bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

Our sad decay in kirk and state
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
And we ha'e done wi' thriving.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

A foreign Whiggish loon brought seeds
In Scottish yird to cover,
But we'll pu' a' his dibbled leeks,
And pack him to Hanover.
Awa, Whigs, &c.

* None of the Jacobite songs have been more popular than this, chiefly on account of the beauty of its air, which is said to be the most ancient of all the Scottish airs. The Piper to Clavers's own troop of horse is reported to have played it with so much vigour and fury while standing on a bank of the Clyde, at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, that he attracted particular notice, and a Whig bullet ac-

Our ancient crown's fa'n i' the dust,
 Deil blind them wi' the stoure o't;
 And write their names i' his black beuk,
 Wha ga'e the Whigs the power o't.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
 But we may see him wauken;
 Gude help the day, when royal heads
 Are hunted like a maukin!
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil he heard the stoure o' tongues,
 And ramping cam amang us;
 But he pitied us sae curs'd wi' Whigs,
 He turn'd and wadna wrang us.
 Awa, Whigs, &c.

The deil sat grim amang the reek,
 Thrang bundling brunstane matches;
 And croon'd 'mang the beuk-taking Whigs,
 Scraps of auld Calvin's catches.
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Awa, Whigs, awa,
 Ye'll run me out o' wun spunks,
 Awa, Whigs, awa.

THE RIDING MARE.*

My daddy had a riding mare,
 And she was ill to sit,

cordingly sent his Pipership reeling over into the flood below, where he was drowned. The fourth and fifth verses of this song are modern, and have been ascribed to Burns.

* This is a good specimen of the vulgarity of Jacobite wit, and is only one of a hundred which might be given of the same kind. The

And by there came an unco loon,
 And slippit in his fit.
 He set his fit into the st'rup,
 And gripped sickerly;
 And aye sinsyne, my dainty mare,
 She flings and glooms at me.

This thief he fell and brain'd himsel',
 And up gat couthy Anne;
 She gripped the mare, the riding gear
 And halter in her hand:
 And on she rade, and fast she rade,
 O'er necks o' nations three;
 Fient that she ride the aiver stiff,
 Sin' she has geck'd at me!

The Whigs they ga'e my *Auntie* draps
 That hasten'd her away,
 And then they took a cursed oath,
 And drank it up like whey:
 Then they sent for a bastard race,
 Whilk I may sairly rue,
 And for a horse they've got an ass,
 And on it set a sow.

Then hey the ass, the dainty ass,
 That cocks aboon them a'!

riding mare is typical of the Government; King William, Queen Anne, and George I. are the Sovereigns satirised. The joke of the *Sow*, refers to the Countess of Darlington, a mistress of the latter, whom he brought over with him from Hanover. Having been excessively fat, she never got any other name from the Jacobites than the *Sow*. It is reported of this lady, that being insulted by a mob one day, she cried out of her coach in the best English she could, "Coot peoples, vy do you wrong us? We be come for all your coots." — "Yes, damn ye!" cried one of the crowd, "and for all our *chattels*, too, I think."

And hey the sow, the dainty sow,
That soon will get a fa' !
The graith was ne'er in order yet,
The bridle wasna worth a doit ;
And mony ane will get a bite,
Or cuddy gangs awa.

THE WEE, WEE GERMAN LAIRDIE.*

WHA the deil hae we got for a king,
But a wee, wee German lairdie !
An' when we gaed to bring him hame,
He was delving in his kail-yardie :
Sheughing kail, and laying leeks,
But the hose and *but* the breeks ;
Up his beggar duds he cleeks,
The wee, wee German lairdie !

And he's clapt down in our gudeman's chair,
The wee, wee German lairdie !
And he's brought fouth o' foreign trash,
And dibbled them in his yardie :
He's pu'd the rose o' English loons,
And brake the harp o' Irish clowns,
But our Scots thistle will jag his thumbs,
The wee, wee German lairdie.

Come up amang the Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see how Charlie's lang-kail thrive,
That he dibbled in his yardie :

* The derision and contempt implied in this song are so familiarly ludicrous, that it is a general favourite even at the present day. It is sung to many different tunes. The Ettrick Shepherd asserts that he composed the air to which it is generally sung in the Southern Counties many years ago.

And if a stock ye daur to pu',
 Or haud the yoking of a pleugh,
 We'll break your sceptre o'er your mou',
 Thou wee bit German lairdie !

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep,
 No fitting for a yardie ;
 And our norlan' thristles winna pu',
 Thou wee, wee German lairdie !
 And we've the trenching blades o' wier,
 Wad lib ye o' your German gear,
 And pass ye 'neath the claymore's sheer,
 Thou feckless German lairdie !

He'll ride nae mair on strae sonks,
 For gawing his German hurdies ;
 But he sits on our gude king's throne,
 Amang the English lordies.
 Auld Scotland ! thou'rt owre cauld a hole
 For nursing siccan vermin ;
 But the very dogs o' England's court
 Can bark and howl in *German* !

CAME YE O'ER FRAE FRANCE ?*

CAME ye o'er frae France ?
 Came ye down by Lunnon ?
 Saw ye Geordie Whelps,†
 And his bonny woman ?
 Were ye at the place
 Ca'd the Kittle Housie ? ‡

* This is another specimen of the vulgar mode in which the Jacobites displayed their wit. It is, nevertheless, a smart rant.

† A low term used by the Jacobites for *Guelf*, the family name of the House of Hanover.

‡ Parliament.

Saw ye Geordie's grace
Riding on a goosie ?

Geordie he's a man,
There is little doubt o't ;
He's done a' he can,
Wha can do without it ?
Down there came a blade,*
Linkin like my lordie ;
He wad drive a trade
At the loom o' Geordie.

Though the claith were bad,
Blythly may we niffer ?
Gin we get a wab,
It makes little differ.
We hae tint our plaid,
Bannet, belt, and swordie,
Ha's and mailins braid—
But we hae a Geordie !

Jocky's gane to France,
And Montgomery's lady ;
There they'll learn to dance :
Madam, are you ready ?
They'll be back belyve,
Belted, brisk, and lordly ;
Brawly may they thrive
To dance a jig wi' Geordie !

Hey for Sandy Don !
Hey for Cockolorum !
Hey for Bobbing John,†
And his Highland quorum !

* Count Koningsmark.

† John, Earl of Mar, who, about this time, was raising forces to aid

Mony a sword and lance
 Swings at Highland hurdie :
 How they'll skip and dance
 O'er the bum o' Geordie !

THE SOW'S TAIL TO GEORDIE.*

It's Geordie's now come hereabout,
 O wae light on his sulky snout !
 A pawky sow has found him out,
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet,
 A sow's birse will kill him yet,
 The sow's tail is till him yet,
 The sow's tail to Geordie !

It's Geordie he came up the town,
 Wi' a bunch o' turnips on his crown ;
 " Aha ! " quo' she, " I'll pull them down,
 And turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to dance,
 And wi' the sow to take a prance,
 And aye she gart her hurdies flaunce,
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

the cause of the Chevalier. *Sandy Don* and *Cockorum* allude to some of the other chieftains engaged in the same interest.

* The humour of this satirical song atones for the grossness of it. Hogg says that when a boy he heard it frequently sung by an old woman, a determined Jacobite, who always accompanied it with the information, that " it was a cried-down sang, but she didna mind that ; and that baith it and *O'er Bogie* were cried down at Edinburgh cross on the same day." George the First's mistress, Lady Darlington, is here again designated by the *Sow*. This lady was a constant theme for lampoon. Horace Walpole's description of her is amusing.

It's Geordie he gaed out to hang,
 The sow came round him wi' a bang :
 "Aha!" quo' she, "there's something wrang ;
 I'll turn my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

The sow and Geordie ran a race,
 But Geordie fell and brake his face :
 "Aha!" quo' she, "I've won the race,
 And turn'd my tail to Geordie."
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he sat down to dine,
 And wha came in but Madam Swine?
 "Grumph! Grumph!" quo' she, "I'm come
 I'll sit and dine wi' Geordie." [in time,
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he lay down to die ;
 The sow was there as weel as he :
 "Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's no for me,"
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

It's Geordie he gat up to pray,
 She mumpit round and ran away :
 "Umph! Umph!" quo' she, "he's done for aye,"
 And turn'd her tail to Geordie.
 The sow's tail is till him yet, &c.

When contrasting her with another mistress of George's, he says,
 "Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and
 whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as
 corpulent and ample, as the Duchess was long and emaciated. Two
 fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eye-
 brows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck
 and bosom, that overflowed, and was not distinguished from the
 lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays." Such was
 the form of her who figures as the *Sow whose tail was turn'd to*

THE REBELLIOUS CREW.*

YE Whigs are a rebellious crew,
 The plague of this poor nation ;
 Ye give not God nor Cæsar due ;
 Ye smell of reprobation.
 Ye are a stubborn perverse pack,
 Conceiv'd and nurs'd by treason ;
 Your practices are foul and black,
 Your principles 'gainst reason.

Your Hogan Mogan† foreign things,
 God gave them in displeasure ;
 Ye brought them o'er, and call'd them kings ;
 They've drain'd our blood and treasure.
 Can ye compare your king to mine,
 Your Geordie and your Willie ?
 Comparisons are odious,
 A toadstool to a lily.

Our Darien can witness bear,
 And so can our Glenco, sir ;
 Our South Sea it can make appear,
 What to your kings we owe, sir.
 We have been murder'd, starv'd, and robb'd,
 By those your kings and knav'ry,
 And all our treasure is stock-jobb'd,
 While we groan under slav'ry.

Geordie. The air of this song has always been popular, and has afforded infinite scope for variations by the delighted masters of the fiddle-stick.

* This is a general satire levelled at the political discrimination of the whigs, and a particular one, in so far as it applies to the princes whom they supported on the throne, or those whom it styles, the *Hogan Mogan foreign things*.

† Cant terms for the Dutch words *Hough Magedige*, signifying high and mighty.

Did e'er the rightful Stuarts' race
 (Declare it, if you can, sir,)
 Reduce you to so bad a case?
 Hold up your face, and answer.
 Did he whom ye expell'd the throne,
 Your islands e'er harass so,
 As these whom ye have plac'd thereon,
 Your Brunswick and your Nassau?

By strangers we are robb'd and shamm'd,
 This you must plainly grant, sir,
 Whose coffers with our wealth are cramm'd,
 While we must starve for want, sir.
 Can ye compare your kings to mine,
 Your Geordie and your Willie?
 Comparisons are odious,
 A bramble to a lily.

Your prince's mother did amiss,*
 This ye have ne'er denied, sir,
 Or why liv'd she without a kiss,
 Confin'd until she died, sir?
 Can ye compare your queen to mine?
 I know ye're not so silly:
 Comparisons are odious,
 A dockan to a lily.

* George I. while electoral prince, married his cousin Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell. She was very beautiful, but her husband treated her with neglect, and had several mistresses. This usage seems to have disposed her to retaliate, by indulging in a little external gallantry. The celebrated Swedish Count Koningsmark being at that period at Hanover, became the unfortunate object of her coquetry; and, although no criminal intercourse is said to have really existed between them, he was privately assassinated, and Dorothea suffered imprisonment during the remainder of her life. When George II. first visited Hanover, he ordered some alterations in the palace, and while repairing the dressing-room which belonged to his mother, the Princess Dorothea, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the pavement, where he is supposed to have been strangled and buried.

Her son is a poor matchless sot,
 His own papa ne'er lov'd him ;
 And Feckie* is an idiot,
 As they can swear who prov'd him.
 Can ye compare your prince to mine,
 A thing so dull and silly ?
 Comparisons are odious,
 A mushroom to a lily.

THE CUCKOO.†

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes
 home, [home,
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about
 the throne,
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.
 The cuckoo's the bonny bird, and he'll hae the
 day ; [may say ;
 The cuckoo's the royal bird, whatever they
 Wi' the whistle o' his mou', and the blink o'
 his e'e,
 He'll scare a' the unco birds away frae me.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes
 home, [home,
 The cuckoo's a bonny bird, when he comes
 He'll fley away the wild birds that hank about
 the throne,
 My bonny cuckoo, when he comes home.

* Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III.

† This song was first printed in Hogg's Relics. The Shepherd says he had never before seen it either in print or manuscript ; but it must have been a great favourite in the last age ; for about the time when he began first to know one song from another, all the old people that could sing at all, sung *The Cuckoo's a bonny Bird*.

The cuckoo's a bonny bird, but far frae his
hame; [kame;
I ken him by the feathers that grow upon his
And round that double kame yet a crown I
hope to see,
For my bonny cuckoo he is dear to me.

BRITONS, NOW RETRIEVE YOUR GLOBY.

BRITONS, now retrieve your glory,
And your ancient rights maintain ;
Drive th' usurping race before you,
And restore a Stuart's reign.
Load the Brunswick prancer double,
Heap on all your care and trouble,
Drive him hence, with all his rabble,
Never to return again.

Call your injur'd king to save you,
Ere you farther are oppress'd ;
He's so good, he will forgive you,
And receive you to his breast.
Think on all the wrongs you've done him,
Bow your rebel necks, and own him ;
Quickly make amends, and crown him,
Or you never can be blest.

JAMIE THE ROVER.

Of all the days that's in the year,
The tenth of June* I love most dear,
When our white roses will appear,
For sake of Jamie the Rover.

* It would appear from this song, that the Chevalier's birth-day

In tartans braw our lads are drest,
With roses glancing on their breast ;
For amang them a' we love him best,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover.

As I came in by Auchindown,
The drums did beat, and trumpets sound,
And aye the burden o' the tune
 Was, Up wi' Jamie the Rover!
There's some wha say he's no the thing,
And some wha say he's no our king ;
But to their teeth we'll rant and sing,
 Success to Jamie the Rover !

In London there's a huge black bull,
That would devour us at his will ;
We'll twist his horns out of his skull,
 And drive the old rogue to Hanover.
And hey as he'll rout, and hey as he'll roar,
And hey as he'll gloom, as heretofore !
But we'll repay our auld black score,
 When we get Jamie the Rover.

O wae's my heart for Nature's change,
And ane abroad that's forc'd to range !
God bless the lad, where'er he remains,
 And send him safely over !
It's J. and S., I must confess,
Stands for his name that I do bless :
O may he soon his own possess,
 Young Jamie they call the Rover !

had been celebrated by the Northern Jacobites at Auchindown, 10th June, 1714; and that, during the festival, they swore fealty to the house of Stuart. Auchindown, noticed in so many of our Jacobite songs, from the "*Haughs o' Cromdale*," downwards, is now a ruin. It was not properly a "town," but a romantic castle situated in the wilds of Glen Fiddich, in Banffshire.

THE AULD STUARTS BACK AGAIN. *

THE auld Stuarts back again,
The auld Stuarts back again;
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
The Stuarts will be back again.
Wha cares for a' their creeshy duds,
And a' Kilmarnock sown suds?
We'll wauk their hydes and fyle their fuds,
And bring the Stuarts back again.

There's Ayr and Irvine, wi' the rest.
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic a scaw'd and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again!
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or "Auld Stuarts back again."

Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae rang,
And a' that look and think it lang
For auld Stuarts back again.
Were ye wi' me to chace the rac,
Out-owre the hills and far away,
And saw the Lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

* The towns of Ayr, Troon, and Kilmarnock, and other towns in the west, were very active in raising men in defence of the Protestant succession at the rebellion in 1715. This song seems to have been written in splenetic anger at their zeal on the occasion by a Jacobite. The latter part of the song refers to the famous Hunting in the forest of Brae-Mar, contrived by the Earl of Mar as a pretence for bringing the nobles both of the South and the North together, to concert measures for the rising which immediately afterwards took place.

There ye might see the noble Mar,
Wi' Athol, Huntly, and Traquair,
Seaforth, Kilsyth, and Auldubair,
And money mae, whatreck, again.
Then what are a' their westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors teck again:
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuarts back again?

AT AUCHINDOWN.*

At Auchindown, the tenth of June,
Sae merry, blythe, and gay, sir,
Each lad and lass did fill a glass,
And drink a health that day, sir.
We drank a health, and no by stealth,
'Mang kimmers bright and lordly:
"King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
And down wi' cuckold Geordie!"

We took a spring, and danc'd a fling,
A wow but we were vogie!
We didna fear, though we lay near
The Campbells, in Stra'bogie:
Nor yet the loons, the black dragoons,
At Fochabers a-raising:
If they durst come, we'd pack them home,
And send them to their grazing.

We fear'd no harm, and no alarm,
No word was spoke of dangers;

* This is another production of Norland Jacobitism, commemorative of the festival held at Auchindown, on the Chevalier de St. George's birth-day, 10th June, 1714. It is usually sung to the celebrated old tune of *Cauld Kail* in Aberdeen.

We join'd the dance, and kiss'd the lance,
 And swore us foes to strangers,
 To ilka name that dar'd disclaim,
 Our Jamie and his Charlie.
 "King James the Eighth! for him we'll fight,
 "And down the cuckold earlie!"

LOCHMABEN GATE.*

As I came by Lochmaben gate,
 It's there I saw the Johnstons riding;
 Away they go, and they fear'd no foe,
 With their drums a-beating, colours flying.
 All the lads of Annandale
 Came there, their gallant chief to follow;
 Brave Burleigh, Ford, and Ramerscale,
 With Winton and the gallant Rollo.

* This song is commemorative of Southland Jacobitism, and refers to a celebrated meeting of the Border Partizans of the house of Stuart, which took place at Lochmaben in Dumfries-shire, on 29th May, 1714, to ascertain their strength, and to concert measures in aid of the insurrection which was then in contemplation by the Earl of Mar and others in the north, and which took place the following year. The meeting was held under the pretence of horse-racing; but the parties were at no pains to disguise the real object of it. Two plates, which were the prizes to be run for, had peculiar devices. The one had a woman with balances in her hand, the emblem of Justice, and over the head was "*Justitia*," and at a little distance, "*Suum cuique*." The other had several men in a tumbling posture, and one eminent person erected above the rest, with this inscription from Scripture, Ezekiel xxi. 27, "*I will overturn, overturn, overturn it; and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him.*" After the race, the leaders, and many more of the Jacobite gentry, such as the Maxwells of Tinwald, Johnston of Wamphray, Carruthers of Ramerscales, the Master of Burleigh, went to the cross, and in presence of hundreds, with drums beating and colours flying, drank *their King's health* upon their knees. Such was the fury of their zeal, if any one refused to drink the toast, he was d—d to hell by the Master of Burleigh. This precious partizan had only a few weeks before made his escape from Edinburgh Jail, where he had been lying under sentence of death for murder.

I ask'd a man what meant the fray?

“Good sir,” said he, “you seem a stranger:

This is the twenty-ninth of May;

Far better had you shun the danger.

These are rebels to the throne,

Reason have we all to know it;

Popish knaves and dogs each one,

Pray pass on, or you shall rue it.”

I look'd the traitor in the face,

Drew out my brand and ettled at him:

“Deil send a' the whiggish race

Downward to the dad that gat 'em!”

Right sair he gloom'd, but naething said,

While my heart was like to scunner,

Cowards are they born and bred,

Ilka whinging, praying sinner.

My bonnet on my sword I bare,

And fast I spurr'd by knight and lady,

And thrice I wav'd it in the air,

Where a' our lads stood rank'd and ready.

“Long live King James!” aloud I cried,

“Our nation's king, our nation's glory!”

“Long live King James!” they all replied,

“Welcome, welcome, gallant Tory!”

There I shook hands wi' lord and knight,

And mony a braw and buskin'd lady:

But lang I'll mind Lochmaben gate,

And a' our lads for battle ready.

And when I gang by Locher Brigs,

And o'er the moor, at e'en or morrow,

I'll lend a curse unto the Whigs,

That wrought us a' this dool and sorrow.

THE WAES OF SCOTLAND.*

WHEN I left thee, bonny Scotland,
O thou wert fair to see!
Fresh as a bonny bride in the morn,
When she maun wedded be.
When I came back to thee Scotland,
Upon a May morn fair,
A bonny lass sat at our town end,
Kaming her yellow hair.

‘ Oh hey! oh hey!’ sung the bonny lass,
‘ Oh hey! and wae is me!
There’s siccan sorrow in Scotland,
As een did never see.
Oh hey! oh hey! for my father auld!
Oh hey! for my mither dear!
And my heart will burst for the bonny lad
Wha left me lanesome here.’

I had gane in my ain Scotland
Mae miles than twa or three,
When I saw the head o’ my ain father
Coming up the gate to me.
‘ A traitor’s head!’ and ‘ a traitor’s head!’
Loud bawl’d a bloody loon;
But I drew frae the sheath my glave o’ weir,
And strack the reaver down.

I hied me hame to my father’s ha’,
My dear auld mither to see;

* This song is evidently modern, but the subject relates to the early Jacobite Times, and is beautifully handled. It is believed to be a production of that delightful master of the Scottish Lyre, Allan Cunningham. The air is the well-known one of the *Siller Crown*.

But she lay 'mang the black eizels,
Wi' the death-tear in her e'e.
' O wha has wrought this bloody wark?
Had I the reaver here,
I'd wash his sark in his ain heart's blood,
And gie't to his dame to wear.'

I hadna gane frae my ain dear hame
But twa short miles and three,
Till up came a captain o' the Whigs
Says, ' Traitor, bide ye me !'
I grippit him by the belt sae braid,
It birsted i' my hand,
But I threw him frae his weir-saddle,
And drew my burly brand.

' Shaw mercy on me !' quo' the loon,
And low he knelt on knee :
But by his thigh was my father's glaive
Whilk gude King Bruce did gie ;
And buckled round him was the broider'd belt
Whilk my mither's hands did weave.
My tears they mingled wi' his heart's blood,
And reek'd upon my glaive.

I wander a' night 'mang the lands I own'd,
When a' folk are asleep,
And I lie o'er my father and mither's grave
An hour or twa to weep.
O, fatherless and mitherless,
Without a ha' or hame,
I maun wander through dear Scotland,
And bide a traitor's blame.

OVER THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.*

WHEN we think on the days of auld,
When our Scots lads were true as bauld,
O weel may we weep for our foul fa',
And grieve for the lad that's far awa!
 Over the seas and far awa,
 Over the seas and far awa,
O weel may we maen for the day that's gane,
And the lad that's banish'd far awa.

Some traitor lords, for love o' gain,
They drove our true king owre the main,
In spite o' right, and rule, and law,
And the friends o' him that's far awa.
 Over the seas and far awa, &c.

A bloody rook frae Brunswick flew,
And gather'd devil's birds anew;
Wi' kingmen's blude they gorge their maw;
O dule to the louns sent Jamie awa'!
 Over the seas and far awa, &c.

And cruel England, leal men's dread,
Doth hunt and cry for Scottish blude,
To hack, and head, and hang, and draw,
And a' for the lad that's far awa.
 Over the seas and far awa, &c.

* The absence of the exiled family was always a favourite theme with the Jacobites for the exercise of the muse. The songs which were based upon that topic, had usually more popularity than any others, and remained much longer in vogue. Hence, the above specimen, though not very choice in respect of the poetry, was always popular for its subject, and it really does breathe the true spirit of ultra loyalty. The Whigs, who are designated as "devil's birds," would have scarcely had *Jeddart* justice from the vengeance of the writer of this Song, or those who held the same political opinions.

There's a reade in heaven, I read it true,
 There's vengeance for us on a' that crew,
 There's blude for blude to ane and a',
 That sent our bonnie lad far awa.
 Over the seas and far awa,
 Over the seas and far awa,
 He'll soon be here that I loe dear,
 And he's welcome hame frae far awa !

LET OUR GREAT JAMES COME OVER.*

Let our great James come over,
 And baffle Prince Hanover,
 With hearts and hands, in loyal bands,
 We'll welcome him at Dover.
 Of royal birth and breeding,
 In ev'ry grace exceeding,
 Our hearts will mourn till his return,
 O'er lands that lie a-bleeding.

Let each man, in his station,
 Fight bravely for the nation ;
 Then may our king long live and reign,
 In spite of abjuration.†

* Though this Song is not without merit, it is so general in its application as to afford no ground for remark. One thing may be inferred, however, from the last verse—which is, that if the Jacobites had got their own way, they would have made sad work among the Whigs. Hanging would have been thought by far too gentle a punishment for them.

† The Act of Abjuration here referred to, was passed by the parliament of King William, in 1701. By this Act, all persons holding situations in church or state, were compelled, by oath, to abjure the pretended Prince of Wales (James II's son) ; to recognise William as their "right and lawful King, and his heirs, according to the Act of Settlement:" they also became bound to maintain the Established Church of England, at the same time tolerating dissenters.

He only can relieve us
From every thing that grieves us :
Our church is rent, our treasure spent ;
He only can reprieve us.

Too long he's been excluded,
Too long we've been deluded :
Let's with one voice sing and rejoice ;
The peace is now concluded.
The Dutch are disappointed,
Their whiggish plots disjointed ;
The sun displays his glorious rays,
To crown the Lord's anointed.

Away with Prince Hanover !
We'll have no Prince Hanover !
King James the Eighth has the true right,
And he is coming over.
Since royal James is coming,
Then let us all be moving,
With heart and hand at his command,
To set the Whigs a-running.

Let not the abjuration
Impose upon our nation,
Restrict our hands, whilst he commands,
Through false imagination :
For oaths which are imposed
Can never be supposed
To bind a man, say what they can,
When justice is opposed.

The parliament's gone over,
The parliament's gone over,
And all the Whigs have run their rigs,
And brought home Prince Hanover.

And now that he's come over,
 O what will ye discover,
 When in a rope we'll hang him up?
 And so farewell, Hanover.

But whom will ye have over?
 But whom will ye have over?
 King James the Eighth, with all our might,
 And land him in our border.
 And when that he's come over,
 O what will ye discover,
 But Whigs in ropes high hanging up,
 For siding with Hanover?

WEEL MAY WE A' BE.*

WEEL may we a' be,
 Ill may we never see,
 Here's to the king,
 And this good company!
 Fill fill your glasses high,
 We'll drain our barrels dry;
 Out upon them, fie! fie!
 That winna do't again.

Here's to the king, boys!
 Ye ken wha I mean, boys!
 And every honest man, boys,
 That will do't again!
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

* The compliment paid the King of Sweden in this drinking song, must have been owing to the preparations which that monarch was then making to assist James to recover the throne of Britain. George I. had provoked the wrath of Charles by entering into a league with some of the continental powers. The death of the Swede soon after, put a stop to his plans, and relieved the apprehensions of the English Court at the same time.

Here's to a' the chieftains
 Of the gallant Scottish clans,
 They hae done it mair than ance,
 And they'll do't again.
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

When the pipes began to strum
 Tuttie tattie to the drum,
 Out claymore, and down the gun,
 And to the knaves again.
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

Here's to the royal Swede,
 Fresh laurels crown his head!
 Pox on every sneaking blade
 That winna do't again!
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

But to make a' things right now,
 He that drinks maun fight too,
 To show his heart's upright too,
 And that he'll do't again.
 Fill fill your glasses high, &c.

PETTICOATS LOOSE.*

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
 Hey gudeman, away gudeman;

* This wild rant is obviously a satire on some of the irregularities of the Court of George I. His two German mistresses, Madame Schulemberg, Duchess of Kendal, and Madam Kilmansegge, Countess of Platen, afterwards Countess of Darlington, are referred to under the appellations of *Kenny* and *Killy*. The one was lean and haggard, and the other monstrously fat; but George was as little constant to them as to his wife. Madame Kilmansegge had a daughter to him, who was married to Lord Viscount Howe. *Feddy* and *Robin* in this song, mean Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Sir Robert Walpole.

It's Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,
 Bide na here till day gudeman.
 For there is a harper down i' the north,
 Has play'd a spring on the banks o' Forth,
 And aye the owre-word o' the tune
 Is, Away gudeman, away gudeman.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

It's Feddy maun strap, and Robin maun
 string,
 And Killy may wince, and fidge, and fling,
 For Kenny has loos'd her petticoat string,
 Gae tie 't again, gae tie 't again.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

O Kenny my kitten, come draw your mitten,
 And dinna be lang, and dinna be lang;
 For petticoat's loose, and barrie is slitten,
 And a's gane wrang, and a's gane wrang.
 It's Hanover, Hanover, &c.

O WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' THE WHIGS?*

O WHAT'S the matter wi' the Whigs?
 I think they're all gone mad, sir;
 By dancing one-and-forty jigs,
 Our dancing may be bad, sir.

* This Song must have been written on the accession of the Whigs to power in the beginning of George I.'s reign, since it is equally caustic as to that party and the monarch himself. The indiscretion of his Queen, the Princess Dorothea of Zell, with regard to Count Koenigsmark, is severely alluded to. But, in truth, that story owed its currency rather to the jealousy of the King than to any real guilt on the part of the Princess. The ground of George's suspicions, and the severe revenge he took, by destroying the Count, as noticed in a preceding note, are thus related by Horace Walpole. "Dorothea was the only child of the Duke of Zell, and cousin to George I. who married her from convenience, and with a view to reunite the dominions of

The revolution principles
Have set their head in bees, then;
They've fallen out among themselves,
Shame fa' the first that grees them!

Did ye not swear, in Anna's reign,
And vow, too, and protest, sir,
If Hanover were once come o'er,
Then we should all be blest, sir?

Since you got leave to rule the roast,
Impeachments throve a while, sir:
Our lords must steer to other coasts,
Our lairds may leave the isle, sir.

Now Britain may rejoice and sing,
'Tis now a happy nation,
Governed by a German thing,
Our sovereign by creation.

the family. Though she was very handsome, the Prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the Princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Koningsmark, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral Princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old Elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions at a day's warning. The Princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies to the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the Count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., when his son, the new King, went over to Hanover, and some alterations on the Palace being ordered by him, the body of Koningsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral Princess's dressing room. It is probable that the Count was strangled, and his body secreted there the instant he left her. The

And whensoever this sovereign fails,
And pops into the dark, sir,
O then we have a prince of Wales,
The brat of Konigsmark, sir.

Our king he has a cuckold's luck,
His praises we will sing, sir,
For from a petty German duke,
He's now become a king, sir.

He was brought o'er to rule the greese,
But, faith, the truth I'll tell, sir;
When he takes on his good dame's gees,
He canna rule himsel', sir.

And was there ever such a king
As our brave German prince, sir?
Our wealth supplies him every thing,
Save that he wants—good sense, sir.

Whilst foreigners traverse our isle,
And drag our peers to slaughter,
This makes our gracious king to smile,
Our prince bursts out in laughter.

Our jails with British subjects cramm'd,
Our scaffolds reek with blood, sir;
And all but Whigs and Dutch are damn'd
By the fanatic crowd, sir.

Come, let us sing our monarch's praise,
And drink his health in wine, sir;
For now we have braw happy days,
Like those of forty-nine, sir.

Princess was never after admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled Duchess of Halle."

DONALD MACGILLAVRY.*

DONALD's gane up the hill hard and hungry ;
 Donald comes down the hill wild and angry ;
 Donald will clear the gouk's nest cleverly.
 Here's to the king and Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a weigh-bauk, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Balance them fair, and balance them cleverly :
 Off wi' the counterfeit, Donald Macgillavry.

Donald's run o'er the hill but his tether, man,
 As he were wud, or stung wi' an ether, man ;
 When he comes back, there are some will look
 merrily :

Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a weaver, Donald Macgillavry,
 Pack on your back, and elwand sae cleverly :
 Gie him full measure, my Donald Macgillavry.

Donald has foughten wi' rief and roguery ;
 Donald has dinner'd wi' banes and beggary :
 Better it were for Whigs and Whiggery
 Meeting the devil than Donald Macgillavry.
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Push about, in and out, thimble them cleverly.
 Here's to King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

* There is unrivalled spirit in this Song, and it must have had a wonderful effect on the popular feeling in Jacobite times. It is uncertain who was intended as the hero of it, as the name of Donald M'Gillavry occurs in many of the Ballads, both of 1715 and 1745.—Perhaps it was indiscriminately used to signify the whole of the Scottish Clans. This is the Ettrick Shepherd's idea, and it is a plausible one ; for, in using Donald M'Gillavry as a comical patronymick for the Highlanders in general, no offence could be given to any one, nor could it render any particular Clan obnoxious to the other party, by

Donald's the callan that brooks nae tangleness ;
 Whigging, and prigging, and a' newfangleness,
 They maun be gane : he winna be baukit, man ;
 He maun hae justice, or faith he'll tak' it, man.
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like a cobbler, Donald Macgillavry ;
 Beat them, and bore them, and lingel them
 cleverly.
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

Dnnald was mumpit wi' mirds and mockery ;
 Donald was blinded wi' blads o' property ;
 Arles ran high, but makings were naething, man :
 Lord, how Donald is flyting and fretting, man !
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
 Come like the devil, Donald Macgillavry,
 Skelp them and scaud them that prov'd sae
 unbritherly.
 Up wi' King James, and Donald Macgillavry !

THE CHEVALIER'S MUSTER ROLL.*

LITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

*The Song being sung in mixed assemblies. It is more than probable, however, that the person alluded to in this Song, was M'Gillavry of Drumglass, whose name appears in *the Chevalier's Muster Roll*, and who was attached to the army of the Earl of Mar, then in the Highlands.

* On the accession of George I. in 1714, the dismissal of the Tory Ministry, and the rancour with which its members were prosecuted, greatly increased the number of the disaffected. The Earl of Mar, who had held the office of Secretary of State during the late administration, finding himself neglected by the government, threw himself into the arms of the Jacobites, and being a nobleman of talent and experience, he soon became the head of that faction. On his arrival at

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
Dougall's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
Alaster and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock an' Tam an' a's coming.

Borland and his men's coming,
Cameron and M'Leans' coming,
Gordon and M'Gregors' coming,
Alka Dunywastle's* coming,
Little wat ye wha's coming,
M'Gillavry and a's coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
Carnwarth's coming, Kenmure's coming,
Derwentwater† and Foster's‡ coming,
Withrington§ and Nairn's || coming.
Little wat ye wha's coming,
Blythe Cowhill and a's coming.

his seat in Kildrummy in Aberdeenshire, in August, 1715, a number of the noblemen and gentlemen of that party repaired thither, among whom were the Marquises of Huntly and Tullibardin; the Earls of Marishall, Nithsdale, Traquair, Errol, Southesk, Carnwath, Seaforth, and Linlithgow; the Viscounts Kilsyth, Kenmure, Kingston, and Stormont; the Lords Rollo, Duffus, and Drummond; and many gentlemen of great interest, whose names are enumerated in the poem. They there resolved on setting up the Chevalier's standard, and to support his claims to the crown, with all their vassals; accordingly, early in September, they proclaimed him in all the principal towns between Perth and Inverness, establishing their headquarters at the former place.

* *Dhain railse*, i. e. Highland lairds or gentlemen.

† Earl Derwentwater, a nobleman universally esteemed. He was taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and beheaded on Tower-hill, along with Viscount Kenmure.

‡ Thomas Forster, junior, of Etherston, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was commander of the rebel English army. He was taken prisoner at Preston, but made his escape to the continent.

§ The Earl of Widdrington.

|| The Lord Nairn, brother to the Duke of Athole. He was also

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie an' M'Donald's coming,
 M'Kenzie and M'Pherson's coming,
 And the wild M'Craw's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glour, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a Whig :
 They'll fright the fuds o' the Pockpuds, +
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.†

THERE's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a', man ;
 But one thing I'm sure,
 That at Sherra-muir,
 A battle there was, that I saw, man ;
 And we ran, and they ran,
 And they ran, and we ran,
 But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

taken prisoner at Preston, tried, and condemned, but afterwards liberated by virtue of the act of indemnity in 1717.

* A name of derision given to the English, from their attachment to the bag-pudding.

† When it was known in London that the Earl of Mar had erected the standard of rebellion, government instantly dispatched the Duke of Argyle to Scotland, as commander-in-chief, to draw the military force of the kingdom together, and to take other measures to counteract the efforts of the disaffected. This was no easy task, however ; for a great portion of the nobility and gentry had already joined Mar, or secretly abetted him, and the muster of the clans by this time amounted to several thousand men ; while, on the other hand, the whole of the regular military did not exceed fifteen hun-

Argyle and Belhaven,
Not frightened like Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man ;
For they all, with Wightman,
Advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

dred horse and foot. The Duke's personal interests in this case were perhaps the saving of the existing government. The clans were, for the most part, his mortal enemies, and he knew that if Mar's enterprise succeeded, it would be the ruin of the House of Argyle. He was therefore prompted to make every effort to meet so pressing an emergency, and, accordingly, soon increased the national force to 3500 men, which he concentrated at Stirling. This, to be sure, was little more than a third of the rebel forces; but the Duke was of undaunted courage and resolution, and when he understood that Mar was on his march to penetrate into the south, he quitted Stirling, and led his small army north to attack him. On the 12th of November, his Grace encamped at Dumblain. The rebels approached that night within two miles of him. Both armies drew up in order of battle, and remained under arms till day-break. In the morning, after mutually reconnoitering each other's position, the action began. The Duke of Argyle placed himself on the right, at the head of the cavalry; General Whitham commanded the left; and Major-General Wightman the centre. The Earl of Mar led on the clans under the Captain of Clanronald, Glengary, Sir John M'Lean, and Campbell of Glenlyon, who made such a furious charge on the left wing of the royal army, "that in seven or eight minutes," says an account of the engagement, published shortly after at Perth, under the authority of the Earl of Mar, "we could neither perceive the form of a battalion or squadron of the enemy before us." The Highlanders on the left were not so successful. The Duke of Argyle charged them with such vigour at the head of the cavalry, that they were obliged to retire, which they did in the greatest order, rallying ten times in the space of two miles. Having, however, succeeded in pushing them across the water of Allan, he returned to the field, where, being joined by General Wightman with three battalions of foot, he took possession of some mud-walls and inclosures to cover himself from the threatened attack of the enemy's right wing, which, on hearing of the defeat of their left, stopt the pursuit, and came up to its support; but either through jealousy that the left had not done its duty, or awed by the imposing front which Argyle's troops presented, the Highlanders did not renew the action. Both armies fronted each other till the evening, when the Duke retired to Dumblain, and the Earl of Mar to Ardoch. The carnage on both sides was nearly equal; about eight hundred of the rebels were killed and wounded, while the loss of the royal army was upwards of six hundred. The victory was claimed by both parties, from the circum-

Lord Roxburgh was there,
 In order to share
 With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man ;
 Volunteerly to ramble
 With Lord Loudoun Campbell,
 Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man ;
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,
 With broad-sword most bright,
 On horseback he briskly did charge, man ;
 A hero that's bold,
 None could him withhold,
 He stoutly encounter'd the targemen :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

stance of the right wing of each army being victorious ; but all the advantages remained with the Duke of Argyle, who not only returned to the field next day and carried off the wounded to Stirling, but by this action arrested the progress of the enemy to the southward, and destroyed their hopes of success by the delay which it occasioned.

Argyle—John Campbell, second Duke of Argyle—much respected by all parties, both for his talents and his integrity. He died in 1743.

Belhaven—John Hamilton, Lord Belhaven, served as a volunteer with Argyle.

Leven—David Leslie, Earl of Leven, fought for the government.

Roths—John Leslie, Earl of Roths, commanded the Government Horse Volunteers.

Haddington—Thomas Hamilton, Earl of Haddington, served as a volunteer for Government.

Wightman—Joseph Wightman, Major-General in the service of Government.

Roxburgh—John Ker, fifth Duke of Roxburgh, a volunteer for Government.

Douglas—Archibald Douglas, Duke of Douglas, had levied and disciplined his Clydesdale tenantry for Government, and served with them as a volunteer.

Loudoun—Hugh Campbell, third Earl of Loudoun, fought for the Government.

Ilay—Archibald Earl of Ilay, brother to Argyle, was dangerously wounded. He joined the army only half an hour before the battle began.

Sir John Shaw of Greenock, an officer in the Government troop of Gentleman Volunteers. This troop consisted of noblemen and

For the cowardly Whittam,
 For fear they should cut him,
 Seeing glittering broad-swords with a pa', man,
 And that in such thrang,
 Made Baird edicang,
 And from the brave clans ran awa, man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

The great Colonel Dow
 Gade foremost, I trow
 When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man :
 Except Sandy Baird,
 And Naughtan the laird,
 Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure
 Were firm, I am sure,
 The latter was kidnapt awa, man,
 With brisk men about,
 Brave Harry retook
 His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

gentlemen of distinction, and it was said of them that they showed their quality by the gallantry of their conduct.

Whittam—Major-General Whitham, who commanded the left wing of Argyle's army.

Mar—John Erskine, Earl of Mar, Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, was a man of spirit, ambition, and enterprise; but he has been accused of being little fitted to lead a host of Highlanders, in consequence of the rapidity of his measures not having kept pace with the ardour of their zeal. He has also been described, not over courteously, by a contemporary, as "another Richard the third, deformed in his person, and possessed of ambition and an entriging genius beyond any man living; altogether a time-serving, self-interested person, who could at any time be bought and sold. Of this the court was well aware, but unhappily neglected to secure him to its interests. He had a most happy talent of gliding over his own interested designs with a specious appearance of zeal for the public good; and during the whole of his political career, it was observed that he could deceive

Brave Marshall, and Lithgow,
 And Glengary's pith too,
 Assisted by brave Loggia, man,
 And Gordons the bright,
 So boldly did fight,
 That the red-coats took flight and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald,
 Cry'd still, ' Advance Donald,'

any man or any party with regard to his real intent and motives. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732."

Punmure—James Maule, Earl of Panmure.

Harry—The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the Earl, whom he rescued at a village, where he had been left stript and wounded after being taken prisoner.

Marshall—George Keith, tenth Earl Marischal, was cousin to Mar, and had been deprived of his command in the Scottish troop of Horse Grenadier Guards at the same time that the former had been dismissed as a Secretary of State. He had accordingly come home in August, and along with his brother James, afterwards the celebrated Marshall Keith, on this occasion joined the rebel standard.

Lithgow—James Livingston, Earl of Calendar and Linlithgow.

Glengary—Alexander Macdonell, a Highland Chief of high spirit and great bravery.

Loggia, man—That is to say, Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond. He commanded the Drummonds, and was wounded in the action.

Gordons—Alexander Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards second Duke of Gordon. He joined Mar at Perth with a large body of horse and foot; but they were of all names and descriptions, the Gordons not being a distinctive clan of themselves, in consequence of being originally sprung from a border family.

Strathmore—John Lyon, fifth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn, a man of good parts and of most amiable disposition and character, was killed in this battle.

Clan-Ronald—Ronald Macdonald, captain of Clan-Ronald, was killed at the very first fire. He was a youth of good parts and accomplishments, much esteemed and admired by all who knew him, and his death was like to have struck a damp upon the Clans, who had a respect for him little short of adoration. But Glengary, who succeeded him, as leader-in-chief, started out from the lines, and shouting *Revenge!* so animated the men, that they followed him like furies close up to the muzzles of the musquets, and pushing aside the bayonet with their targets, spread havoc and death with their broad-swords wherever they came.

Till both of these heroes did fa', man ;
 For there was such hashing,
 And broad-swords a clashing,
 Brave Forfar himself got a claw, man ;
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
 Seaforth but lukewarm,
 Kilsyth and Strathallan not slaw, man ;
 And Hamilton pled,
 The men were not bred,
 For he had no fancy to fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave gen'rous Southesk,
 Tullibardin was brisk,
 Whose father indeed would not draw, man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Forfar—Archibald Douglas, second Earl of Forfar, was Brigadier-General under Argyle. He received seventeen wounds in the battle, of which he soon after died at Stirling.

Perth—James, Lord Drummond, eldest son of the Earl of Perth, acted as Lieutenant-General of Horse under Mar, and behaved very gallantly.

Seaforth—William Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth—afterwards attainted.

Kilsyth—William Livingston, third Viscount Kilsyth—also attainted.

Strathallan—William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan. He evinced great activity and spirit on this occasion, but was taken prisoner. He afterwards perished in the battle of Culloden.

Hamilton—Lieutenant-General George Hamilton, commanding under Mar.

Southesk—James Carnegie, fifth Earl of Southesk. He was afterwards attainted, but escaped to France.

Tullibardine—William Murray, Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole, was the first to join Mar. His father, however, refused to take up arms for the Chevalier, and this, the poet would

Lord Rollo not fear'd,
 Kintore and his beard,
 Pitsligo and Ogilvie, a', man,
 And brothers Balfours,
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan fought pretty,
 And Strowan the witty,
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to draw, man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair,
 They both play'd the tinkler,

insinuate, was a measure of policy concerted between them, "to keep the estate 'twixt them twa."

Rollo—Robert Rollo, fourth Lord Rollo—a man of merit and integrity, much esteemed at the time.

Kintore—William Keith, second Earl of Kintore. After this battle he never shaved his beard.

Pitsligo—Alexander, fourth Lord of Pitsligo. A man of talents, and universally beloved and esteemed.

Ogilvie—James, Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the third Earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned.

Balfours—Some relations, it is supposed, of the Lord Burleigh.

Burleigh—Robert Balfour, Lord Burleigh. He was afterwards attainted.

Cleppan—Major William Clephane, Adjutant-General to the Marquis of Drummond.

Strowan—Alexander Robertson of Strowan, who, having experienced every vicissitude of life with a stoical firmness, died in 1749.

Huntly—Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards second Duke of Gordon. He was confined in Edinburgh Castle the following year, but no penal proceedings were instituted against him.

Sinclair—John, Master of Sinclair. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned, and died in 1750.

With consciences black as a crow, man ;
 Some Angus and Fifemen,
 They ran for their life, man,
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a' man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie the traitor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king and his country, and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might,
 Give orders to fight,
 To the right of the army awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then Laurie for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse, and awa', man,
 'Steid of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

The Angus and Fife men—These fought on the left of Mar's army, which was repulsed by Argyle's right.

Laurie the Traitor—"There was at this time a report prevalent that one Drummond went to Perth under the notion of a deserter from the Duke of Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his Grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid-de-camp to the Lord Drummond, and in that quality, attended the Earl of Mar to receive his orders ; the Earl when he found his right was like to break the Duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to General Hamilton, who commanded on the rebels' left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend, gave contrary orders and intelligence to General Hamilton, acquainting him that the Earl's right was broke, and desiring the General to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which General Hamilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obeyed. Then the Duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely galled by the Duke; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the Duke."

To London he press'd,
 And there he profess'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;
 And so, without strife,
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man,
 And then, in a tether,
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 And go off the stage with a pa', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy there stood watch
 On a hill, for to catch
 The booty, for ought that I saw, man,
 For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd,
 Till no more was to do there at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy.—One of the causes of Mar's left wing being repulsed was the part which Rob Roy acted in keeping his men together at some distance during the battle, without allowing them to engage ; although it is said they showed all the willingness imaginable. " The conduct of this gentleman," says Moir in his manuscript, " was the more surprising, as he had ever been remarkable for courage and activity. When asked by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he remarked, " If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable, however, that his interference would have decided the day in favour of his own party. He continued in arms for some years afterwards, and committed great depredations in Dumbartonshire, particularly on the Duke of Montrose's lands, defeating some detachments of troops sent to reduce him. As the conduct and character of this partizan was very remarkable about that period, the following particulars respecting him may not be unacceptable to the reader :—" Rob Roy was a younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald M'Gregor by a daughter

So we all took the flight,
And Moubray the wright,
And Lethem the smith was a bra' man,
For he took a fit,
Of the gout, which was wit,
By judging it time to withdraw, man :
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

of Campbell of Glenlyon. His original employment,*like that of persons of some rank in the Highlands, was a grazier and cattle-dealer, but misfortunes and oppression compelled him to those lawless courses, in which he afterwards became so distinguished. "While occupied as a grazier," says the author of the *Highland Rogue*, a pamphlet published in London while Rob was alive, "he gained the love of all who knew him, for he had good natural parts, was obliging to every body, and a very diverting pleasant fellow in conversation; he kept good company, and regarded his word with the greatest strictness imaginable." But his prospects were soon blasted by the treachery of a person whom he had admitted as a partner into his extensive business, and who absconded with a large sum of money, the property of M'Gregor. This disaster, and the unsuccessful issue of a law-suit against the Duke of Montrose, involved him in beggary and ruin. Seeing no possibility of retrieving his losses, or avoiding the persecution of his enemies, he first retired from the storm with a few of his followers, and lived in seclusion at Craighrostan, a fastness belonging to him on the banks of Lochlomond. As the very name of M'Gregor had been denounced and proscribed, he adopted that of Campbell out of respect to John, 2d Duke of Argyle, who continued to befriend him. But to a person of M'Gregor's unsettled habits, accustomed to active exertion, and the leader of a savage but powerful clan, retirement only gave an opportunity of brooding over his wrongs, and nursing those resentments and heart-burnings against his oppressors, which at last burst forth in predatory incursions upon their cattle and property. It is at this period of his history that we have so many instances of his romantic generosity, and retributive exactions. Being denounced by government as a suspected person at the very commencement of the Rebellion, he joined the Earl of Mar, and in the absence of his brother, who was chief of the M'Gregors, took the command of that clan at the battle of Sheriff-muir. His conduct on this occasion, contrasted with that rude magnanimity for which he was characterised, has excited general surprise. He is charged in the verse to which we refer, with an unprincipled disregard to the cause in which he affected to embark, and a love of the plunder, and not of the glory to be derived from the enterprise. His apologists state a different motive for his conduct. Being patronised by the Duke of Argyle, who commanded the Royal Army, Rob could neither embark in a cause of which he did not approve, nor openly resist a patron whom he durst

And trumpet M'Lean,
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man :
 By saving his neck,
 His trumpet did break,
 And came off without musick at a', man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chase was at a', man ;
 From each other they run
 Without touk of drum,
 They did not make use of a paw, man :
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran,
 Or we wan, or they wan,

not offend. But his conduct, and that of his followers, immediately after the battle, affords too much room for the opinion, that plunder was the chief object they had for assembling. They retired to Falkland, and on pretence of levying contributions for the King's friends, gratified their own rapacity, and then retired to the mountains. Rob and the whole clan were afterwards specially excepted from the act of indemnity, passed at the close of the rebellion. The following anecdote is recorded of M'Gregor when on his death-bed :—being urged by the priest in attendance to forgive his enemies, Rob demurred ; but the request being again pressed and enforced by the appropriate quotation from our Lord's prayer, Rob answered, " Ay, now ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for't. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel ;" then turning to his son Ròb Oig, he said, " My sword and dirk lie there. Never draw them without reason, nor put them up without honour. I forgive my enemies ; but see you to them, or may——," and he expired. He was buried in the church-yard of Balquhiddar, where a common grave-stone covers his remains, without inscription, and no other ornament than a sword in *pale*, rudely executed.

Trumpet Maclean—This hero, who saved his life by the loss of his trumpet, had been employed in carrying a message from Mar to the Duke of Argyle, about three weeks before the armies met. His report of his mission is printed in *Hogg's Relics*, and is curious. Notwithstanding the mishap in his *breeks*, said to have befallen him at Sheriffmuir, he appears to have been a spirited fellow.

Or if there was winning at a', man,
 There no man can tell,
 Save our brave Genarell,
 Who first began running of a', man,
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth,
 And the cock o' the north ;
 But Florence ran fastest of a' man,
 Save the laird o' Phinaven,
 Who sware to be even
 Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, &c.

LOGIE SIDE ; OR, HUNTLY'S RAIDE.*

FROM Bogie side to Bog o' Gight,
 The Gordons did convey, man,
 For battle fight, wi' a' their might,
 Wi' courage stout and keen, man ;

The Cock o' the North—An honorary title of the Dukes of Gordon. The Duke, however, was not present at this engagement. Being suspected of favouring the cause of the exiled family, he was then confined to Edinburgh on his parole.

Florence—The name of a celebrated horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntly.

Laird of Phinaven—Carnegy of Phinaven, who afterwards deserted the Jacobite party in favour of Government.

This ballad accords so well with the facts which were afterwards reported by the respective parties, that if it had no other merit, it would be valuable, as a humorous gazette account of the battle in rhyme. According to the authority of the Ettrick Shepherd, the tune to which it is most commonly and appropriately sung is very old. "It was played," says he, "at the taking away of every bride for centuries before that period, and was called *She's yours, she's yours, she's nae mair ours*." It also got the name of *John Paterson's Mare*, from a song that was made on a wedding broose, or horse-race for the bride's napkin; and this is the name which it is most commonly known by at the present day.

* This Song contains many bitter personalities against the Gor-

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'To set their king upon the throne,
 And to protect the church, man :
 But, fie for shame ! they soon turn'd hame.
 And left him in the lurch, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran :
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane !

The marquis' horse were first set on,
 Glen-Bucket's men to back them,
 Who swore that great feats they would do,
 If rebels durst attack them.
 Wi' great huzzas to Huntly's praise
 They mov'd Dunfermline green, man ;
 But fifty Grants, and deil ane mae,
 Turn'd a' their beets to sheen, man.*
 And wow, &c.

Out cam the knight o' Gordonston,
 Forth stepping on the green, man :
 He had a wisp in ilka hand,
 To dight the marquis clean, man ;
 For the marquis he befyl'd himsel,
 The Enzie was na clean, man ;
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 A-coming frae Dumblane, man !
 And wow, &c.

dons, and is an inveterate party production. It was probably written by one of the Grants, who were always envious and jealous of their more potent neighbours, the Gordons. It meanly violates the truth with respect to the latter ; for, though the Marquis of Huntly was on the left wing at the head of a body of horse, and among the gentlemen that fled, yet two battalions of Gordon's vassals behaved as well as any on the field, and were particularly instrumental in breaking the Whig cavalry and driving them back among their foot.

* This stanza seems to refer to an engagement that took place at Dollar, a fortnight before the battle of Sheriffmuir.

Their chief he is a man of fame,
And doughty deeds has wrought, man,
Which future ages still shall name,
And tell how well he fought, man :
For when the battle was begun,
Immediately his Grace, man,
Put spurs to Florence,* and so ran,
By a' he wan the race, man.
And wow, &c.

When they went into Sherramuir,
Wi' courage stout and keen, man,
Wha wad hae thought the Gordons gay
That day wad quat the green, man ?
Auchluncart and Auchanochie,
Wi' a' the Gordon tribe, man,
Like their great marquis, they could not
The smell o' powder bide, man.
And wow, &c.

Glen-Bucket cried, " Curse on you a' !"
For Gordons do nae gude, man ;
The first o' them that ran awa,
Was o' the Seton blood, man.
Glassturam swore it wasna sae,
And that he'd make appear, man ;
For he a Seton stood that day,
When Gordons ran for fear, man.
And wow, &c.

Sir James of Park he left his horse
In the middle of a wall, man,
And wadna stay to take him out,
For fear a knight should fall, man.

* The name of a celebrated horse belonging to the Marquis of Huntly.

Magon he let the reird gae out,
Which shows a panic fear, man ;
Till Craigiehead swore he was shot,
And curs'd the chance o' weir, man.
And wow, &c.

Clunie play'd a game at chess,
As well as ony thing, man,
But, like the knavish Gordon race,
Gave check unto the king, man.
He plainly saw, without a queen,
The game would not recover,
So therefore he withdrew his knight,
And join'd the rock Hanover,
And wow, &c.

The master, wi' the bully's face,
And wi' the coward's heart, man.
Wha never fail'd, to his disgrace,
To act a coward's part, man,
He join'd Dunbog, the greatest rogue
In a' the shire o' Fife, man,
Wha was the first the cause to leave,
By counsel o' his wife, man.
And wow, &c.

A member o' the tricking tribe,
An Ogilvie by name, man,
Counsellor was to th' Grumbling Club,
To his eternal shame, man.
Wha wad hae thought, when he went out,
That ever he would fail, man ?
Or like that he wad eat the cow,
And worry on the tail, man ?
And wow, &c.

At Poincle Boat great Frank Stewart,
A valiant hero stood, man,
In acting of a loyal part,
'Cause of the royal blood, man :
But when he fand, at Sherramuir,
That battling wadna do it,
He, brother-like, did quit the ground,
But ne'er came back unto it.
And wow, &c.

Brimestone swore it wasna fear
That made him stay behin', man,
But that he had resolv'd that day
To sleep in a hale skin, man.
The gout, he said, made him take bed.
When first the fray began, man ;
But when he heard the marquis fled,
He took to's heels and ran, man,
And wow, &c.

Methven Smith, at Sherramuir,
Made them believe, he fought, man,
But weel I wat it wasna sae,
For a' he did was nought, man :
For towards night, when Mar drew off,
Smith was put in the rear, man ;
He curs'd, he swore, he bullied off,
And durstna stay for fear, man.
And wow, &c.

At the first he did appear
A man of good renown, man ;
But lang ere a' the play was play'd,
He prov'd an arrant loon, man.
For Mar against a loyal war,
A letter he did forge, man ;

Against his prince he wrote nonsense,
 And swore by German George, man.
 And wow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
 They fight wi' courage keen, man,
 When they meet in Strathbogie's ha's
 On Thursday's afterneen, man :
 But when the Grants came down Spey side,
 The Enzie shook for fear, man,
 And a' the lairds ga'e up themsels,
 Their horse and riding gear, man.
 And wow as the marquis rade,
 And wow as he ran,
 And hey as the marquis rade,
 A-coming from Dumblane ! *

SHERIFF-MUIR, MODERN SET.

W. O CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man ?
 Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
 Or did the battle see man ?

T. I saw the battle sair and teugh,
 And reeking red ran mony a sheugh :
 My heart for fear ga'e sough for sough,

* This stanza obviously refers to the final submission of the Gordons to the government, which was made through the Grants and the Earl of Sutherland.

The gentleman from whose collection this song was got by the Ettrick Shepherd, said, "Why, Hogg, if you publish this bitter old party squib, you will have to fight duels with every one of the Gordons individually." "Oh, I'll tak my chance o' that," said the Shepherd; "for if ony o' them challenge me, I will just put them into the police office, where they may cool their courage and come to their senses at their ain leisure." The air to which it is sung is the well-known one of "*There's nae luck about the house*," but it is also frequently set to the tune of "*The lasses of Stewarton*."

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three man.

The redcoat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them warn a slaw, man ;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blood out gush'd,
And mony a bouk did fa', man.
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles ;
They hough'd the clans like ninepin kyles,
They hack'd and hash'd, while braid swords
clash'd, [smash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd, and
Till fey men died awa, man.

But had ye seen the philabegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
And covenant true blues, man ;
In lines extended lang and large,
When baigonets o'erpower'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge ;
Wi' Highland wrath, they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened dows, man.

W. O how deil, Tam, can that be true ?
The chance gade frae the north man ;
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man,
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straight to Stirling wing'd their flight ;
But, cursed lot ! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor redcoat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man.

T. My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man ;
She swore she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man.
Their left hand gen'ral had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae gude will,
That day their neighbours' blude to spill ;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogues o' brose, they scar'd at blows,
And hameward fast did flee, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amang the Highland clans, man ;
I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
Or in his en'mies' hands, man.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right,
And mony bade the warld gude-night,
Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell,
How Tories fell, and Whigs to hell
Flew aff in frightened bands, man.

UP AND WARN A', WILLIE.*

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a' ;
To hear my canty Highland sang
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve our king,
And banish Whigs awa', Willie.

* This song is written in a similar political strain to the one immediately preceding. It is difficult to account for the chorus, unless

Up and warn a' Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
 And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie :
 The royal nit upon the tap
 Down to the ground did fa,* Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then second sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,†
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king an' a' Willie,

we are to suppose it adopted for the sake of the favourite old tune of "*Up an' warn them a' Willie*," since there was not a Willie of any note in the whole Jacobite army.

* This stanza refers to an incident which happened at the great Jacobite meeting, which took place at Brae-Mar, just before the rebellion broke out. It is thus related by George Charles :—The Earl of Mar erected the Chevalier's standard there, on the 6th of September, 1715, and proclaimed him King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland. This standard, supposed to be made by the Earl's lady, was very elegant; the colour was blue, having on the one side the Scottish arms wrought in gold, and on the other the Scottish thistle, with these words beneath, "*No Union*," and on the top the ancient motto, "*Nemo me impune lacesset*." It had pendants of white ribbon, one of which had these words written upon it—"*For our wronged King and oppressed country*." The other ribbon had—"*For our lives and liberties*." It is reported that when this standard was first erected, the ornamental ball on the top fell off—a circumstance which greatly depressed the spirits of the Highlanders, whose superstitious prejudices led them to regard it as ominous of misfortune to the cause in which they had embarked.

† At setting up the standard of the Chevalier, the Earl of Mar had not above 500 foot and horse; yet, in a few days, his army increased to between three and four thousand, and was able by a detachment

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
The pipers play'd frae right to left,
O whirry Whigs awa', Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherramuir,
And there the rebels saw, Willie;
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
Our flank, and front and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St. Clair, and a', Willie.

But brave Glengary, on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie,
He there the greatest slaughter made,
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
And Whittam fyl'd his breeks for fear,
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
And swore he'd slay us a', Willie;
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
Up and warn a' Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

to take possession of Perth, where he pitched his head-quarters. The Earl of Seaforth, having, in the meantime, secured the important pass of Inverness, Mar found himself in a short time at the head of no contemptible army, and in possession of three parts out of four of the country, and no army near to oppose him.

But when Argyle did view our line,
 And them in order saw, Willie,
 He straight gaed to Dumblane again,
 And back his left did draw, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then we to Auchterarder march'd,
 To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
 I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,
 We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
 And baith did rin awa', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 For second sighted Sandy said
 We'd do nae good at a', Willie.

O MY KING.*

HARD fate, that I should banish'd be,
 And rebel call'd with scorn,
 For serving of the kindest prince
 That ever yet was born.
 O my king, God save my king,
 Whatever me befall!
 I would not be in Huntly's case,
 For honours, lands, and all.

* This is the lament of one of the Highland Chieftains who went into exile shortly after the battle of Sheriff-muir. He strongly deprecates the defection of Huntly and Seaforth, who went over to the Brunswick interest, to which Huntly remained firm; but on the landing of James in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, Lord Seaforth again espoused *his* cause, which he never afterwards deserted.

My target and my good claymore
Must now lie useless by ;
My plaid and trews I heretofore
Did wear most cheerfully.
O my king, &c.

So cheerfully our king came o'er,
Sent Ecklin to the north ;
But treach'rously he was betray'd
By Huntly and Scaforth.
O my king, &c.

O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom of the Cowdenknowes !
I wish these lords had staid at hame,
And milked their minnies' ewes,
O my king, &c.

O wretched Huntly, hide thy head !
Thy king and country's gone,
And many a valiant Scot hast thou
By villany undone.
O my king, &c.

Farewell, Old Albion, I must take
A long and last adieu ;
Or bring me back my king again,
Or farewell hope and you.
O my king, &c.

Set our true king upon the throne
Of his ancestors dear,
And send the German cuckold home
To starve with his small gear.
O my king, &c.

Then happy days in peace we'll see,
 And joy in every face :
 Confounded all the Whigs shall be,
 And honest men in place.
 O my king, God save my king,
 Whatever me befall !
 I would not be in Huntly's case,
 For honours, lands, and all.

O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.*

O KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie,
 O Kenmure's on and awa ;
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

* About the same time that the Earl of Mar erected the standard of James at Brae-Mar, in the North, a simultaneous movement took place, on the part of the disaffected, in the South of Scotland, and this Song records the rising of Viscount Kenmure and his followers to join the English Jacobites, who had already assembled on the Borders. The Earl of Mar being apprised of this diversion in his favour, dispatched Brigadier Mackintosh, with 1500 Highlanders, to join the party in the South. Mackintosh crossed the Firth of Forth, in spite of the men of war then lying in the Roads—marched to Edinburgh, in hopes that that capital would have surrendered at his appearance, but being disappointed in this, he returned to Leith and fortified himself in the Citadel. The Duke of Argyle, with a few regulars, the militia of Edinburgh, and some of the adjacent counties, attempted to dislodge him. Mackintosh was summoned to surrender, but returned a resolute answer, and convinced the Duke that he must not pretend to attack him without cannon. His Grace retired, intending to return next day, with artillery sufficient to effect his purpose. However, the old Brigadier knew better things than to stand a bombardment, and effected a soldier-like retreat to Seaton Palace, the seat of the Earl of Wintoun, where he fortified himself till he received Mar's positive orders to join the rebels in the south. They were advanced as far as Kelso, when Mackintosh and his party joined them. Here a division arose among the English and Scots ; the former were for marching into England, where they said twenty thousand men were ready to join them ; and the latter were for marching up in the Duke of Argyle's rear, while Mar attacked him in front ; and when they had dispersed his forces, then the whole

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie!
Success to Kenmure's band!
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
His lady's cheek was red,
When she saw his steely jupes put on,
Which smell'd o' deadly feud.
Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie,
Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,
He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude,
Afore the battle drap.
Here's him that's far awa, Willie,
Here's him that's far awa,
And here's the flower that I lo'e best,
The rose that's like the snaw.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,
O Kenmure's lads are men,
Their hearts and swords are metal true,
And that their faes shall ken.

body was to march into England. This last, though the most rational scheme, was not listened to by the English, and the Scots were for a long time obstinately resolved to adhere to it; and in the long-run, when they were over-persuaded, above five hundred of them returned home. In the mean time, the rest of the body, in number about three thousand, continued their march southward, till they came to the town of Preston, where they were surrounded by the King's troops; and after making a gallant defence, wherein they had the advantage of the royalists, their chiefs agreed to surrender.

They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They'll live, or die wi' fame;
 And soon wi' sound o' victorie
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.*

LAMENT FOR THE LORD MAXWELL.†

MAKE mane, my ain Nithsdale,‡ thy leaf's i'
 the fa',
 The lealest o' thy bairns are drapping awa;
 The rose i' thy bonnet, whilk flourish'd aye sae
 braw, [awa'
 Is laigh wi' the mools, since Lord Maxwell's

* Lord Kenmure was one of the noblemen who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried in Westminster Hall, where, being advised to plead guilty, he was condemned, and along with the Earl of Derwentwater, executed on Tower-Hill, 29th February, 1715. The scaffold was no sooner cleaned from the stains of the execution of that unfortunate Earl, than Kenmure was brought out, accompanied by his son and some friends, and attended by two clergymen of the Church of England, in which communion he professed to die. He made no formal speech, but testified his sorrow for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged the pretender's title to the crown, and wished he might one day ascend the throne of his ancestors. Being assisted to undress by his friends, he kneeled and laid his head on the block, then raised it, gave the executioner some money, and told him he would give no sign, but when he laid down his head again, he might do his office. After remaining a short time in prayer, he resolutely laid down his head, which at two blows was severed from his body.—After his execution, a letter was found in his pocket addressed to the pretender, by the title of King James, declaring that he died for his faithful services to *his Majesty*, but hoped the cause would flourish after his death; and as he died for his service, he trusted his Majesty would provide for his wife and children.

† Written on the imprisonment of the Earl of Nithsdale after his trial for the part he took with the English Jacobites who rose simultaneously with the Earl of Mar.

‡ The Earl of Nithsdale was one of those who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried and sentenced to decapitation; but, by the extraordinary ability and admirable dexterity of his Countess, he escaped out of the tower on the evening before his intended execution, and died at Rome, 1744. The subjoined narrative of the manner in which his escape was effected, is so full of in-

O wae be 'mang ye Southrons, ye traitor loons a'!
 Ye haud him ay down, wha's back's at the wa':
 I' the eerie field o' Preston your swords ye wadna
 draw;
 He lies i' cauld iron wha wad swappit ye a'.

terest that the reader can hardly be displeased at its length, more particularly, as it exhibits a memorable instance of that heroic intrepidity to which the female heart can rouse itself on trying occasions, when man, notwithstanding his boasted superiority, is but too apt to give way to despondency and despair. The tenderness of conjugal affection, and the thousand apprehensions or anxieties that beset it in adversity, the long pressure of misfortune, and the dread of impending calamity, tend uniformly to overwhelm the spirits and distract the mind from any settled purpose; but it is possible that those sentiments may be absorbed in a more energetic feeling, in a courage sustained by the conflicting influence of hope and desperation. Yet, even thus prepared, the mind may be inadequate to the attainment of a long and perilous enterprise; and, in the present case, we have the testimony of Lady Nithsdale herself, that she would have sunk at the prospect of so many and such fearful obstacles, had she not relied with firmness on the aid of Providence. The detail of her narrative will show how greatly this reliance contributed to strengthen and regulate the tone of her resolution, not only in every vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, but in what is more trying than either, the sickening intervals of suspense and doubt.

Extract of a letter from Lady Nithsdale to her sister Lady Lucy Herbert, Address of the Augustine Nuns at Bruges:—

On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thursday, a petition was to be presented to the House of Lords. * * * * The subject of the debate was, whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament. * * * * "As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords, and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and I acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape. as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the
brave!

To hae thri'en 'mang the Southrons as Scots-
men aye thrive,

Or ta'en a bloody nievefu' o' fame to the grave.

night before the execution. I told her that I had every thing in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood, one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend hers to my lord, that in coming out, he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child; so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them, had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan; for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills, when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the stair-case; and in going I begged her to send me in my maid to dress me; that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eye-brows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also brought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers; and I painted his face with white; and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded, from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber; and, in passing through the next room, in which there were several people,

The glaive for my country I doughtna then
wield, [field;
Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the
The crousest should been cowpit owre i' death's
gory fauld, [cauld.
Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should been

with all the concern imaginable, I said, ' My dear Mrs. Catharine, go in all haste, and send me my waiting-maid; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to-night; and, if I let slip this opportunity, I am undone; for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible; for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Every body in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the centinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord, and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, excepting one, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then said I, ' My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging; and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the centinels should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us, threw him into such consternation, that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him any thing, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him, and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together; and, having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the mean while, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to

Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I
seen, [been,
To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I
But I never kend o' dule till I kend it yestreen.
O that I were laid whare the sods are growing
green!

my lord's room, in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that every body seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room, I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions, in my lord's voice, as nearly as I could imitate it, I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for the night; and added, that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person: that, if the Tower were still open when I finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the duchess of Buccleugh, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taking my precautions against all events, and asked if she were at home, and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my

I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine :
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae
kin' ;
He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o'
mine.

sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any farther trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distress. When I arrived, she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted; so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as she entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition that I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed; for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another; the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that, when she had seen him secure, she went in search of Mr. Mills, who, by the time, had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pocket the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mrs. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian

O merry was the lilting amang our ladies a',
 They danc'd i' the parlour, and sang i' the ha',
 O Jamie he's come o'er, and he'll put the Whigs
 awa;

But they canna dight their tears now, sae fast
 do they fa'.

Our ladie dow does nought now but wipe aye her
 een, [gown!

Her heart's like to loup the gowd lace o' her
 She has buskit on her gay cleedin', an's aff for
 London town, [roun'.

And has wi' her a' the hearts o' the countrie

By the bud o' the leaf, by the rising o' the
 flower,

'Side the sang o' the birds, where some burn
 tottles owre,

ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery, and went down in the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel, and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short, that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better, if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr Mitchell might have easily returned, without being suspected of having been concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has, at present, a good place under our young master.

"This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear Sister, yours most affectionately.

WINIFRED NITHSDALE.

*Palais Royal de Rome,
 16th April, 1718.*

The original manuscript of this letter is in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq. of Terreagles, a descendant of the noble House of Nithsdale. As a proof of the interest which the public took in the extraordinary adventure which it details, the following me-

I'll wander awa there, and big a wee bit bower,
For to keep my gray head frae the drap o' the
shower :

And ay I'll sit and mane, till my blude stops
wi' eild,

For Nithsdale's bonny lord, wha was bauldest
i' the field.

O that I were wi' him i' death's gory fauld !

O had I but the iron on whilk hauds him sae
cauld !

WHAT NEWS TO ME, CARLIN ? *

' WHAT news to me, carlin ?

What news to me ?'

' What news !' quo' the carlin,

' The best that God can gie.'

' Has our true king come hame ?

Or the duke hang'd himsel ?

Or ta'en frae his daddie

The hettest neuk o' hell ?'

' The duke's hale and fier, carle,

The duke's hale and fier,

And our ain Lord Nithsdale

Will soon be 'mang us here.'

' Brush me my coat, carlin,

Brush me my shoon ;

I'll awa and meet Lord Nithsdale,

When he comes to our town.'

morandum may be quoted. William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale, made his escape from the Tower, Feb. 23, 1715, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithsdals*.

* The joy of the peasantry on the Nithsdale Estates was unbounded, when they heard of his Lordship's escape. This is one of the popular rants expressive of their feelings, and which was published and sung every where at the time.

‘ Alake-a-day !’ quo’ the carlin,
 ‘ Alake-the-day !’ quo’ she,
 ‘ He’s owre in France, at Charlie’s hand,
 Wi’ only ae pennie.’
 ‘ We’ll sell a’ our corn, carlin,
 We’ll sell a’ our bear,
 And we’ll send to Lord Nithsdale
 A’ our settle gear.

Make the piper blaw, carlin,
 Make the piper blaw,
 And make the lads and lasses baith
 Their souple legs shaw.
 We’ll a’ be glad, carlin,
 We’ll a’ be glad,
 And play ‘ The Stuarts back again,’
 To put the Whigs mad.’

DERWENTWATER.

O DERWENTWATER’S a bonny lord,
 He wears gowd in his hair,
 And glenting is his hawking e’e,
 Wi’ kind love dwelling there.
 Yestreen he came to our lord’s yett,
 And loud loud could he ca’,
 “ Rise up, rise up for good King James,
 And buckle, and come awa.”

Our ladie held by her gude lord,
 Wi’ weel love-locket hands ;
 But when young Derwentwater came,
 She loos’d the snawy bands.
 And when young Derwentwater kneel’d,
 “ My gentle fair ladie,”
 The tears gave way to the glow o’ luve
 In our gude ladie’s e’e.

“ I will think me on this bonny ring,
And on this snawy hand,
When on the helmy ridge o’ weir
Comes down my burly brand.
And I will think on thae links o’ gowd
Which ring thy bonny blue een,
When I wipe awa the gore o’ weir,
And owre my braid sword lean.”

O never a word our ladie spake,
As he press’d her snawy hand,
And never a word our ladie spake,
As her jimpy waist he spann’d ;
But, “ Oh, my Derwentwater !” she sigh’d,
When his glowing lips she fand.

He has drapp’d frae his hand the tassel o’ gowd
Which knots his gude weir-glove,
And he has drapp’d a spark frae his een,
Which gars our ladie love.
“ Come down, come down,” our gude lord says,
“ Come down, my fair ladie ,
O dinna young Lord Derwent stop,
The morning sun is hie.”

And high high raise the morning sun,
Wi’ front o’ ruddie blude :
“ Thy harlot front frae thy white curtain
Betokens naething gude.”
Our ladie look’d frae the turret top,
As lang as she could see,
And every sigh for her gude lord,
For Deryent there were three.*

* This ballad was first published by Mr Cromek, and as he says, was taken from the recitation of a young girl, in the parish of Kirk-bean, in Galloway. It is obviously commemorative of Lord Der-

DERWENTWATER'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to pleasant Ditson Hall,
 My father's ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.
 Farewell each kindly well-known face,
 My heart has held so dear :
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne,
 I'll rove in autumn gray ;
 No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
 The lav'rocks wake the day :

wentwater's connection with the rebellion in 1715, and his consequent fate. He also was one of the noble prisoners taken at Preston, but was not so fortunate as to escape like Lord Nithsdale. His fate is thus described by a contemporary author :—" Radcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, an elegant and very promising young man, suffered on the same morning with Viscount Kenmure. Previous to his death, he delivered a paper to the Sheriffs, in which he expressed his regret for pleading guilty at his trial, acknowledged ' King James the Third as his lawful and rightful Sovereign,' and wished ' that the laying down of his life might contribute to the service of his King and country, and the re-establishment of the ancient and fundamental constitution of the kingdom, without which no lasting peace or true happiness could attend them,' &c. Afterwards turning to the block, he viewed it close, and finding in it a rough place that might offend his neck, he bade the executioner chip it off; then preparing himself for the blow, by pulling off his coat and waistcoat, he lay down to try if the block fitted his head, telling the executioner, that the sign he should give him was, Lord Jesus receive my soul, and at the third time of repeating it he was to do his office; which he did accordingly at one blow." Smollett observes of him, " that he was an amiable youth—brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people, whom he employed on his Estates;—the poor, the widow, and the orphan, rejoiced in his bounty." This is an amiable character, and though smirched with the foulness of rebellion, smells sweetly of heaven.—*Cromek's Remains.*

Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,*
 And Forster ever true.
 Dear Shaftsbury† and Errington,‡
 Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
 Since fate has put us down,
 If thou and I have lost our lives,
 Our king has lost his crown.
 Farewell, farewell, my lady dear,
 Ill, ill thou counsell'dst me :
 I never more may see the babe
 That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
 That carried me aye so free ;
 I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
 The last time I mounted thee.

* The Widdringtons of Cheeseburn Grange were deeply implicated in the rebellion of 1715. Ralph Widdrington, Esq. was imprisoned and under sentence of death at Liverpool; but he and his servant escaped out of the gaol by means of a rope thrown across the ditch or fosse. Mr. W. retired a few years to the Continent. He returned, however, and though he lived long after 1745, was never molested.

† Mr. Surtees says that Shaftsbury should have been written *Shafto*. The Shaftoes of Bavington forfeited their estate in 1715, which was repurchased from the crown by their relation, Admiral Delaval, and restored to the family. One of the Shaftoes is buried in the great Church at Brussels, with an Epitaph expressing his loyalty to James III.

‡ Lancelot Errington, and his nephew Mark, literally unassisted, secured Holy Island castle, and hoisted the white flag, but receiving no assistance were obliged to escape over the walls, were fired at, wounded (whilst swimming) and taken. They afterwards burrowed themselves out of Berwick gaol, were concealed nine days in a peat stack near Bamborough Castle, (then General Forster's seat,) reached Gateshead House, and sailed from Sunderland for France. Both of them returned to England, and one of them lived long in Newcastle, but is said to have died of grief at the results of the year 1746.

The warning bell now bids me cease ;
 My trouble's nearly o'er ;
 Yon sun that rises from the sea,
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
 It is my fate to die,
 O carry me to Northumberland,
 In my father's grave to lie :
 There chant my solemn requiem
 In Hexham's holy towers,
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale
 Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown,
 Shall be laid low like mine,
 Some honest hearts may then lament
 For Radcliff's fallen line.
 Farewell to pleasant Ditson Hall,
 My father's ancient seat ;
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.*

* This Song was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd by Robert Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth, with the following commentary :—" I send you all I can recover of this, just as I had it. As it seems to me that there is an hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines, there certainly needs some connection to bring in ' Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,' &c.—Perhaps the following lines may nearly express the sentiments that would have arisen in unison with the preceding ideas :—

' And who shall deck the hawthorn bower
 Where my fond childhood strayed ?
 And who, when spring shall bid it flower,
 Shall sit beneath the shade ?

With me the Radcliff's name must end,
 And seek the silent tomb,
 And many a kinsman, many a friend,
 With me must meet their doom.

Of the victims who perished in this rash enterprise, none fell more lamented than the young and generous Derwentwater. It is usually

THE WHITE COCKADE.

My love was born in Aberdeen,
 The bonniest lad that e'er was seen :
 But now he's made our hearts fu' sad,
 He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
 O he's a ranting roving blade !
 O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
 Betide what may, my heart is glad
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

O leeze me on the philabeg,
 The hairy hough and garten'd leg !
 But aye the thing that blinds my e'e
 Is the white cockade aboon the bree.
 O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

supposed that the unfortunate Earl's last request, that of burial with his ancestors, was refused from a fear of exciting some popular movement in the north, and that the body was, in consequence, interred in the churchyard of St. Giles, Holborn. However, either a sham burial took place, or the corpse was afterwards removed; for it was certainly carried secretly by his friends, resting by day and travelling only by night, into Northumberland, and deposited with the remains of his father, in the chapel at Dilston.

‘ With viewless speed by night they pass,
 By day a silent vigil keep ;
 No priest to chaunt the holy mass,
 But Tynedale peasants wake and weep.’

A little porch before the farm-house of Whitesmocks is still pointed out as the exact spot where the Earl's corpse rested, thus avoiding the city of Durham. The most extraordinary part is yet untold. Some years ago the coffin which contained the Earl's remains was, from curiosity or accident, broken open; and the body, easily recognized by the suture round the neck, by the appearance of youth, and by the regularity of the features, was discovered in a state of complete preservation. The teeth were all perfect, and several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a-piece, till the trustees, or their agent, ordered the vault to be closed again. The *aurora borealis*, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of the unfortunate Earl's execution, is still known in that part of the country by the name of *Lord Derwentwater's Lights*.

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
 To buy mysel' a tartan plaid,
 A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.
 O he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

I'll sell my rokelay and my tow,
 My good gray mare and hawkit cow,
 That every loyal Scottish lad
 May take the field wi' his white cockade.
 O he's a ranting roving blade !
 O he's a brisk and bonny lad !
 Betide what may, my heart is glad,
 To see my lad wi' his white cockade.*

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I came down the Cano'gate,
 The Cano'gate, the Cano'gate,
 As I came down the Cano'gate,
 I heard a lassie sing :
 " O merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in.

My love has breath o' roses,
 O' roses, o' roses,
 Wi' arms o' lily posies,
 To fauld a lassie in.
 O merry, &c.

* The words of this Song are of no value, and the verses are mere namby pamby, but they express the prevailing sentiment of the time, at least among the female part of the nation, and hence they were exceedingly popular. Perhaps they were indebted for a little of this distinction to the tune, which is a favourite even at the present day.

My love he wears a bonnet,
 A bonnet, a bonnet,
 A snawy rose upon it,
 A dimple on his chin.
 O merry may the keel row,
 The keel row, the keel row,
 Merry may the keel row,
 The ship that my love's in.*

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE VALIANT SWEDE.

HERE's a health to the valiant Swede,
 He's not a king that man hath made ;
 May no oppressors him invade ;
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper crown this toast ;
 We'll take it off, whate'er it cost.
 A fig for those that rule the roast !
 We'll ne'er in liquor drown.

Here's a health to the royal seed,
 And to the king that's king indeed ;
 If not ill ta'en, it's not ill said :
 Then let this toast go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

To all our injur'd friends in need,
 On this side and beyond the Tweed ;
 May each man have his own with speed :
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

* This is probably the original of the pretty household song, '*Weel may the Boatie Row,*' which is sung to a well-known bridal tune, and is a universal favourite with the common people. Like many other fragments of Scottish Song, it has the Jacobite rose growing among its love sentiments.

Here's a health to the mysterious Czar ;
 I hope he'll send us help from far,
 To end the work begun by Mar :
 Then let this health go round.
 A running bumper, &c.

May our affairs abroad succeed,
 And may the king return in speed ;
 May each usurper shake for dread :
 Let all these healths go round.
 A running bumper, &c.*

COME, LET US DRINK A HEALTH, BOYS.

COME, let us drink a health, boys,
 A health unto our king ;
 We'll drink no more by stealth, boys,
 Come let our glasses ring.
 For England must surrender
 To him they call Pretender :
 God save our faith's defender,
 And our true lawful king.

* George the I. having joined the famous confederacy against Charles the XII., that madcap warrior vowed revenge, and entered into arrangements with the Stuart party to invade England, and reinstate James on the throne. Hence the compliment paid to the *Valiant Swede* in this Song. So alarmed was the English monarch, and so convinced was he of Charles's hostile intentions, that he caused the Swedish Ambassador to be secured, and his papers seized—a proceeding which excited the astonishment, and roused the remonstrances of all the other foreign ministers, as a gross violation of the rights of Ambassadors, and contrary to the law of nations. At George's instigation, similar measures were adopted against the Swedish Minister at the Hague, Baron Gortz. The Baron owned he had projected the invasion, but justified it by the King of England's own conduct, who, he said, had entered the confederacy against Charles, without the slightest provocation, and had sent a squadron of ships to the Baltic, which had joined the Danes and Russians against the Swedish fleet.

The royal youth deserveth
To fill the sacred place ;
'Tis he alone preserveth
The Stuarts' ancient race.
Since 'tis our inclination
To call him to the nation,
Let each man, in his station,
Receive his king in peace.

With heart and hand we'll join, boys,
To set him on his throne ;
We'll all combine as one, boys,
Till this great work be done.
We'll pull down usurpation,
And, spite of abjuration,
And force of stubborn nation,
Great James's title own.

We'll no more, by delusion,
With Hogan Mogan * join ;
Nor will we, with profusion,
Waste both our blood and coin :
But for our king we'll fight, then ;
Who is our heart's delight, then,
Like Scots, in armour bright, then,
We'll all cross o'er the Tyne.

Sophia's dead and gone, boys,
Who thought to have been queen ;
The like befall her son, boys,
Who thinks o'er us to reign.

* *Hogan Mogan*, so often employed in songs referring to King William, is a corruption of *Hough Mogedige*, the Dutch words for "High and Mighty," a title of the States of the United Provinces of the Netherlands.

We'll root out usurpation
Entirely from the nation
And cause the restoration
Of James, our lawful king.

But let the Duke of Brunswick
Sit still upon his bum ;
He's but a perfect dunseke,
If e'er he meant to come.
The rogues who brought him over.
They plainly may discover,
'Twere better for Hanover
He'd stay'd and drunk his mum.

Ungrateful Prince Hanover,
Go home now to thy own !
Thou act'st not like a brother
To him who owns the crown.
There's thirty of that race, man,
Before that thou take place, man ;
It were a great disgrace, man,
Thy title yet to own.

Let our brave loyal clans, then,
Their ancient Stuart race
Restore, with sword in hand, then,
And all their foes displace.
All unions we'll o'erturn, boys,
Which caus'd our nation mourn, boys ;
Like Bruce at Bannockburn, boys,
The English home we'll chase.

Our king they do despise, boys,
Because of Scottish blood ;
But for all their oaths and lies, boys,
His title still is good,

Ere Brunswick sceptre wield, boys.
We'll all die in the field, boys ;
For we will never yield, boys,
To serve a foreign brood.*

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

THE piper came to our town,
To our town, to our town,
The piper came to our town,
And he play'd bonnilie.
He play'd a spring, the laird to please,
A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas ;
And he then gae his bags a wheeze,
And play'd anither key.

And wasna he a roguy,
A roguy, a roguy,
And wasna he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee ?
He play'd " The Welcome owre the Main,"
And " Ye'se be fou and I'se be fain,"
And " Auld Stuarts back again,"
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And wasna, &c.
He play'd " The Kirk," he play'd " The Queer,"
" The Mullin Dhu," and " Chevalier,"
And " Lang away, but welcome here,"
Sae sweet, sae bonnilie.

* This song seems to have been written after the death of the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of James VI. and mother of George I., in 1714. The Jacobites calculated largely on that event, as loosening the connexion between the house of Hanover and the British throne.

And wasna, &c.

It's some gat swords, and some gat nane,
And some were dancing mad their lane,
And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en
That night at Amulrie.

And wasna, &c.

There was Tullibardine and Burleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Ogilvie,
And brave Carnegie, wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?*

HE WINNA BE GUIDIT BY ME.

O HEAVENS, he's ill to be guidit,
His colleagues and he are dividit,
Wi' the court of Hanover he's sidit,
He winna be guidit by me.
They ca'd him their joy and their darling,
Till he took their penny of arling;
But he'll prove as false as Macfarlane:
He winna be guidit by me.

He was brought south by a merling,
Got a hundred and fifty pounds sterling,
Which will make him bestow the auld carlin:
He winna be guidit by me.

* The hero of this Song is supposed to have been Carnegie of Phinhaven, celebrated as the best flyer from the field of Sheriffmuir, namely,

"The laird of Phinaven, who swore to be even
Wi' ony general or peer o' them a', man."

He was a very active partizan of the Stuart party for a while, but afterwards became notorious for deserting the cause, and of course incurred all the odium usually attached to the character of a turn-coat. The Song evidently refers to some meeting held at Ambulree, a village in Perthshire, no doubt with a view to ascertain the feelings of individuals towards the cause, and fix their intentions.

He's anger'd his goodson and Fintry,
 By selling his king and his country,
 And put a deep stain on the gentry :
 He'll never be guidit by me.

He's join'd the rebellious club, too,
 That endeavours our peace to disturb, too ;
 He's cheated poor Mr. John Grub, too,
 And he's guilty of simony.
 He broke his promise before, too,
 To Fintry, Auchterhouse, and Strathmore, too ;
 God send him a heavy glengore, too,
 For that is the death he will die.*

PERFIDIOUS BRITAIN.†

PERFIDIOUS Britain, plung'd in guilt,
 Rebellious sons of loyal race,
 How long, how long will ye insult
 Your banish'd monarch suing peace ?
 What floods of native blood are spilt !
 What sewers of treason drain our land !
 How many scourges have we felt
 In the late aspiring tyrant's hand !

* This Song appears to have been written on the defection of Carnegie of Phinhaven, as already observed in a preceding note. The last verse probably alludes to the circumstance of his trial for having accidentally killed the Earl of Strathmore in a broil with Lyon of Brighton and others. Phinhaven was tried for murder, but the jury very properly acquitted him, since the *malus animus* necessary to constitute that crime was clearly wanting. Dundas of Arniston was his counsel, and to his firmness in pressing upon the jury that they were judges both of the law and the fact, Phinhaven owed his acquittal.

† This is a vigorous appeal to the loyalty of the nation in behalf of the exiled Prince, and the allusions, the sentiments, and the stile would betoken it a composition of Queen Anne's reign. With characteristic *naïveté*, the Ettrick Shepherd says, "I do not always understand what the bard means; but as he seems to have been an

An age is past, the age is come,
When we from bondage must be freed ;
Hundreds have met an unjust doom,
And right or slav'ry must succeed.
Ye powers omnipotent, declare
Your justice—guard the British throne—
Protect the good, the righteous heir ;
And to no stranger give the crown.

The heavens their vengeance now begin ;
The thunder's dart shall havock bring :
Repent, repent that hell-born sin !
Call home, call home your injur'd king !
His great progenitors have sway'd
Your sceptre nigh the half of time,
And his lov'd race will be obey'd,
Till time its latest ages claim.

O think, ye daring Scots, what right
This long succession does entail ;
Think how your gallant fathers fought,
That Fergus' line might never fail.
Let England's worthies blush to own,
How they their only prince withstood
Who now remains to grace the throne
Of their Edwards' and their Henrys' blood.

But glorious James, of royal stem,
Your God's vicegerent and your king,
Your peace, your all combin'd in him,
Haste, Britons, home your monarch bring ;

ingenious though passionate writer, I take it for granted that he knew perfectly well himself what he would have been at, so I have not altered a word from the manuscript." This same manuscript the Shepherd had from Sir Walter Scott.

James, Heaven's darling and its care,
The brightest youth of mortal frame,
For virtue, beauty, form, and air :
Call home your rightful king, for shame !

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON THE REBELLION.*

MACKINTOSH was a soldier brave,
And did most gallantly behave,
When into Northumberland he came,
With gallant men of his own name.
Then Derwentwater he did say,
That five hundred guineas he would lay,
To beat the militia man to man ;
But they prov'd cowards, and off they ran.

Then the Earl of Mar did vow and swear,
That English ground if he came near,
Ere the right should starve, and the wrong
should stand,
He'd blow them all to some foreign land.
Lord Derwentwater he rode away,
Well mounted on his dapple gray ;
But soon he wish'd him home with speed,
Fearing they were all betray'd indeed.

* This is a mere street ballad, but it is an excellent specimen of the vulgar minstrelsy which speaks so powerfully to the understandings of the more ignorant portion of the populace. It has also the merit of being a good descriptive account, in rhyme, of the Jacobite expedition into England, which ended so fatally for the rebels at Preston, where the pusillanimity of Foster, who commanded them under a commission from the Earl of Mar, caused them to surrender, while they might have effected an honourable retreat, and thereby escaped till at least the day of vengeance had past. The ballad accuses Foster of treason to the cause, but without sufficient grounds ; unless, indeed, the circumstance of his making his escape with the connivance of those in power, may be construed into a presumption of guilt. Old M'Intosh of Borlám, however, also escaped, and yet he is

“Adzounds!” cried Foster, “never fear,
For Brunswick’s army is not near;
And if they dare come, our valour we’ll show,
And give them a total overthrow.”
But Derwentwater soon he found
That they were all enclos’d around.
“Alack!” he cried, “for this cowardly strife,
How many brave men shall lose their life!”

Old Mackintosh he shook his head,
When he saw his Highland lads lie dead;
And he wept—not for the loss of those,
But for the success of their proud foes.
Then Mackintosh unto Wills* he came,
Saying, “I have been a soldier in my time,
And ere a Scot of mine shall yield,
We’ll all lie dead upon the field.”

“Then go your ways,” he made reply;
Either surrender, or you shall die,
Go back to your own men in the town:
What can you do when left alone?”
Mackintosh is a gallant soldier,
With his musket over his shoulder.
“Every true man points his rapier;
But, d—n you, Foster, you are a traitor!”

Lord Derwentwater to Foster said,
“Thou hast ruin’d the cause, and all betray’d;

the hero of the Song throughout. He commanded the Highlanders sent by the Earl of Mar to join the Jacobites who rose simultaneously in the south, while the clans rose in the north. He was a brave officer, and possessed the full confidence of his men. The government was highly enraged at his escape, and offered a great reward for his apprehension, which is particularly alluded to in the last verse of the Song.

* General Wills, who commanded the Government forces.

For thou didst vow to stand our friend,
But hast prov'd traitor in the end.
Thou brought us from our own country;
We left our homes and came with thee;
But thou art a rogue and a traitor both,
And hast broke thy honour and thy oath."

Lord Derwentwater to Litchfield did ride,
With armed men on every side;
But still he swore by the point of his sword,
To drink a health to his rightful lord.
Lord Derwentwater he was condemn'd,
And led unto his latter end;
And though his lady did plead full sore,
They took his life, they could get no more.

Brave Derwentwater he is dead;
From his fair body they took the head;
But Mackintosh and his friends are fled,
And they'll set the hat on another head.
And whether they are gone beyond the sea,
Or if they abide in this country,
Though our king would give ten thousand pound,
Old Mackintosh will scorn to be found.

THE CHEVALIER'S BIRTH DAY.*

LET every honest British soul
With cheerful loyalty be gay;
With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
And celebrate this glorious day.

* This is a very warm effusion of ultra Jacobite loyalty. What is wanting in poetical spirit on the part of the writer, is well made up in political wrath. He seems to have been a bitter hater of Whigs and whiggery. Hogg says he had it from a collection of similar re-

Let no one care a fig
For the vile rebellious Whig,
That insect of usurpation ;
Fill a bumper every one
To the glorious tenth of June,
And a speedy restoration.

What though the German renegades
With foreign yokes oppress us ?
Though George our property invades,
And Stuart's throne possesses ?
Yet remember Charles's fate,
Who roam'd from state to state,
Kept out by a fanatic nation,
Till at length came a day
Call'd the twenty-ninth of May,
Still renown'd for a true restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
Ye've a precedent before ye ;
This day, crown'd with a Stuart's reign,
Shall blaze in future story.
Be resolute and brave,
Your country ye may save,
If once ye dare to be loyal :
Then at honesty's call
Let us conquer or fall
In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail ?
Renew your constitution,
Expel that race, the curst entail
Of Whiggish revolution.

lies in the possession of young Steuart of Dalguise, and supposes that it must have been written about the time that the Chevalier de St. George came over and was crowned at Scoon.

Be bought and sold no more
By a sordid German power ;
Is it like our old proud-hearted nation ?
Let King James then be the toast,
May he bless our longing coast
With a speedy and a just restoration.

LET MISERS TREMBLE O'ER THEIR WEALTH.*

LET misers tremble o'er their wealth,
And starve amidst their riches ;
Let statesmen in deceit grow old,
And pine with envious wishes.
But we whom no vain motives sway,
Our mirth from wine arising,
Our nobler passions will obey,
Both knaves and fools despising.

Let them lament who have betrayed
Their king and bleeding nation ;
The rich they always are afraid,
However high their station.
But we will chant, and we will sing,
And toast our bonny lasses :
To all we wish, and all we want,
We'll circulate our glasses.

Fill up once more the sparkling bowl,
The brave feel no disaster,
No bold informer dare control,
Here's a health to our lawful master.

* If there be not much spirit here, there is rather more refinement than usually marks bacchanalian specimens of Jacobite song.

Our loyalty we will maintain,
 And drink to every true heart ;
 We'll ever honour and obey
 The royal race of Stuart.

SOMEBODY.*

My heart is sair, I daurna tell,
 My heart is sair, for somebody ;
 I will walk a winter's night,
 For a sight o' somebody.
 O hon for somebody !
 O hey for somebody !
 I wad do—what wad I not,
 For the sake o' somebody ?

If somebody were come again,
 Then somebody maun cross the main,
 And ilka ane will get his ain,
 And I will see my somebody.
 O hon, &c.

What need I kame my tresses bright
 Or why should coal or candle-light
 E'er shine in my bower day or night,
 Since gane is my dear somebody ?
 O hon, &c.

The verses are sentimental and pleasing throughout. Those who still observe the good old custom of giving toasts and sentiments after dinner, will discover from this Song that "*All we wish and all we want*," was originally a political *double entendre*.

* The air to which these verses are sung is familiar to every Scottish ear, and delightful to all tastes, whether cultivated or not. The Song would hardly be recognised as a Jacobite one, were it not found in old collections of that description.

Oh! I hae grutten mony a day
For ane that's banish'd far away:
I canna sing, and maunna say,
How sair I grieve for somebody.
O hon, &c.

THOUGH GEORDIE REIGNS IN JAMIE'S STEAD.*

THOUGH Geordie reigns in Jamie's stead,
I'm griev'd, yet scorn to shaw that;
I'll ne'er look down, nor hang my head
To rebel Whig, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
And thrice as muckle's a' that,
He's far beyond Dumblane the night,
That shall be king for a' that.

He wears a broad sword by his side,
And weel he kens to draw that;
The target and the Highland plaid,
The shoulder belt, and a' that:
A bonnet bound with ribbons blue,
The white cockade, and a' that,
The tartan hose and philabeg,
Which makes us blythe, for a' that.

The Whigs think a' that weal is won,
But, faith, they maunna fa' that;

* As the air of this Song is one which even a tuneless voice may sing, and exceedingly pleasing from its ranting familiarity, it has always been popular for the expression of political sentiment. In the Jacobite times it was peculiarly so; but it afterwards acquired ten-fold influence, when, during the French revolutionary period, Burns adapted to it his admirable Song of "A man's a man for a' that." This latter production became the sort of political creed in verse of the whole democratic party, and it is believed was one of the main causes of the poet's preferment being stopped.

They think our loyal hearts dung down,
 But we'll be blythe, for a' that.
 For still we trust that Providence
 Will us relieve from a' that,
 And send us hame our gallant prince ;
 Then we'll be blythe, for a' that.

But O what will the Whigs say syne,
 When they're mista'en in a' that ?
 When Geordie maun fling by the crown,
 And hat, and wig, and a' that ?
 The flames will get baith hat and wig,
 As often they've done a' that* ;
 Our Highland lad will get the crown,
 And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

Then will your braw militia lads
 Rewarded be for a' that,
 When they fling by their black cockades ;
 A hellish badge I ca' that.
 As night is banish'd by the day,
 The white shall drive awa that ;
 The sun shall then his beams display,
 And we'll be blythe, for a' that.

THE YOUNG MAXWELL.†

“WHARE gang ye, thou silly auld carle,
 And what do ye carry there?”

* *The flames will get baith hat and wig*, is in allusion to a well known ludicrous custom of King George I. ; who, when suddenly irritated, was wont to pull off his wig, and throw it with great rage into the fire.

† This ballad is founded on fact. A young gentleman of the family of Maxwell, being an adherent of the Stuarts, suffered in the general calamity of his friends. After seeing his paternal house reduced to

"I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair."

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
And a gude lang stride took he :
"I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle
Adown by the green-wood side :
"Light down and gang, thou sodger man,
For here ye canna ride."

ashes; his father killed in its defence; his only sister dying with grief for her father and three brothers slain; he assumed the habit of an old shepherd, and in one of his excursions singled out an individual who had been instrumental in the ruin of his family. After upbraiding him for his cruelty, he slew him in single combat. The period of the civil wars was productive of numerous acts of similar heroism and retaliatory justice. Of those which distinguished the later Jacobite times the following may be given as an affecting specimen. In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued they stopped at a lone widow's house and demanded refreshment. Her son, a youth of sixteen, dressed up a dish of *lang kale and butter* for them, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party enquired with seeming kindness how she managed to live. "Indeed," said she, "the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing's a' my *mailen*." Without another word being spoken, the heartless trooper then rose and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman and her son were thus in a moment thrown destitute upon the world. She herself soon died of a broken heart, and the disconsolate youth wandered away beyond the enquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war which followed some years after, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, some of the soldiery were one day making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale.—I killed her cow and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live for all that, on her God, as she said." "And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up at the moment, "Don't you rue it?" "Rue it! rue what?" said the other; "Why should I rue aught like that?" "Then, by Heaven, you shall rue it," exclaimed the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw!" They fought on the instant. The youth passed his

He drew the reins o' his bonny grey steed,
 And lightly down he sprang;
 Of the comliest scarlet was his weir coat,
 Whare gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
 An' his bonnet frae boon his bree;
 An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
 And his gude broad sword drew he.

"Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
 An' ye killed my brethren three!
 Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
 I lov'd as the light o' my e'e.

"Draw out yere sword, thou vile Southron!
 Red wat wi' the blood o' my kin!
 That sword it crappit the bonniest flower
 E'er lifted its head to the sun!

"There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father!
 There's twa for my brethren three!
 An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
 Wham I lov'd as the light o' my e'e!"

GEORDIE WHELPS' TESTAMENT.*

WAE worth the time that I came here,
 To lay my fangs on Jamie's gear!

sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "*Wretched man! had you but rued it, you should have only been punished by your God!*"

* This vulgar Song is ludicrously satirical of George I. and the Whigs, and must have been quite a *bonne bouche* for the rabble of Jacobitism.

For I had better staid at hame,
Than now to bide sae muckle blame.
But my base, poltroon, sordid mind,
To greed o' gear was still inclin'd,
Which gart me fell Count Koningsmark,
For his braw claise and holland sark.

When that was done, by slight and might
I hitch'd young Jamie frae his right,
And, without ony fear or dread,
I took his house out-owre his head,
Pack'd up his plenishing sae braw,
And to a swine-sty turn'd his ha'.
I connach'd a' I couldna tak,
And left him naething worth a plack.

But a' this couldna me content :
I hang'd his tenants, seiz'd their rent :
And to my shame it will be spoke,
I harried a' his cotter-folk.
But what am I the richer grown ?
A curse comes aye wi' things that's stown !
I'm like to tine it a' belyve,
For wrangous gear can never thrive.

But care and wonder gars me greet,
For ilka day wi' skaith I meet,
And I maun hame to my ain craft :
The thoughts o' this hae put me daft.
But yet, ere sorrow break my heart,
And Satan come to claim his part,
To punish me for dreary sin,
I'll leave some heirship to my kin.

Ane auld black coat, baith lang and wide,
Wi' snishen barken'd like a hide,

A skeplet hat, and plaiden hose,
A jerkin, clartit a' wi' brose,
A pair o' sheen that wants a heel,
A periwig wad fleg the deil,
A pair o' breeks that wants the doup,
Twa cutties, and a timmer stoup.

A mutchkin cog, twa rotten caps,
Set o' the bink to keep the draps,
Some cabbage growing i' the yard,
Ane pig, ane pock, ane candle-sherd,
A heap o' brats upo' the brae,
Some tree-clouts and foul wisps o' strae,
A rusty sword that lies there ben,
Twa chickens and a clockin hen.

A rickle o' peats out-owre the knowe,
A gimmer, and a doddit yowe,
A stirky, and a hummle cow,
Twa grices, and my dear black sow,
A rag to dight her filthy snout,
A brecham, and a carding-clout,
A bassie, and a bannock-stick :
There's gear enough to make ye sick.

Besides a mare that's blind and lame,
That us'd to bear a cuckold hame,
A thraw-crook, and a broken gaud :
There's gear enough to put ye mad.
A lang-kail-knife, an auld sheer-blade,
A dibble, and a flauchter-spade.
Tak part hereof, baith great and sma' ;
Mine heirs, it weel becomes you a'.

But yet, before that a' be done,
There's something for my graceless son,

That awkward ass, wi' filthy scouk ;
 My malison light on his bouk !*
 And farther, for his part o' gear,
 I leave the horns his dad did wear ;
 But yet I'd better leave the same
 To Whigs, to blaw my lasting shame.

To the same Whigs I leave my curse,
 My guilty conscience, and toom purse :
 I hope my torments they will feel,
 When they gang skelpin to the deil.
 For to the times their creed they shape ;
 They girn, they glour, they scouk, and gape,
 As they wad gaunch to eat the starns.
 The muckle deil ding out their barns !

Wi' my twa Turks I winna sinder,
 For that wad my last turney hinder ;
 For baith can speer the nearest gate,
 And lead me in, though it be late,
 Where Oliver and Willie Buck
 Sit o'er the lugs in smeeke muck,
 Wi' hips sae het, and beins sae bare ;
 They'll e'en be blythe when Geordie's there.

To Fisslerump and Kilmansack,†
 Wha aft hae gart my curpin crack,
 To ilka Dutch and German jade,
 I leave my sceptre to their trade.

* This verse has a bitter allusion to the dissensions that reigned in George's family, in consequence of his jealousy of the queen and his well known dislike of his son.

† The allusions in this and the following verse are obviously to George's german mistresses, mentioned in a former note. The "darling sow," is Madame Kilmansegge, and the "skrinkit witch," Madame Schulemberg. George's taste in female beauty appears to have been truly German. The one was a mountain of fat and grease, the other was as lean as a dried herring.

But O, my bonny darling sow,
 How sair my heart's to part wi' you,
 When I think on the happy days
 That we hae had 'mang fat and fleas.

My darling, dauted, greasy dame,
 I leave thee fouth o' sin and shame,
 And ane deil's brander, when I'm gone,
 To fry thy sonsy hurdies on.
 But to my lean and shrinkit witch
 I leave damnation and the itch.
 To a' my friends, where'er they be,
 The curse of heav'n eternally.

WHURRY WHIGS AWA.*

WHERE are the days that we hae seen,
 When Phœbus shone so bright, man?
 How blythe and merry we hae been,
 When ev'ry ane gat right, man!

* This is a sort of historical recapitulation in rhyme of what the Jacobites held to be the political sins of the Whigs. It commences with the Marquis of Montrose's wars against the Covenanters, and closes with the accession of George I. The principal events of the intermediate period are touched with spirit, but with true Jacobite virulence and party spleen. Graham of Claverhouse, and General Dalzell are of course described as heroes, though a thousand facts are on record, denoting both of them to have been ruthless, cold-hearted, political ruffians. The following instance with regard to Claverhouse, will be sufficiently conclusive on that point in the mind of every humane reader.—“One morning in those evil days, a man of the name of John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not till the bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of horse, brought him to his house, and there examined him, who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered both distinctly and solidly; which made Claverhouse to examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if they had heard him preach? They answered, No, no, he was never a preacher. To which he replied, ‘If he

But gloomy clouds do overshadow,
 And spread wide over a', man;
 Ill-boding comets blaze o'er-head.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man!

Now ill appears wi' face fu' bare,
 In high and low degree, man,
 And wild confusion every where,
 Which every ane may see, man.
 The blind are chosen for our guides;
 I fear we'll get a fa', man,
 There's nane need wonder though we slide.
 O whurry Whig awa, man!

has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He then said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times: One time that he interrupted him, he was praying that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach.' he turned about on his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of prayer nor preaching that calls this preaching,' then continued without confusion. When ended, Claverhouse said, 'Take good night of your wife and children.' His wife standing by with her children in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I first spoke to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be multiplied on them, and gave them his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Then said Claverhouse to the hapless widow, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' To which she answered, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'it were justice to lay thee beside him.' She replied, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not but your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' 'To man,' said he, 'I can be answerable; and, for God, I will take him in mine own band.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there; she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid,

Of primitive simplicity
 Some in our church was left, man ;
 But now of truth and verity,
 Alas, we are bereft, man !
 Rebellion's horns do loudly tout,
 Wi' whining tone, and blaw, man ;
 Yet deeds o' grace they leave without.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

New upstarts only now succeed,
 Our nation's misery, man ;
 We're bound in slavery heel to head,
 Yet deav'd wi' liberty, man.
 But when did e'er the Whigs prevail
 'Gainst liberty and law, man ?
 At a' but treachery they fail.
 O whurry Whigs awa, man !

Montrose convened the gallant Graham,
 The loyal clans arose, man,
 To fight the Covenanter lambs,
 Wha did the right oppose, man.
 At Aldearn, Alford, and Kilsythe,
 Their bouks got mony a claw, man :
 The loyal hearts like sheep did drive
 The whurry Whigs awa, then.

and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place, where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her : the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular Christian woman, in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir, who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steel, who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before that, she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this, without either fainting or confusion ; except when the shots were let off, her eyes were dazzled. His

King Charlie being foully slain,
For which thank Whiggery, man,
Then Cromwell in his place did reign,
The Whigs anointed he, man.
That mushroom monarch Presbyt'ry
Established by law, man,
And overturn'd old Prelacy.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

King Charles the Second did resort
Unto our loving isles, man ;
His father's head took frae the port,
And set up gley'd Argyle's, man.
Abolish'd was the Covenant,
He lik'd not it ava, man,
But rear'd true kingly government.
O whurry Whigs awa, man !

The restless Whigs, with their intrigues,
Themselves they did convene, man,
At Pentland Hills and Bothwell Brigs,
To fight against the king, man ;
Till brave Dalzell came forth himsel,
With loyal troops in raws, man,
To try a match with powther and ball :
Then saints turn'd windlestraws, man.

The brave Dalzell stood i' the field,
And fought for king and crown, man ;
Made rebel Whigs perforce to yield,
And dang the traitors down, man.

corpse was buried at the end of the house where he was slain."—
Peden's Life.

Hogg complains of the discrepancies which he met with in different copies of this ballad, of which he says he had at least twenty. As he very justly remarks, it is obvious that it has been composed at different periods, and by different hands.

Then some ran here, and some ran there,
And some in field did fa', man,
And some to hang he didna spare,
Condemned by their ain law, man.

Yet that would not the carles please.
Did you not hear the news, man,
How, at Drumclog, behind the bog,
They ga'e the deil his dues, man?
With blessed word and rusty sword
They wrought a wondrous feat, man;
For ten to ane they wan the day,
And wow but they were great, man!

But, wae's my heart! it was nae sport,
Though they were set on ill, man,
To see them fa' like silly sheep,
That day on Bothwell Hill, man.
The royal Duke his men forsook,
And o'er the field did ride, man,
And cried aloud to spare their blude,
Whatever might betide, man.

But Colonel Graham of noble fame,
Had sworn to have his will, man,
No man to spare in armour there,
While man and horse could kill, man.
O then the Whigs from Bothwell Brigs
Were led like dogs to die, man:
In Heaven's might they couldna fight,
But rais'd a horrid cry, man.

By hill and dale they gart them skale,
It's there to bide a blink, man,
Till in sic case, to their disgrace,
They rais'd a dolefu' stink, man.

Their necks were cropt but fear or doubt,
Their malice prov'd their fa', man,
While every honest heart cried out,
"O whurrie Whigs awa, man!"

Next we gat owre an Orange king,
That play'd wi' parties baith, man;
A hogan-mogan foreign thing,
That wrought a world o' skaith, man.
When he came owre our rights to see,
His father, friend, and a', man,
By his Dutch guards he drove to sea,
Then swore he ran awa, man.

The fifth day of November he
Did land upon our coast, man;
But those who lived his reign to see,
Of it they did not boast, man.
Seven years of famine did prevail,
The people hopeless grew, man:
But dearth and death did us assail,
And thousands overthrew, man.

But Willie's latter end did come;
He broke his collar-bone, man.
We chose another, dainty Anne,
And set her on the throne, man.
O then we had baith meal and malt,
And plenty over a', man;
We had nae scant o' sin nor saint,
O whurrie Whigs awa, man!

We then sought out a German thing
Call'd George, and brought him here, man;
And for this beggar cuckold king
Sore taxes we maun bear, man.

For he's constant and kind, and courageous in
mind.

Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
In Scotland he's loved and dearly approved,

In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
But his name I'll advance in Britain or France.
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be.

" The birds of the forest are all met together,
The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,

Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
But since fickle Fortune, which still proves un-
certain, [me,

Hath caused this parting between him and
His right I'll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !"

THE WIND HAS BLAWN MY PLAID AWA.*

Over the hills, an' far away,
It's over the hills, an' far away,
O'er the hills, an' o'er the sea,
The wind has blawn my plaid frae me.
My tartan plaid, my ae good sheet,
That keepit me frae wind an' weet,
An' held me bien baith night an' day,
Is over the hills, and far away.

There was a wind, it cam to me,
Over the south, an' over the sea,

* As in the preceding production, the Jacobite allusion is here rather darkly expressed, and only breaks out distinctly in the last verse. The air of this Song is the popular one of "*Over the seas and far awa.*"

An' it has blawn my corn and hay,
 Over the hills an' far away.
 It blew my corn, it blew my gear,
 It neither left me kid nor steer,
 An' blew my plaid, my only stay,
 Over the hills and far away.

But though 't has left me bare indeed,
 And blawn my bonnet off my head,
 There's something hid in Highland brae
 It hasna blawn my sword away.
 Then o'er the hills, an' over the dales,
 Over all England, an' thro' Wales,
 The braidsword yet shall bear the sway
 Over the hills an' far away.

THE GATHERING OF THE HAYS.*

GATHERING.

“MAC GARADH! Mac Garadh! red race of the
 Tay,
 Ho! gather ho! gather like hawks to the prey.
 Mac Garadh, Mac Garadh, Mac Garadh come
 fast,
 The flame's on the beacon, the horn's on the
 blast.

* This composition was first published by J. H. Allan, Esq. with the following observations:—“It is copied from an odd leaf pasted into an old MS. history of the Hays. It was set to the family war-march of the Earls of Errol, and has never, that I am aware, been hitherto printed. From the period and circumstances in which the greater part was written, it could never have obtained great circulation. Shreds of the stanzas are to be met with in the memory of some of the very old people of Perthshire, but I believe the composition is quite unknown in its perfect state. It is composed in imitation of an Highland pibroch, the most correct of which imitate in their measure and cadence the call of the gathering, the trampling of the march, the rush of the charge, the confusion of the battle, and the wailing

The Hay! the Hay! the Hay! the Hay!
 Mac Garadh is coming, give way.
 Mac Garadh is coming, clear the way,
 Mac Garadh is coming, hurra! hurra!
 Mac Garadh is coming, clear the way,
 Mac Garadh is coming, hurra!

Mac Garadh is coming, like beam of war;
 The blood-red shields are glinting far;
 The Stuart is up, his banner white
 Is flung to the breeze like flake of light.
 Dark as the mountain's heather wave,
 The rose and the misle are coming brave,
 Bright as the sun which gilds its thread,
 King James's tartan is flashing red,
 Upon them Mac Garadh bill and bow,
 Cry, Hollow Mac Garadh! hollow! hollow*!

CHARGE.

Mac Garadh is coming! like stream from the
 hill,
 Mac Garadh is coming, lance, claymore, and bill,
 Like thunder's wide rattle
 Is mingled the battle,
 With cry of the falling, and shout of the charge,
 The lances are flashing,
 The claymores are clashing,
 And ringing the arrows on buckler and targe.

That of the Douglasses was, "A Douglass! a Douglass!" and that used by the Hays at one period was, "the Hay! the Hay!" The war-cry was always hereditary to the family; but, like the crest, it was sometimes disused or changed by the humour of a chief.

* "Holleu, Mac Garadh!" was the most ancient slughorn or war-cry of the Hays of Errol, but it is said to have been laid aside at a very distant period.

BATTLE.

Mac Garadh is coming! the banners are shaking,
 The war-tide is turning, the phalanx is breaking.
 The Southrons are flying,
 "Saint George!" vainly crying, [borne down,
 And Brunswick's white horse on the field is
 The red cross is shattered,
 The red roses scattered, [crown.
 And bloody and torn the white plume in its

PURSUIT.

Far shows the dark field like the streams of
 Cairn Gorm,
 Wild, broken, and red in the skirt of the storm :
 Give the spur to the steed,
 Give the war-cry its holleu,
 Cast loose to wild speed,
 Shake the bridle, and follow.
 The rout's in the battle,
 Like blast in the cloud,
 The flight's mingled rattle
 Peals thickly and loud.
 Then holleu! Mac Garadh! holleu, Mac Garadh!
 Holleu! holleu! holleu, Mac Garadh!

 THE KING'S ANTHEM.*

God bless our lord the king!
 God save our lord the king!
 God save the king!

* This is the original of the Anthem which is now so popular as applicable to the reigning monarch. The music is of a much ear-

Make him victorious,
 Happy, and glorious,
 Long to reign over us :
 God save the king !

God send a royal heir !
 God bless the royal pair,
 Both king and queen ;
 That from them we may see
 A royal progeny,
 To all posterity
 Ever to reign !

God bless the prince, I pray,
 God bless the prince, I pray,
 Charlie I mean ;
 That Scotland we may see
 Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,
 Both George and his Feckie.*
 Even so. Amen.

lier date than the words. Hogg ascribes it to Henry Carey, but the probability is, that the composition of it was even earlier than his time. The words belong to the reign of George II.

* *Feckie* was the cant name given to Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. He lived on the worst terms with both his father and mother. Several curious anecdotes to that effect, demonstrating his extreme folly and imbecility, are detailed by Horace Walpole, who was intimately connected with the court at that time. The following whimsical Epitaph on this Prince was found among the papers of the Honourable Miss Rollo by the same gossiping author :—

Here lies Prince Fede,
 Gone down among the dead.
 Had it been his father,
 We had much rather ;
 Had it been his mother,
 Better than any other ;
 Had it been his sister,
 Few would have missed her ;
 Had it been the whole generation,
 Ten times better for the nation ;
 But since 'tis only Fede,
 There's no more to be said.

God bless the happy hour !
May the Almighty Power
 Make all things well ;
That the whole progeny
Who are in Italy
May soon and suddenly
 Come to Whitehall.

God bless the church, I pray,
God save the church, I pray,
 Pure to remain,
Free from all Whiggery,
And Whigs' hypocrisy,
Who strive maliciously
 Her to defame.

Here's to the subjects all,
God send them, great and small,
 Firmly to stand,
That would call home the king
Whose is the right to reign :
This is the only thing
 Can save the land.

BRITONS, WHO DARE TO CLAIM.*

BRITONS, who dare to claim
That great and glorious name,
 Rouse at the call !

* This is another specimen of Jacobite verses to the tune of the King's Anthem. It would appear that the same thing occurred then as now, in the adaptation of new words to the music of this Anthem. The verses were always unworthy of the air.

See English honour fled,
Corruption's influence spread,
Slavery raise its head,
And freedom fall !

Church, king, and liberty,
Honour and property,
All are betray'd :
Foreigners rule the land,
Our blood and wealth command,
Obstruct, with lawless hand,
Justice and trade.

Shall an usurper reign,
And Britons hug the chain ?
That we'll deny.
Then let us all unite
To retrieve James's right ;
For church, king, and laws we'll fight ;
Conquer or die.

Join in the defence
Of James our lawful prince
And native king :
Then shall true greatness shine,
Justice and mercy join,
Restor'd by Stuart's line,
Virtue's great spring.

Down with Dutch politics,
Whigs, and all fanatics,
The old Rump's cause !*

* This seems a shrewd allusion to the policy of William in keeping fair with his English subjects, while he was advancing the interests of his friends in Holland. The Rump Parliament, in Cromwell's time, is perfectly understood.

Recall your injur'd prince,
 Drive Hanoverians hence,
 Such as rule here against
 All English laws.

Borne on the wings of fame,
 Charles's heroic name
 All his foes dread.
 He'll from his father's throne
 Pull the usurper down ;
 Glorious success shall crown
 His sacred head.

COME, LET US BE JOVIAL.*

COME, here's to the knights of the true royal oak,
 Whose hearts still are loyal, and firm as a rock,
 Who will fight to the last for their country and
 king, [the ring.
 Let the health of our heroes pass quick round
 Come, let us be jovial, social, and free ;
 Come join hand in hand, in full chorus with
 me : [land,
 God bless Charlie Stuart, the pride of our
 And send him safe o'er to his own native
 strand !

My noble companions, be patient a while,
 And we'll soon see him back to our brave Bri-
 tish isle ;
 And he that for Stuart and right will not stand,
 May smart for the wrong by the Highlander's
 Come, let us be jovial, &c. [brand.

* The Ettrick Shepherd commends this Song for the beauty of the

Though Hanover now over Britain bears sway,
 The day of his glory is wearing away.
 His minions of slavery may march at his tail ;
 For, God with the righteous, and who shall
 prevail ?

Come, let us be jovial, &c.

And when James again shall be placed on the
 throne,
 All mem'ry of ills we have borne shall be gone.
 No tyrant again shall set foot on our shore,
 But all shall be happy and blest as before.

Then let us be jovial, social, and free ;
 Lay your hands on your hearts, and sing
 chorus with me : [confound,
 God prosper King James, and the German
 And may none but true Britons e'er rule
 British ground.

OUR AIN BONNY LADDIE.*

How lang shall our land thus suffer distresses,
 Whilst traitors, and strangers, and tyrants op-
 press us ? [nation,
 How lang shall our old, and once brave warlike
 Thus tamely submit to a base usurpation ?

tune to which it is usually sung. He had the words from the collection of Mr. Hardy of Glasgow.

* Song-writing is a sort of stray minstrelsy, and it is not often, except in the higher class of lyrics, that the writers of them are known. Of this Song, however, we are enabled to say who was the author. It was William Meston, of Midmar in Aberdeenshire, some time preceptor to the young Earl Marshall, and his brother, the celebrated Marshall Keith. By their interest, he was promoted to the professorship of Philosophy in Marischall College, but he lost it in consequence of following their fortunes in 1715. After the battle of Sheriffmuir, till the act of indemnity was passed, he lurked with a

Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are
 vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are
 vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.

How lang shall we lurk, how lang shall we lan-
 guish,
 With faces dejected, and hearts full of anguish?
 How lang shall the Whigs, perverting all reason,
 Call honest men knaves, and loyalty treason?
 Thus must we be sad, whilst the traitors are
 vaudie,
 Till we get a sight of our ain bonny laddie.
 Thus must we be sad, &c.

O Heavens, have pity! with favour present us;
 Rescue us from strangers that sadly torment us,
 From Atheists, and Deists, and Whiggish
 opinions;
 Our king return back to his rightful dominions:
 Then rogues shall be sad, and honest men vaudie,
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonny
 Then rogues shall be sad, &c. [laddie.

Our vales shall rejoice, our mountains shall
 flourish;
 Our church, that's oppressed, our monarch will
 nourish;

few fugitive associates, for whose amusement he wrote several burlesque poems, to which he gave the title of Mother Grim's Tales. The Countess of Elgin supported him during the decline of his latter days, till he removed to Aberdeen, where he died of a languishing distemper. He was a man of wit and pleasantry in conversation, and of considerable attainments in classical and mathematical knowledge.

Our land shall be glad, but the Whigs shall be
 sorry, [glory.
 When the king gets his own, and Heaven the
 The rogues shall be sad, but the honest men
 vaudie, [laddie.
 When the throne is possess'd by our ain bonnie
 The rogues shall be sad, &c.

GATHERING OF ATHOL.*

WHA will ride wi' gallant Murray?
 Wha will ride wi' Geordie's sel?
 He's the flow'r o' a' Glenisla,
 And the darlin o' Dunkel'.
 See the white rose in his bonnet!
 See his banner o'er the Tay!
 His gude sword he now has drawn it,
 And has flung the sheath away.

Every faithful Murray follows;
 First of heroes! best of men!
 Every true and trusty Stewart
 Blythely leaves his native glen.

* This is one of the first Songs which gave note of preparation for the rising in the year 1745. The hero of it was Lord George Murray, fifth son of the first Duke of Atholl. He and his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine had been engaged in the rebellion of 1715, but after the battle of Glenshiel they escaped abroad. Having passed several years as an officer in the Sardinian service, Lord George applied for and obtained a pardon. He then returned to Britain, and was presented to the King, but ineffectually solicited a commission in his army. It was probably that refusal which afterwards prompted him to side with the Pretender. Joining Prince Charles's standard at Perth, in September, 1745, he was appointed Lieutenant-General of his forces, acted as such at the battles of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden, marched into England with them, and brought up their rear in their retreat from thence. He was attainted of high treason by act of Parliament, but escaped to the Continent. On his arrival at Rome, in 1747, he was received with

Athol lads are lads of honour,
 Westland rogues are rebels a':
 When we come within their border,
 We may gar the Campbells claw.

Menzies he's our friend and brother;
 Gask and Strowan are nae slack!
 Noble Perth has ta'en the field,
 And a' the Drummonds at his back.
 Let us ride wi' gallant Murray,
 Let us fight for Charlie's crown;
 From the right we'll never sinder,
 Till we bring the tyrants down.

Mackintosh, the gallant soldier,
 Wi' the Grahams and Gordons gay,
 They have ta'en the field of honour,
 Spite of all their chiefs could say.
 Bend the musket, point the rapier,
 Shift the brog for Lowland shoe,
 Scour the durk, and face the danger;
 Mackintosh has all to do.

great distinction by Prince Charles, who fitted up an apartment for him in his Palace, and introduced him to the Pope. He died at Medenblinck, in Holland, 11th October, 1760.

The air to which this Song is usually sung is a very fine one, and has been supposed to be exclusively a highland melody, but Hogg asserts that it has been familiar to the Borderers for ages, to a Song beginning

O that I had ne'er been married,
 I had ne'er had ony care!
 Now I've gotten wife an' bairns,
 An' they cry "crowdy" ever mair.
 Crowdy ance, an' crowdy twice,
 An' crowdy three times i' the day,
 An' ye crowdy ony mair
 Ye'll crowdy a' my meal away.

The Border name of the tune of course is 'crowdy.' In Strathmore it is called 'the Atholl Gathering.'

GATHERING OF THE MACDONALDS.*

COME along, my brave clans,
There's nae friends sae staunch and true ;
Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes.
Come with bold Macalister,
Wilder than his mountain raes.

Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle ;
Come from Castle Tuirim,
Come from Moidart and the Isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siolallain,
Sons of them that never yield.

* This is the translation of a genuine Highland song, which was communicated to the Ettrick shepherd, by a lady of the race of the Macdonnells. He concludes that the principal chieftains referred to in it are Glengarry, Clan-Ronald, and Keppoch, and with regard to this last he makes the following remarks:—"There is no circumstance in the fates of the Highlanders, occasioned to them by the rebellion, for which I lament so much, as the extinction of this brave and loyal chief and his clan, whose names are now a blank in the lands of their fathers. Keppoch could once have raised 500 men at a few days' warning, and never was slack when his arm was needed, although his hand was something like Ishmael's of old, for he was generally at loggerheads with his neighbours, especially the Clan-Chattan, whom he once beat, with their chief, the laird of M'Intosh, at their head; cutting a great part of their superior army to pieces, and forcing the laird, whom he took prisoner, to renounce his claim to extensive possessions, which Keppoch originally held of him. Keppoch was indeed too brave, and too independent; and it proved his family's ruin. When admonished once of the necessity of getting regular charters to his lands from government, of which he never had any, "No," said Keppoch, "I shall never hold lands that I cannot hold otherwise than by a sheep's hide." Keppoch trusted still to his claymore; but the day of it was past. "Othello's occupation was gone!" On the restoration of the forfeited estates, Keppoch, having no rights to show for his extensive lands, lost them; a circumstance

Gather, gather, gather,
 Gather from Lochaber glens :
 Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you ;
 Come from Taroph, Roy, and Spean.
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Many sons of might you know ;
 Lenochan's your brother,
 Auchterectan and Glencoe.

Gather, gather, gather,
 'Tis your prince that needs your arm :
 Though Macconnel leaves you,
 Dread no danger or alarm,
 Come from field and foray,
 Come from sickle and from plough,
 Come from cairn and correi,
 From deer-wake and driving too.

Gather, bold Clan-Donuil ;
 Come with haversack and cord ;
 Come not late with meal or cake,
 But come with durk, and gun, and sword.
 Down into the Lowlands,
 Plenty bides by dale and burn,
 Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
 Riches wait on your return.

GATHERING RANT.*

We a' maun muster soon the morn,
 We a' maun march right early

which must ever be deplored, but cannot now be remedied." In this song, Lenochan, Auchterectan, and Glencoe, are claimed to be of the same family with Keppoch ; yet Lenochan's name, it would appear, was not Macdonald.

* This is evidently a production of 1745, and must have been writ-

O'er misty mount and mossy muir,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Yon German cuif that fills the throne,
He clamb to't most unfairly;
Sae aff we'll set and try to get
His birthright back to Charlie.

Yet, ere we leave this valley dear,
Those hills o'erspread wi' heather,
Send round the usquebaugh sae clear;
We'll tak a horn thegither.
And listen, lads, to what I gie;
Ye'll pledge me roun' sincerely:
To him that's come to set us free,
Our rightful ruler, Charlie.

Oh! better lov'd he canna be;
Yet when we see him wearing
Our Highland garb sae gracefully,
'Tis aye the mair endearing.
Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet,
E'er lang we'll see of kingdoms three
The royal crown upon it.

ten during the excitement caused by the landing of Charles, and the consequent efforts made to rouse the people in his cause. The influence of the Jacobitical muse was exclusively and powerfully felt at that period in all quarters. Indeed, President Forbes, who chiefly managed the politics of government in Scotland, was forced to confess, with all his talents and skill, he was more afraid of the ladies and the poets than of the fierce Highlanders. Such was the power of beauty and of song. All the fair ladies, he said, were Jacobites, and they made innumerable converts among the gentlemen, while the song-writers every where roused the passions of the multitude. The Prince landed at Boradale, in Lochaber, with only about six or seven attendants. In less than three weeks he had an army of 1800 highlanders; and in other three weeks he was in possession of Edinburgh, with his force increased to upwards of 3000 men.

But ev'n should fortune turn her heel
Upon the righteous cause, boys,
We'll shaw the warld we're firm and leal,
And never will prove fause, boys.
We'll fight while we hae breath to draw
For him we love sae dearly,
And ane and a' we'll stand or fa',
Alang wi' royal Charlie.

UNGRATEFUL BRITONS.*

UNGRATEFUL Britons, rouse for shame,
And own the royal race,
Who can alone your fame restore,
Your suff'rings all redress.
To royal James, your native king,
Your vows and homage pay,
That ages late may see him reign,
And his blest son obey.

Your hopes, illustrious prince, now raise
To all the charms of power ;
Propitious joys of love and peace
Already crown each hour.
Prophetic Hymen join'd his voice,
And gave a princely son,
Whose ripen'd age may fill, he cries,
His father's widow'd throne.

Aloud I heard the voice of Fame
Th' important news repeat,

* Much of the Minstrelsy of 1745 was highly seasoned with flattery of Prince Charles and his ancestors. This production is none of the least fulsome of that description. Hogg, with all his jacobitical prejudices, admits it to be "rather an overcharged piece of work."

Whilst Echo caught the pleasant theme,
And did the sound repeat.
Mute, when she spoke, was ev'ry wood,
The zephyrs ceas'd to blow,
The waves in silent rapture stood,
And Forth forgot to flow.

'Twas thus, in early bloom of time,
And in a reverend oak,
In sacred and inspired rhyme
An ancient Druid spoke :
' An hero from fair Clementine
Long ages hence shall spring,
And all the gods their powers combine
To bless the future king.

Venus shall give him all her charms,
To win and conquer hearts ;
Rough Mars shall train the youth to arms ;
Minerva teach him arts :
Great Jove shall all those bolts supply
Which taught the rebel brood
To know the ruler of the sky,
And, trembling, own their God.'

THE CLANS ARE COMING.*

HERE's a health to all brave English lads,
Both lords and squires of high renown,
Who will put to a helping hand
To pull the vile usurper down.
For our brave Scots are all on foot,
Proclaiming loud, where'er they go,

* This is a mere parody on the Song of the "Campbells are coming." Both the thoughts and the expression are little better than

With sound of trumpet, pipe, and drum,
‘ The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming by bonny Lochleven,
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !’

To set our king upon the throne,
Not church nor state to overthrow,
As wicked preachers falsely tell,
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
Therefore forbear, ye canting crew ;
Your bugbear tales are a’ for show :
The want of stipend is your fear.
The clans are coming, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, &c.

We will protect both church and state,
Though we be held their mortal foe ;
And when the clans are to the gate,
You’ll bless the clans, oho ! oho !
Corruption, bribery, breach of law,
This was their cant some time ago
Which did expose both court and king,
And rais’d our clans, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, &c.

Rous’d like a lion from his den,
When he thought on his country’s wo,
Our brave protector, Charles, did come,
With all his clans, oho ! oho !
These lions, for their country’s cause,
And natural prince, were never slow :

commonplace, but when coupled with the well-known air of the original verses, they were well adapted for the times.

So now they come with their brave prince ;
The clans advance, oho ! oho !
The clans are coming, &c.

And now the clans have drawn their swords,
And vow revenge against them a'
That lift up arms for th' usurper's cause,
To fight against our king and law.
Then God preserve our royal king,
And his dear sons, the lovely twa,
And set him on his father's throne,
And bless his subjects great and sma' !
The clans are coming, &c.

O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.*

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I'll gie John Ross anither bawbee
To ferry me o'er to Charlie.
We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

It's weel I lo'e my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhor him ;
But O to see Auld Nick gaun hame,
And Charlie's faes before him !
We'll o'er the water, &c.

* The political feelings of the women of Scotland in 1745 are strongly evinced in this Song, and it justifies the dread which was entertained of their influence by President Forbes in his correspondence with Government. Nothing, it is said, could surpass the zeal which they in general displayed for the cause of the Chevalier. Ray,

I swear by moon and starns sae bright,
 And sun that glances early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gie them a' for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water, &c.

I ance had sons, but now hae nane ;
 I bred them toiling sairly ;
 And I wad bear them a' again,
 And lose them a' for Charlie ;
 We'll o'er the water, we'll o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
 Come weel, come wo, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

MACLEAN'S WELCOME.

COME o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie,
 brave Charlie, [Maclean ;
 Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with
 And though you be weary, we'll make your
 heart cheery,
 And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
 We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring
 down the black steer, [the glen ;
 The lamb from the breckan, and doe from

the volunteer, states in his Journal, that he uniformly found the ladies most violent—"they would listen," says he, "to no manner of reason." The air as well as the Song has been always very popular.

* This is one of several Original Songs which the Ettrick Shepherd, with his usual felicity in that species of writing, has versified from the Gaelic. He says he had them from various contributors, done into English prose, but so much was there of the raw material and spirit of poetry in the abrupt Highland Ossianic sentences, that he never got any notes of words so easily turned into Songs. Some parts of the beverage, he remarks, promised to Prince Charles in this Song, by "his friend the Maclean," are certainly of a very singular nature, but not one of these did he add to the Original.

The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
 The cream from the bothy, and curd from
 the pen.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-
 Sheerly, [not ken,
 That stream in the star-light when kings do
 And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
 To drink to your sire, and his friend the
 Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
 O'er heath-bells shall trace you, the maids too
 embrace you, [the brae;
 And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of
 And the loveliest Mari in all Glen M'Quarry
 Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

Come o'er the stream Charlie, &c. [you,
 If aught will invite you, or more will delight
 'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
 Shall range on the heather with bonnet and
 feather, [dred and ten.
 Strong arms and broad claymores three hun-

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

PRINCELY is my lover's weed,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 Fu' his veins o' princely blude,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

* This Song was communicated originally by Allan Cunningham
 to Mr. Cromek, who published it in his *Remains of Nithsdale and*

The gay bonnet circles roun',
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Brows wad better fa' a crown,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the sceptre bruiks,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Better fa's the butcher's creuks,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

There's a hand the braid-sword draws,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
The gowden sceptre seemlier fa's,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

He's the best piper i' the north,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
An' has dung a' ayont the Forth,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Soon at the Tweed he mints to blaw,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Here's the lad ance far awa'!
The bonnie laddie, Highland laddie!

Galloway Song, as taken down from the mouth of a young girl, who learned it from an old woman, who was a Roman Catholic. It is shrewdly suspected, however, that the aforesaid Allan Cunningham wrote the same himself. Hogg says there are six different airs under the name of *The Highland Laddie*, and in his *Relics* he has given what he calls the oldest, which is sung to a very ancient Song, beginning

"I canna get my mare ta'en,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Master had she never nane,
My bonnie Highland laddie.

"Take a rip an' wile her hame,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Nought like Heffing by the wame,
My bonnie Highland laddie."

There's nae a Southron fiddler's hum,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Can bide the war pipe's deadlie strum,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

An' he'll raise sic an eldritch drone,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 He'll wake the snorers round the throne.
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

And the targe and braid-sword's twang,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 To hastier march will gar them gang,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Till frae his daddie's chair he'll blaw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 ' Here's the lad ance far awa','
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

TO DAUNTON ME.*

To daunton me an' me sae young,
 An' gude King James's auldest son !

* This version of the *Song of the Chevalier*, as it is called *par excellence*, is taken from *Cromek's Remains*, with additions from Hogg's *Relics*. The Original was communicated to Mr. Cromek by Mrs. Copland, of Dalbeattie, a lady of distinguished taste and critical acumen in Scottish minstrelsy. There are various versions of it, however, and it is difficult to distinguish some of the interpolations from the original words. The following verse is modern, but extremely characteristic of the chief to whom it refers :—

Up came the gallant chief Lochiel
 An' drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
 Says, ' Charlie set your fit to me
 An' shaw me wha will daunton thee.'

O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
For the man's unborn that'll daunt me !
O set me ance on Scottish land,
An' gie me my braid-sword in my hand,
Wi' my blue bonnet aboon my bree,
An' shaw me the man that'll daunt me.

It's nae the battle's deadlie stoure,
Nor friends pruvied fause that'll gar me cower ;
But the reckless hand o' povertie,
O ! that alane can daunt me.
High was I born to kingly gear,
But a cuif came in my cap to wear,
But wi' my braid-sword I'll let him see
He's nae the man to daunt me.

O I hae scarce to lay me on,
Of kingly fields were ance my ain ;
Wi' the moorcock on the mountain-bree,
But hardship ne'er can daunt me.
Up came the gallant chief Lochiel,
An' drew his glaive o' nut-brown steel,
Says, " Charlie, set your fit to me,
An' shaw me wha will daunt thee !"

TO DAUNTON ME.—*Second Set.**

YOUNG Charlie is a gallant lad,
As e'er wore sword and belted plaid ;
And lane and friendless though he be,
He is the lad that shall wanton me.

* This version appears to have been written immediately after the landing of Prince Charles in Lochaber. It breathes all the political devotion and sanguine hopes of the newly awakened Jacobitism of the time.

At Moidart our young prince did land,
 With seven men at his right hand,
 And a' to conquer nations three :
 That is the lad that shall wanton me.

O wae be to the faithless crew
 That frae our true king took his due,
 And banish'd him across the sea ;
 Nae wonder that should daunt on me.
 But, Charlie lad, ere it be lang,
 We'll shaw them a' the right frae wrang ;
 Argyle and a' our faes shall see
 That nane on earth can daunt on thee.

Then raise the banner, raise it high ;
 For Charles we'll conquer or we'll die :
 The clans a' leal and true men be,
 And shaw me wha will daunt on thee !
 Our gude King James shall soon come hame,
 And traitors a' be put to shame ;
 Auld Scotland shall again be free ;
 O that's the thing wad wanton me !

TO DAUNT ON ME.—*Third Set.**

To daunt on me, to daunt on me,
 O ken ye what it is that'll daunt on me?—

* This set of the Chevalier's Song breathes the same spirit as the other two, and in point of conception is not inferior to either of them. The writer takes a fifty years retrospect, and would almost seem to have been *groaning* all that time under what he calls *cess, and press, and presbytery*. Without that *cess*, and *press*, and *presbytery*, what would Scotland have been at this day ? The Jacobites, with all their devoted loyalty and their heroic courage, were wretched politicians both for themselves and their country.

There's eighty-eight and eighty-nine,
And a' that I hae born sinsyne,
There's cess and press and Presbytrie,
I think will do meikle to dauntoun me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me?—
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment amang the Whigs,
And right restored whare right sud be,
I think would do meikle to wanton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist wad wanton me?—
To see king James at Edinb'rough cross,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forc'd to flee,
O this is what maist wad wanton me.

LEWIE GORDON.*

OH! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;

* The air of this favourite Song is the original or northern set of "*Tarry Woo*." The Ettrick Shepherd ascribes the Song itself to a Mr Geddes, Priest at Shenval in the Enzie, who, he says, wrote it on the Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the Duke of that name, at the time of the rising under Prince Charles. This Lord Lewis was bred to the sea service, but he entered so zealously into the views of the Prince, that he raised two regiments for him, and fought with great gallantry, as a military partizan. On the 23d of September, 1745, he commanded the detachment which defeated the King's forces at Inverury, under the Laird of M'Leod; upon which he marched to Perth, and joined the Prince, who was then on his way to Edinburgh. After the Culloden affair, he escaped abroad. He was attainted in 1746, and died at Martreuil, in France, on the 15th of June, 1754.

Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa!
Oh hon! my Highland man,
Oh, my bonny Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Oh hon! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the god of war.
Oh hon! &c.

Oh to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the jub'lee year!
Oh hon! &c.

BE VALIANT STILL.*

WHILE thus I view fair Britain's isle,
And see my sovereign in exile,
A tyrant sitting on his throne,
How can I but our fate bemoan?

* This Song is sung to the same tune as the *Song of the Chevalier*, or *To Daunt me*; which was the most fashionable air of the years 1745-6. The writer of the verses appears to have been one of those political fanatics, who, out of sheer hatred to the opposite party,

Be valiant still, be valiant still,
 Be stout, and be bold, and be valiant still :
 There's right in the cause, and might in the
 will,
 To the bonny bonny lad that is valiant still.

I hope we yet shall see the day,
 When Whigs shall dree the dule they ga'e,
 Shall yield their proud necks to the laws,
 And bow beneath the righteous cause.
 Be valiant, &c.

Here's to the lads who dare be free,
 The lads who true and constant be ;
 A health to all the loyal few,
 And curses on the Whiggish crew.
 Be valiant, &c.

May Neptune waft our prince soon o'er,
 To join our clans on Albion's shore !
 May England soon her error see,
 And aid the cause of heaven and me !
 Be valiant, &c.

Let Charlie lead us owre the lea,
 To meet the Whigs as one to three,
 And soon we'll see, upon the field,
 What side shall be the first to yield.
 Be valiant, &c.

Then let us join with one consent,
 ('Tis better late than ne'er repent,)

would have been willing to sacrifice all and every thing, and even the liberties of his country. A man of this description would never have thought of making stipulations with the Pretender, if he had been successful. Political zeal would seem to be only outdone by that of religion.

To drive th' usurper o'er the main,
And welcome Charlie back again.
Be valiant, &c.

WELCOME CHARLIE O'ER THE MAIN.*

AROUSE, arouse, each kilted clan !
Let Highland hearts lead on the van,
And forward wi' their dirks in han'
To fight for Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain,
Welcome to our Isle again ;
O welcome, Royal Charlie !

Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang heather hills
Can nobly brave the face of ills,
For kindred fire ilk bosom fills,
At sight of Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Her ancient thistle wags her pow,
And proudly waves o'er dale and knowe
To hear the oath and sacred vow—
We'll live or die for Charlie !
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Rejoic'd to think nae foreign weed,
Shall trample on our hardy seed ;
For weel she kens her sons will bleed,
Or fix his throne right fairly.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

* This Song is modern, and evidently adapted for the fine old air to which the various versions of "*Welcome Royal Charlie*" are sung. It is taken from the *Scots Magazine* for February, 1817, where it appears with the signature—*F. C. Banks of Clyde*.

Amang the wilds o' Caledon,
Breathes there a base degenerate son
Wha wadna to his standard run,
And rally round Prince Charlie?
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

Then let the flowing quaich go round,
And loudly let the pibroch sound,
Till every glen and rock resound
The name o' Royal Charlie.
Welcome, Charlie, o'er the main,
Our Highland hills are a' your ain;
Welcome to your throne again,
O welcome, Royal Charlie!

HE COMES, HE COMES, THE HERO COMES.*

He comes, he comes, the hero comes!
Sound, sound your trumpets, beat, beat your
From port to port let cannons roar, [drums:
He's welcome to the British shore;
Welcome to the British shore.

Prepare, prepare, your songs prepare,
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air;
From pole to pole his fame resound,
For virtue is with glory crown'd,
Virtue is with glory crown'd.

To arms, to arms, to arms repair!
Brave, bravely now your wrongs declare:

* This lyrical piece possesses some spirit, but the expression throughout would denote it a modern production. Hogg says, however, that he got it as an original Jacobite Relic from Sir Walter Scott.

See godlike Charles, his bosom glows
At Albion's fate and bleeding woes,
Albion's fate and bleeding woes.

Away, away, fly, haste away!
Crush, crush the bold usurper's sway!
Your lawful king at last restore,
And Britons shall be slaves no more,
Britons shall be slaves no more.

HE'S COMING HERE.*

BE kind to me as lang's I'm yours;
I'll maybe wear awa yet,
He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
May tak me frae you a' yet.

He's coming here, he will be here;
He's coming here for a' that,
He's coming o'er the Highland hills,
May tak me frae you a' yet.

The arm is strong where heart is true,
And loyal hearts are a' that;—
Auld love is better aye than new;—
Usurpers maunna fa' that.
He's coming here, &c.

The king is come to Muideart bay,
And mony bagpipes blaw that;

* The first verse and the burden of this Song only are ancient. The rest is from the pen of R. Jamieson, Esq. It is an imitation of a Song on the same subject, in the Gaelic, the burden of which begins, "*Gu'n d'thanig an Rìgh air tìr i Mhuideart,*" in allusion to the landing of Prince Charles in Moidart.

And Caledon her white cockade,
 And gude claymore may shaw yet.
 He's coming here, &c.

Then loudly let the pibroch sound,
 And bauld advance each true heart ;
 The word be "*Scotland's King and Law !*"
 And "*Death or Charlie Stuart !*"
 He's coming here, &c.

KANE TO THE KING.*

HARK the horn !
 Up i' the morn,
 Bonny lad, come to the march to-morrow.
 Down the glen,
 Grant and his men,
 They shall pay kane to the king the morn.
 Down by Knockhaspie,
 Down by Gillespie,
 Mony a red runt nods the horn,
 Waken not Callum,
 Rouky nor Allan ;
 They shall pay kane to the king the morn.

Round the rock,
 Down by the knock,
 Monnaughty, Tannachty, Moy, and Glentrive,
 Brodie and Balloch,
 And Ballindalloch,
 They shall pay kane to the king belyve.

* This Song is a translation from the Gaelic, and the general strain of it indicates, that a foray was intended by some of the clans in the service of Charles, upon those in the interest of Government, or upon their whig enemies of the low country. It has a beautiful and most original Gaelic air, and Frazer, in his collection, gives it the

Let bark and brevin
Blaze o'er Strathaven,
When the red bullock is over the bourn :
Then shall the maiden dread,
Low on her pillow laid,
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

Down the glen,
True Highlandmen,
Ronald, and Donald, and ranting Roy,
Gather and drive,
Spare not Glentrive,
But gently deal with the lady of Moy.
Appin can carry through,
So can Glengary too,
And fairly they'll part to the hoof and the horn ;
But Keppoch and Dunain too,
They must be look'd unto,
Ere they pay kane to the king the morn.

Rouse the steer
Out of his lair,
Keep his red nose to the west away ;
Mark for the seven,
Or sword of heaven ;
And loud is the midnight sough o' the Spey.
When the brown cock crows day,
Upon the mottled brae,
Then shall our gallant prince hail the horn
That tells both to wood and cleuch,
Over all Badenoch,
Who's to pay kane to the king the morn.

title of *Brigus mhic Ruairidh*, which the Ettrick Shepherd slyly supposes has originated from some circumstance, the same as the Song ; that is, *stealing from the men with the breeks!* An explanation of the line—" *But gently deal with the lady of Moy,*" is to be found in the circumstance of that Highland heroine having joined the Prince at

ROYAL CHARLIE.*

WHEN France had her assistance lent,
 Our darling prince to us she sent,
 Towards the north his course he bent,
 His name was Royal Charlie.

But O, he was lang o' coming,
 O, he was lang o' coming,
 O, he was lang o' coming;—
 Welcome Royal Charlie.

When he upon the shore did stand,
 The friends he had within the land
 Came down and shook him by the hand,
 And welcom'd Royal Charlie.
 Wi' "O, ye've been lang o' coming," &c.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
 Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
 And O he was a handsome lad!
 Few could compare wi' Charlie.
 But O, he was lang o' coming, &c.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.†

IF thou'lt play me fair play,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

the head of two hundred Mackintoshes. Her husband, the laird, having refused to engage in the cause, she raised these men herself, and put them under the command of Donald M'Gillavry, but kept mostly in the camp, to see that they did their duty, and to encourage them in their fidelity.

* This is one of the numerous editions of "*Welcome Royal Charlie*," which were so popular about the time of the Prince's landing. It alludes to the reception which Charles met with from Lochiel and others, immediately after that event.

† In nothing did the Minstrels of the year 1745, more strongly de-

Another year for thee I'll stay,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
For a' the lassies here abouts,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Marry none but Geordie's louts,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The time shall come when their bad choice,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
They will repent, and we rejoice,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
I'd take thee in thy Highland trews,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Before the rogues that wear the blues,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Our torments from no cause do spring,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
But fighting for our lawful king,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie ;
Our king's reward will come in time,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
And constant Jenny shall be mine,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

There's no distress that earth can bring,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
But I'd endure for our true king,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie ;
And were my Jenny but my own,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
I'd undervalue Geordie's crown,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

note the "Cunninge of their Crafte," than in the mixing up of love and loyalty to the Chevalier in their Songs. This Song is only one instance among hundreds. The verses, too, were always, as in this specimen, adapted to a popular air.

LOWLAND LASSIE.*

THE cannons roar and trumpets sound,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
And a' the hills wi' Charles resound,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Glory and honour now unite,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
For freedom and our prince to fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

In vain you strive to sooth my pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
With that much lov'd and glorious name,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
I, too fond maid, gave you a heart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
With which you now so freely part,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

No passion can with me prevail,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
When king and country's in the scale,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Though this conflict in my soul,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Tells me love too much does rule,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

Ah, chill pretence ! I'd sooner die,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

* There are several versions of this Song, but the present edition is made up partly from those which are to be found in every common collection, and partly from a manuscript copy, communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd by Mr Stuart, younger of Dalguise. It is sung to the same air, and exhibits the same union of love and politics, with the Song which immediately precedes it.

Than see you thus inconstant fly,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And leave me to th' insulting crew,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Of Whigs to mock for trusting you,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Tho', Jenny, I my leave maun take,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
I never will my love forsake,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
Be now content, no more repine,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
The Prince shall reign, and ye's be mine,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

While thus abandon'd to my smart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To one more fair you'll give your heart,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And what still gives me greater pain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Death may for ever you detain,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

None else shall ever have a share,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
But you and honour, of my care,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
And death no terror e'er can bring,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
While I am fighting for my king,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,

Ere aught your manly courage shake,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
My fondness shall no more control,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Your gen'rous and heroic soul,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Your charms, your sense, your noble mind,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
Would make the most abandoned kind,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie :
For you and Prince I'll freely fight,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie,
No object else can give delight,
Bonnie lassie, Lowland lassie.

Go, for yourself procure renown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And for your lawful king his crown,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
And, when victorious, you shall find,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
A Jenny constant to your mind,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.*

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL ! Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle
array !

* This beautiful modern poem, by the author of the Pleasures of Hope, is inserted here, chiefly for the purpose of introducing the unfortunate hero of it to the notice of the reader. Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, in 1745, and de-

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
crown:

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the
plain. [of war,

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightening
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall
await, [gate.

Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

scended from ancestors distinguished in their own sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked,—the enterprise of the young Chevalier. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borradaile, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house, (Cameron of Fassavern) and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassavern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reason in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassavern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgement, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this pro-

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn!

posal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who (my father has often told me) was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes; but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the desperate adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support, was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of
the north? [rode

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
blast, [cast?

Those embers, like stars from the firmament
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to
burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood, [brood.
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my
clan: [one!
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are

knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, "Will you assist me?" "I will, I will," said Ronald, "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."

They are true to the last of their blood and
their breath, [death.

And like reapers descend to the harvest of
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the
shock !

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on
the rock !

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal.
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds, that bark for thy fugi-
tive king.

Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !

Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from
my sight : [flight !

Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests, and cover his
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on
the moors ;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ;
But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.

Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, for-
lorn, [torn ?

Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and

Ah no ! for a darker departure is near ;
 The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;
 His death-bell is tolling ; oh ! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his bloom-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases
 to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale —

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the
 tale :

For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed
 in their gore, [shore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of
 fame.

 NOW CHARLES ASSERTS HIS FATHER'S RIGHT.*

Now Charles asserts his father's right,
 And thus establishes his own,

* From the general strain of this production, it would appear to have been written immediately after the battle of Prestonpans. The Chevalier's partizans must then have been exceedingly sanguine of

Braving the dangers of the fight,
 To cleave a passage to the throne.
 The Scots regain their ancient fame,
 And well their faith and valour show,
 Supporting their young hero's claim
 Against a pow'rful rebel foe.

The God of battle shakes his arm,
 And makes the doubtful victory shine ;
 A panic dread their foes disarm :
 Who can oppose the will divine ?
 The rebels shall at length confess
 Th' undoubted justice of the claim,
 When lisping babes shall learn to bless
 The long-forgotten Stuart's name.

TURN THE BLUE BONNET WHA CAN.*

Now up wi' Donald, my ain brave Donald,
 It's up wi' Donald and a' his clan ;
 He's aff right early, awa wi' Charlie,
 Now turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.
 His arm is ready, his heart is steady, [drawn ;
 And that they'll find when his claymore's
 They'll flee frae its dint like the fire frae flint,
 Then turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

The tartan plaid it is waving wide,
 The pibroch's sounding up the glen,

success, since they were already beginning to give the title of "rebel foe" to their opponents.

* The title of this Song is ancient, but the words were first published in *Hogg's Relics*, set to the music of a very beautiful air. The Shepherd is doubtless the author of it himself, but it is so characteristic of Highland Jacobitism, that it is here appropriately associated with the originals of the olden time.

And I will tarry at Auchnacarry,
To see my Donald and a' his men.
And there I saw the king o' them a',
Was marching bonnily in the van;
And aye the spell o' the bagpipe's yell
Was, Turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can.

There's some will fight for siller and gowd,
And march to countries far awa;
They'll pierce the waefu' stranger's heart,
And never dream of honour or law.
Gie me the plaid and the tartan trews,
A plea that's just, a chief in the van,
To blink wi' his e'e, and cry "On wi' me!"
Deils, turn the blue bonnet wha can, wha can!

Hersel pe neiter slack nor slow,
Nor fear te face of Southron loon;
She ne'er pe stan' to fleech nor fawn,
Nor parley at a' wi' hims plack tragoon.
She just pe traw her trusty plade,
Like pettermost Highland shentleman;
And as she's platterin town te prae,
Tamn! turn her plue ponnet fa can, fa can!

WHA WADNA FIGHT FOR CHARLIE.*

WHA wadna fight for Charlie?
Wha wadna draw the sword?
Wha wadna up and rally,
At their royal prince's word?

* This is a good specimen of the enthusiasm which prevailed among the Jacobites, from the landing in Boradale, till the return of Charles's expedition into England. It was a short but brilliant and sanguine period of success. Among the singular events which

Think on Scotia's ancient heroes,
 Think on foreign foes repell'd,
 Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace.
 Wha the proud usurpers quell'd.

Wha wadna, &c.

Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors !

Rouse, ye heroes of the north !

Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,

'Tis your prince that leads you forth !

marked it, none of the least singular was the spirit displayed by some of the Highland ladies. In a preceding note, it has been mentioned that the wife of the Laird of Moy joined the Prince in opposition to her husband ; but the heroism of that lady was equalled if not surpassed by the famous Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessery, who not only promptly joined Charles with a body of men, but attended him afterwards in all his exploits. Miss Cameron, when she heard the news of the Prince's arrival, finding her nephew, the laird, a minor, and, at any rate, a youth of no capacity, immediately set about rousing the men to arms herself, and when a summons was sent by Lochiel to her nephew, she set off to Charles's headquarters, at the head of two hundred and fifty followers of the clan well armed. She herself was dressed in a sea green riding habit, with a scarlet lapell, trimmed with gold, her hair tied behind in loose buckles, with a velvet cap, and scarlet feathers : she rode on a bay gelding, decked with green furnishing, which was fringed with gold ; instead of a whip, she carried a naked sword in her hand, and in this equipage arrived at the camp. A female officer was a very extraordinary sight, and it being reported to the Prince, he went out of the lines to meet this supply. Miss Jenny rode up to him without the least symptom of embarrassment, gave him a soldier-like salute, and then addressed him in words to the following effect — " That as her nephew was not able to attend the royal standard, she had raised his men, and now brought them to his Highness ; that she believed them ready to hazard their lives in his cause, and though at present they were commanded by a woman, yet she hoped they had nothing womanish about them ; for she found, that so glorious a cause had raised in her breast every manly thought, and quite extinguished the woman ; what an effect then," added she, " must it have on those who have no feminine fear to combat, and are free from the incumbrance of female dress ? These men, Sir, are yours ; they have devoted themselves to your service ; they bring you hearts as well as hands : I can follow them no further, but I shall pray for your success." This address being over, she ordered her men to pass in review before the Chevalier, who expressed himself pleased with

Wha wadna, &c.

Shall we basely crouch to tyrants ?

Shall we own a foreign sway ?

Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,

While a stranger rules the day ?

Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing !

See Glengary and Lochiel !

See the brandish'd broad swords glancing !

Highland hearts are true as steel.

Wha wadna, &c.

Now our prince has rear'd his banner ;

Now triumphant is our cause ;

Now the Scottish lion rallies ;

Let us strike for prince and laws.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.*

'Twas on a Monday morning,

Right early in the year,

their appearance, but much more so with the gallantry of their female leader. He conducted her to his tent, and treated her in the most courteous manner. Her natural temper being extremely frank and open, she was as full of gaiety as a girl of fifteen. The Prince was, therefore, much delighted with her conversation, and while she continued in the camp, he spent many of his leisure hours with her. He used frequently to style her Colonel Cameron, and by that title she was often jocularly distinguished afterwards. She continued with the army till they marched into England, and joined it again in Annandale on its return ; and being in the battle fought on Falkirk-muir, she was there taken prisoner, and committed to the castle of Edinburgh. She afterwards got free, and was chosen guardian to her nephew as long as she lived.

* The air to which this song is sung being exceedingly beautiful, the combination of love, loyalty, and fine music, which it presents, made it a great favourite with all ranks. These are the original

That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As he was walking up the street,
The city for to view,
O there he spied a bonnie lass,
The window looking through.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Sae light's he jumped up the stair,
And tirl'd at the pin ;
And wha sae ready as hersel
To let the laddie in !
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

He set his Jenny on his knee,
All in his Highland dress ;
For brawly weel he kend the way
To please a bonnie lass.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

It's up yon heathery mountain,
And down yon scroggy glen,
We daurna gang a milking
For Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

verses ; but they are mere doggrel, and none of the modern versions appear to be much superior. Even the Ettrick Shepherd has failed in imitating this subject, and for one of the finest of tunes a set of good words is yet a desideratum.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.—*Second Set.**

'T WAS on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.
And Charlie he's my darling,
My darling, my darling,
And Charlie he's my darling,
The young Chevalier.

As Charlie he came up the gate,
His face shone like the day:
I grat to see the lad come back,
That had been lang away.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

And ilka bonnie lassie sang,
As to the door she ran,
Our king shall hae his ain again,
And Charlie is the man.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

Out-owre yon moory mountain,
And down yon craigy glen,
Of naething else our lasses sing,
But Charlie and his men.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

* This is the Ettrick Shepherd's version of the preceding Song. He says it was written at the request of a friend, who complained that the old original verses were not to his taste. It was thus a piece of task-work, and like every thing of that sort, but indifferently performed. Hogg's usual felicity of thought and expression seem to be wanting here. As is the case in the old Song, the air alone forms an apology for the words in this one.

Our Highland hearts are true and leal,
And glow without a stain;
Our Highland swords are metal keen,
And Charlie he's our ain.
And Charlie he's my darling, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.*

SIR JOHN COPE trode the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,
Until he landed at Dunbar,
Right early in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope are ye wauking yet?
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit?
O haste ye, get up, for the drums do beat:
O fye, Cope, rise in the morning!

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,
"Come fight me, Charlie, an ye daur;
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll give you a merry morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

* Although the words of this Song breathe little or nothing of the spirit of poetry, it has always been a favourite with every class of Scotsmen, from the peer to the peasant. Perhaps the signal nature of the engagement which it records, may have contributed to this, as the result was highly flattering to national vanity; but the tune, which is admirable when sung in good taste, has doubtless had the chief share in creating so much popularity. Hogg says, that he knows not any Song to which so many people are partial, and quotes the late Duke of Buccleugh as one of those whose predilection for it was extreme, and whom he had often heard sing it with infinite glee. As it is commemorative of the first important action that took place in 1745, the following particulars may not be unacceptable to the reader. When Charles landed in Lochaber, Sir John Cope was Commander-in-Chief for Scotland. After the fact of the Prince's arrival was ascertained by Government, that officer received orders to assemble all the regular troops and to march against him without loss of time, that the enterprise might, if possible, be crushed in its

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"So heaven restore to me my own,
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Cope swore with many a bloody word,
That he would fight them gun and sword,
But he fled frae his nest like a weel-scar'd bird,
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John march'd in to Preston town,
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

birth. Sir John accordingly concentrated at Stirling all the disposable force he could muster, and then marched to the North; but, in the meantime, the Prince's force had acquired considerable strength, and was in possession of the mountain of Coryarrak, on the road to Fort Augustus, which was thus rendered impracticable to the King's troops, without the risque of their being cut to pieces. Cope, on hearing this, altered his route, and at Blarigg Beg took the road to Inverness. The Prince and his followers then made their way across the mountains, and reached Edinburgh without any impediment, where he took up his abode in the Palace of his ancestors. When this news reached Cope in the North, he immediately shipped his troops at Aberdeen; and, after a few days sail, arrived at Dunbar, where he landed, and afterwards pushed on to Haddington, which was at no great distance from the Highland camp. In this neighbourhood, at the village of Prestonpans, Cope also encamped: and, in less than two days afterwards, he was attacked and totally routed by the Chevalier. The night before the battle, both armies lay upon their arms. Cope's force amounted to about 2500 men. The Prince's was nearly the same in point of numbers, but they were very indifferently armed. As the morning broke, the latter were discovered drawn up in order of battle, and advancing to the attack. The right wing was led on by the Duke of Perth, and consisted of the regiments of Clan Ronald, Keppoch, Glengary, and Glencoe. The left by Lord George Murray, consisting of the Camerons, under Lochiel, the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardshiell, a body of the Macgregors, under Glencairneg, and the Duke of Perth's men, under Major

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

On the morrow when he did rise,
He look'd between him and the skies ;
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,
Which fear'd him in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man of war ;
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

James Drummond. " Nothing," says an eye-witness, " could parallel the celerity with which the Highlanders obeyed the signal to form and attack, except perhaps the courage and ardour with which they afterwards fought. Pulling off their bonnets, and looking up to heaven, they ejaculated a short prayer, and then rushed forward. At this moment, Cope's artillery began to play furiously upon them, and they received also the full fire of the dragoons on right and left ; but their impetuosity was irresistible. Pressing furiously on, they first discharged and threw down their muskets ; then drawing their broad swords, with a hideous shout they rushed upon the enemy, and in less than ten minutes, both horse and foot were totally overthrown, and driven from the field." According to the Chevalier Johnstone, who was Aid-de-Camp to the Prince, the battle was gained with such rapidity that it seemed the effect of magic. " The panic which seized the English," says he, " surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves by their fears of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men, in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken entire possession of their minds. I saw a young highlander, about fourteen years of age, scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true ? ' I do not know,' replied he, ' if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword.' Another highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
 Just as the deil had been his guide ;
 Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
 T' have foughten the boys in the morning.
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
 " O what's become of all your men ?"
 " In faith," says he, " I dinna ken ;
 I left them a' this morning."
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

whom he had made prisoners, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along a road between two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling out at the same time, " down with your arms." The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them, and then the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, made them do exactly as he pleased. The rage and despair of these men, on finding themselves made prisoners by a single individual, may easily be imagined. They were, however, the same English soldiers who had distinguished themselves at Dittengen and Fontenoy, and who might justly be ranked among the bravest troops of Europe." When the pursuit of the fugitives was over, the field of battle presented a spectacle of horror, for the killed all fell by the sword, and nothing was to be seen but heads, legs, arms, and mutilated bodies, scattered in every direction. About six or seven hundred of Cope's army were killed, and fifteen hundred were taken prisoners. Six field pieces, two mortars, with all the tents, baggage, and the military chest, fell into the hands of the victors. General Cope himself, by means of a white cockade, which he put in his hat, similar to that worn by the Prince's followers, passed through the middle of the Highlanders without being recognised, and escaped to England, where he was the first who communicated the news of his own defeat. The loss of the Highland army did not exceed forty private men and four officers killed, and about seventy of the former wounded. Signal and decisive as the victory was, the chief advantage which the Prince derived from it was the reputation which his army acquired in the outset ; which determined many of his partizans, who were yet wavering, to declare themselves openly in his favour. The arms of the vanquished, of which his army stood much in need, were also of great service to him. All the prisoners were carried to Edinburgh, but the officers were liberated on their parole—and the wounded were most carefully attended to. Charles returned to Edinburgh the day after the battle,

Says Lord Mark Car, "Ye are na blate,
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat,
I think you deserve the back o' the gate.
Get out o' my sight this morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.—*Second Set.*"

COPE sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning."

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come, follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

where he was received with the loudest acclamations by the populace; but as it was good policy to make a show of moderation, he prohibited all public rejoicings on account of his victory, since it had been purchased at the expense of the blood of his subjects. His army now increased every day, and soon amounted to upwards of five thousand men.

* Notwithstanding the scorn and ridicule which Cope appears to have incurred, there can be no doubt that he was an officer of considerable military skill, as well as of unquestionable courage. President Forbes, who had the direction of the Civil Affairs of Scotland at that period, and had the best means of knowing the characters of all the servants of government, uniformly gave Cope the credit of being one of the best English commanders employed in 1745. The position of the English army is described by the Chevalier Johnstone as having been admirably chosen, and but for the circumstance of the Highlanders having discovered a path across a marsh on its left, which was supposed to be every where impassable, their army could not

Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa like a frightened bird,
That's chas'd frae it's nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin;
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

have approached Cope's camp without the certainty of being cut to pieces. Their gaining this path through the marsh enabled them to take the English army by surprise, as it were, and to effect its discomfiture with very little loss to themselves. So silent was the approach of the Highlanders, and so little did Cope expect to be attacked, that in the morning's dusk he mistook their first line for bushes, when already formed in order of battle at the distance of two hundred paces. They were so close upon him that his cavalry had

“ I faith,” quo’ Johnnie, “ I got a fleg,
 Wi’ their claymores and philabegs ;
 If I face them again, deil break my legs !
 So I wish you a very gude morning.”
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

JOHNNIE COPE.—*Third Set.**

COPE sent a challenge from Dunbar,
 Saying, sir, come fight me, if you daur,
 If it be not by the chance of war,
 I’ll catch you all in the morning.

Charlie look’d the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Saying, ‘ Follow me, my merry men,
 And we’ll visit Cope in the morning.

‘ My merry men, come follow me,
 For now’s the time I’ll let you see,
 What a happy nation this will be,
 And we’ll visit Cope in the morning.’

’Tis Coppie, are you waking yet ?
 Or are you sleeping ? I would wit ;
 ’Tis a wonder when your drums do beat,
 It wakens na you in the morning.

no room to act, and the Highlanders cut and slashed at the noses of the horses with impunity.

* Cope seems to have grossly provoked the shafts of ridicule which have been levelled at him in these songs, for previous to the battle he was heard to talk lightly and contemptuously of the Prince’s force. There was also a good deal of vapouring among his officers. Of course the laugh was turned the more effectually against both him and them, when their overthrow was at once so easily and signally completed. Friends and foes seem to have united in making Sir John a butt after his defeat. His previous boasting, however, may in some measure account for it.

The Highland men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,
O when they saw the Highland lads,
They shook wi' fear like awkward squads,
And scour'd awa in the morning.

For all their bombs, and their bomb-shells,
When they saw the lads o' the hills,
They took to their heels like frightened wolves,
Pursued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland men with loud huzza,
Cried, Johnnie Cope, are you quite awa?
O bide a wee, and shake a paw,
And we'll give you a merry morning.

When Coppie went to Haddington,
They ask'd him where were all his men;
O, pox take me if I do ken,
For I left them all in the morning.

TRANENT MUIR.*

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:

* The engagement with Cope's army was indiscriminately called the Battle of Prestonpans, of Tranent Muir, and of Gladsmuir, from the names of the neighbouring villages or the field of battle itself. The author of this popular song called Trauent Muir, was a Mr Skirving.

While General Cope did taunt and mock,
 Wi' mony a loud huzza, man,*
 But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock.
 We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man ;
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man ;
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
 And soon did chace them aff, man ,
 On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and oons !
 They'd make the rebels run, man ; †
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man :
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror seiz'd them a', man ;
 Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
 And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
 And vow but they were crouse, man !
 Yet when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st.
 They were na worth a louse, man ;

a very respectable farmer near Haddington, and father to the late whimsical and celebrated painter of that name.

* When the royal army saw the Highlanders appear, the soldiers shouted with great vehemence, which was returned by the Highlanders.—*Home's History of the Rebellion.*

† In the march from Haddington to Preston, the officers of the royal army "assured the spectators, of whom no small number attended them, that there would be no battle; for, as the cavalry and infantry were joined, the Highlanders would not venture to wait the attack of so complete an army. Such was the tone of the army."—*Home.*

Maist feck gade hame ; O fy for shame !

They'd better staid awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Monteith* the great, when hersel shit,

Un'wares did ding him o'er, man ;
Yet wad na stand to bear a hand,
But aff fu' fast did scour, man ;
(O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man :
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag,
That bore him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson,† keen to clear the een

Of rebels far in wræig, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man ;
He turn'd his back, and in a crack,
Was cleanly out o' sight, man ;
And thought it best ; it was nae jest,
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang

But twa, and ane was ta'en, man ;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie‡ staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man ;

* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer ; who happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

† Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by dint of his pistols ; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belts.

‡ Mr Myrie was a student of physick, from Jamaica ; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broad-swords.

Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
Frae monie a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner* brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man ;
In courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man ;
For king and laws, and country's cause.
In honour's bed he lay, man ;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man ;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get monie a wound, man :
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man ;
To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man :
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont's to lie, man ;
The Teague is naught; he never faught
When he had room to flee, man.†

* James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse ; being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a Highlander, with a Lochaber axe.

† Burns relates the following anecdote of Lieutenant Smith, who "came to Haddington after the publication of this song, and sent a challenge to Skirving, the author, to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his

And Caddel drest, amang the rest,
 With gun and good claymore, man,
 On gelding grey he rode that day,
 With pistols set before, man ;
 The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
 Before that he would yield, man ;
 But the night before he left the core,
 And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
 Stood and bravely fought, man ;
 I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
 But mae down wi' him brought, man :
 At point of death, wi' his last breath,
 (Some standing round in ring, man,)
 On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
 And cried, " God save the king ! " man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
 Neglecting to pursue, man,
 About they fac'd, and in great haste
 Upon the booty flew, man ;
 And they, as gain, for all their pain,
 Are deck'd wi' spoils o' war, man ;
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell
 Was ne'er sae praw pefore, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Bewest the Meadow-Mill, man,
 There monie slain lay on the plain,
 The clans pursuing still, man.
 Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man ;

song.—' Gang awa back,' said the honest farmer, ' and tell Mr Smith that I have na leisure to come to Haddington ; but tell him to come here, and I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him ; and if no—I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa.' "

Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man ;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man ;
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man ;
But I wish ne'er to dree sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

GLADSMUIR.*

As over Gladsmuir's blood-stain'd field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew,
Her lifted spear and radiant shield
Conspicuous blazing to the view ;
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now re-assumed its first majestic air.

Such seen, as oft in battle warm,
She glow'd through many a martial age ;
Or mild to breathe the civil charm,
In pious plans and counsel sage :
For o'er the mingling glories of her face,
A manly greatness heighten'd female grace.

* William Hamilton of Bangour, the author of this production was of an ancient family in Ayrshire. He was liberally educated and his genius and delicate constitution seemed to mark him out for pacific pursuits alone, but he thought fit to join the standard of Prince Charles in 1745, celebrated the blaze of his success in this Song, and finally escaped to France, after much wandering and many hardships in the Highlands. He afterwards made his peace, however, with the Government, and came home to take possession of his paternal estate ; but the state of his health requiring a warmer

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,
Her voice the Power celestial rais'd,
While her victorious sons around,
In silent joy and wonder gaz'd.
The sacred Muses heard th' immortal lay,
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey :

" 'Tis done, my sons ! 'Tis nobly done !
Victorious over tyrant power :
How quick the race of fame was run !
The work of ages in one hour !
Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish
reigns,
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

" But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,
A prey to each insulting foe,
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,
To vent in solitude my woe.
Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd,
Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

" What arm has this deliverance wrought ?
'Tis he ! The gallant youth appears !
O warm in fields, and cool in thought,
Beyond the slow advance of years,
Haste, let me, rescued now from future harms,
Strain close thy filial virtue in my arms.

" Early I nurs'd this royal youth,
Ah ! ill detain'd on foreign shores ;

climate, he returned to the Continent, where he continued to reside, till a slow consumption carried him off at Lyons, in his 50th year. Hamilton had considerable merit as a Poet ; but this composition is rather an overstrained effort of his muse. Hogg may well be forgiven for saying that he " does na like it ava, because it's far owre sublime !"

I form'd his mind with love of truth,
With fortitude and wisdom's stores ;
For when a noble action is decreed,
Heaven forms the hero for the destin'd deed.

“ Nor could the soft seducing charms
Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil
E'er quench his noble thirst for arms,
Of generous deeds, and honest toil.
Fir'd with the love a country's love imparts,
He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.

“ With him I plough'd the stormy main,
My breath inspir'd th' auspicious gale :
Reserv'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,
Through dangers wing'd his daring sail ;
Where, firm'd with inborn worth, he durst op-
His single valour to a host of foes. [pose

“ He came, he spoke, and all around
As swift as heaven's quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame :
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

“ Rouse, England, rouse ! Fame's noblest
son,
In all thy ancient splendour shine !
If I the glorious work begun,
O let the crowning palm be thine !
I bring a prince, for such is Heaven's decree,
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

“ So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,
While plenty crowns the smiling plain

And industry, fair child of peace,
Shall in each crowded city reign.
So shall these happy realms for ever prove
The sweets of union, liberty, and love."

THE BONNIE HIGHLAND LADDIE.*

OUR gallant prince is now come hame
To Scotland, to proclaim his daddie :
May Heav'n protect the royal name
Of Stuart, and the tartan plaidie !
O my bonnie Highland laddie,
My handsome, charming Highland laddie !
May Heaven still guard, and him reward,
Wi's bonnet blue and tartan plaidie !

When first he landed on our strand,
The gracefu' looks o' that brave laddie,
Made every Highland heart to warm,
And lang to wear the tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

When Geordie heard the news belyve,
That he was come before his daddie,
He thirty thousand pounds would give,
To catch him in his tartan plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

* The first intelligence of Charles's arrival was not credited by the lords of the regency, who even suspected the integrity of those by whom it was conveyed. But they were soon seriously alarmed when they learned that the information was true. A courier was dispatched to Holland to hasten the return of King George, who arrived in England about the latter end of August, and a proclamation was issued, offering a reward of L.30,000 to any one who should take Prince Charles either dead or alive. This proclamation was counter-vailed by another from Prince Charles offering the like sum for

But Geordie kend the better way,
 To stay at hame wi' his braw lady,
 Wha canna fight, he needs must pay,
 To ward the glent o' Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

He sent John Cope unto the north,
 Wi' a' his men for battle ready;
 But Charlie bauldly sallied forth,
 Wi' bonnet blue and belted plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Cope rade a race to Inverness,
 And fand the prince gane south already.
 Like lion bold, all uncontroll'd,
 Wi' belt and brand, and tartan plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

securing the person of King George; of which the following is a literal copy:—

"Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

"Whereas we have seen a scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under the pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor King Charles I. of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling, promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies; we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt. And though, from our nature and principles, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize and secure, till our farther orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landing, or attempting to land, in any part of his majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

"CHARLES, P. R.

"Given in our camp, at Kinlocheill, August the 22d, 1745.

"By his Highness's command,

"JO. MURRAY."

Cope turn'd the chase, and left the place ;
The Lothians was the next land ready ;
And then he swore that at Gladsmuir
He wad disgrace the Highland plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

Says he, " My lads, I tell you true,
I'm sorry that they're sae unready ;
Small is the task we have to do,
To catch this rebel in his plaidie." *
O my bonnie, &c.

The prince he rose by break of day,
And blythely was he buskit ready.
" Let's march," said he ; " Cope langts to see
The bonnet blue and belted plaidie."
O my bonnie, &c.

They were na slack, nae flinching back ;
In rank and file they marched steady ;
For they were bent, with one consent,
To fight for him that wore the plaidie.
O my bonnie, &c.

But soon John Cope cried to his men,
" For gudesake turn, ye dogs, and speed ye,
And let each man 'scape as he can.
The deil confound the tartan plaidie !"
O my bonnie, &c.

* Among other boasting speeches ascribed to Cope, the following is said to have been addressed by him to his army the day before the battle. ' Gentlemen, you are about to fight with a parcel of rabble, a small number of Highlanders, a parcel of brutes. You can expect no booty from such a poor despicable pack. But I have authority to declare that you shall have eight full hours plunder and pillage of Edinburgh, Leith, and suburbs, (the places which harboured and succoured them) at your discretion with impunity.' The popular belief in Cope's arrogance in this way, no doubt gave rise to the

Some rade on horse, some ran on foot ;
 Their heels were light, their heads were giddy :
 But, late or air, they'll lang nae mair
 To meet the lad wi' the Highland plaidie.
 O my bonnie, &c.

Now, where is Cope, wi' a' his brag ?
 Say, is the craven gane already ?
 O leeze me on my bonnie lad,
 His bonnet blue and belted plaidie !
 O my bonnie, &c.

BY THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY KIRK WALL.*

By the side of a country kirk wall,
 A sullen Whig minister stood,
 Enclos'd in an old soaken stall,
 Apart from the rest of the crowd.
 His hat was hung high on a pin,
 With the cocks so devoutly display'd ;
 And the cloak that conceal'd ev'ry sin
 On the pulpit was carefully spread.

In pews and in benches below
 The people were variously plac'd ;
 Some attentively gaz'd at the show,
 Some loll'd like blythe friends at a feast.

satirical strain in which every thing regarding him was afterwards said or sung.

* This is a satire on the Rev. Mr Forbes of Pitney-Cadell, minister of Old Deer. It at the same time serves to illustrate in some degree the share which the clergy took in the politics of that period, as does also the following anecdote: After the battle of Preston, and while Prince Charles was residing at Holyrood-House, some of the Presbyterian clergy continued to preach in the churches of that city, and publicly prayed for King George, without suffering the least punishment or molestation. One minister in particular, of the

With a volley of coughs and of sighs,
A harsh noisy murmur was made,
While Pitney threw up both his eyes,
And thus he began to his trade :

“ My dearly beloved,” quoth he,
“ Our religion is now at a stand ;
The Pretender’s come over the sea,
And his troops are disturbing our land.
The Papists will sing their old song,
And burn all our Bibles with fire,
And we shall be banish’d ere long ;
’Tis all that the Tories desire.

“ They’ll tell you he’s Protestant bred,
And he’ll guard your religion and laws ;
But, believe me, whate’er may be said,
He’s a foe to the Whigs and their cause.
May thick darkness, as black as the night,
Surround each rebellious pate !
And confusion to all that will fight
In defence of that dastardly brat !

“ Our kirks, which we’ve long time enjoy’d,
Will be fill’d with dull rogues in their gowns,
And our stipends will then be employ’d
On fellows that treat us like clowns.
Their bishops, their deans, and the rest
Of the pope’s antichristian crew
Will be then of our livings possest,
And they’ll lord it o’er us and o’er you.

name of MacVicar, being solicited by some Highlanders to pray for their prince, promised to comply with their request, and performed his promise in words to this effect : “ And as for the young prince, who has come hither in quest of an earthly crown, grant, O Lord, that he may speedily receive a crown of glory.”

“ Instead of a sleep in your pews,
You'll be vex'd with repeating the creed ;
You'll be dunn'd and demurr'd with their news,
If this their damn'd project succeed.
Their mass and their set forms of prayer
Will then in our pulpits take place :
We must kneel till our breeches are bare,
And stand at the glore and the grace.

“ Let us rise like true Whigs in a band,
As our fathers have oft done before,
And slay all the Tories off hand,
And we shall be quiet once more.
But before he accomplish his hopes,
May the thunder and lightning come down ;
And though Cope could not vanquish his troops,
May the clouds keep him back from the
throne !”

Thus when he had ended his task,
With the sigh of a heavenly tone,
The precentor got up in his desk,
And sounded his musical drone.
Now the hat is ta'en down from the pin,
And the cloak o'er the shoulders is cast ;
The people throng out with a din,
The devil take him that is last !

TO YOUR ARMS, MY BONNIE HIGHLAND LADS.*

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie High-
land lads ! [the drum !
To your arms, to your arms, at the touk of

* This is a mere street song, but written with considerable spirit and obviously well adapted to excite the rabblement. Hogg says he

The battle trumpet sounds, put on your white
cockades,

For Charlie, the great prince regent, is come.
There is not the man in a' our clan,

That would nuckle to the lad that is five feet
ten; [pipe

And the tune that we strike on the tabor and
Is "The king shall enjoy his own again."

To your arms, to your arms! Charlie yet shall
be our king!

To your arms, all ye lads that are loyal and
true! [can ding,

To your arms, to your arms! His valour name
And he's on to the south wi' a jovial crew.

Good luck to the lads that wear the tartan plaids!
Success to Charlie and a' his train!

The right and the wrang they a' shall ken ere
lang,

And the king shall enjoy his own again.

The battle of Gladsmuir it was a noble stour,
And weel do we ken that our young prince
wan; [tartan plaids,

The gallant Lowland lads, when they saw the
Wheel'd round to the right, and away they ran:

For Master Johnnie Cope, being destitute of
hope,

Took horse for his life, and left his men;
In their arms he put no trust, for he knew it
was just

That the king should enjoy his own again.

took it from the mouth of old Lizzy Lamb, a cottager at Ladhope on
Yarrow, and thinks it must have been composed to the tune of
"The King shall enjoy his own again."

To your arms, to your arms, my bonnie Highland lads !

We winna brook the rule o' a German thing.
To your arms, to your arms, wi' your bonnets
and your plaids !

And hey for Charlie, and our ain true king !
Good luck shall be the fa' o' the lad that's awa,

The lad whose honour never yet knew stain :
The wrang shall gae down, the king get the
crown,

And ilka honest man his own again.

THE MAYOR OF CARLISLE.*

YE warlike men, with tongue and pen,

Who boast such loud bravadoes,
And swear you'll tame, with sword and flame,

The Highland desperadoes,
Attend my verse, while I rehearse

Your modern deeds of glory,
And tell how Cope, the nation's hope,
Did beat the rebel Tory.

* Prince Charles having collected about five thousand men, resolved to make an irruption into England, which he accordingly entered by the west border on the sixth day of November. Carlisle was invested, and in less than three days surrendered: the keys were delivered to him at Brampton, by the mayor (Pattison) and aldermen on their knees. Here he found a considerable quantity of arms: his father was proclaimed King of Great Britain, and himself regent, by the magistrates in their formalities. General Wade being apprised of his progress, decamped from Newcastle and advanced across the country as far as Hexham, though the fields were covered with snow, and the roads almost impassable. There he received intelligence that Carlisle was reduced, and forthwith returned to his former station. The principal persons in the Prince's army were, the Duke of Perth, general; Lord George Murray, lieutenant-general; Lord Elcho, son to the Earl of Wemyss, colonel of the life-guards; the Earl of Kilmarnock, colonel of a regiment mounted and accoutred as hussars; Lord Pittsligo, general of the horse; the Lords Nairn, Ogilvie, Dundee,

With sword and targe, in dreadful rage,
The mountain lads descended;
They cut and hack, alack ! alack !
The battle soon was ended,
And happy he who first could flee :
Both soldiers and commanders
Swore, in a fright, they'd rather fight
In Germany or Flanders.

Some lost their wits, some fell in fits,
Some stuck in bogs and ditches ;
Sir John, aghast, like lightning past,
Degrading sore his breeches.
The blue-cap lads, with balted plaids,
Syne scamper'd o'er the Border,
And bold Carlisle, in noble style,
Obey'd their leader's order.

O Pattison ! ohon ! ohon !
Thou wonder of a mayor !
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And bluster'd like a player.
What hast thou done with sword or gun
To baffle the Pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
Thou much more fit defender !

and Balmerino; Messrs Sheridan and Sullivan, Irish gentlemen; General M'Donald, his aid-de-camp; and John Murray of Broughton, Esq. his secretary. Prince Charles, however, on advancing farther into the country, found himself miserably disappointed in his expectations of aid from the Jacobites of England. Except a few of the common people of Manchester, not a soul appeared in his behalf. He therefore called a council at Derby, in which, after many warm debates, it was at length resolved to measure back the route by which they had advanced, and return to Scotland without delay. This they accomplished in a very masterly manner, though betwixt two hostile armies, the one under the duke of Cumberland, and the other under General Wade. Notwithstanding the excessive cold, hunger, and fatigue to which they must have been exposed during such a march

O front of brass, and brain of ass
 With heart of hare compounded !
 How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
 And all thy pride confounded !
 Thou need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave
 Thy kindred or thy favour ;
 Thy wretched race can give no grace,
 No glory thy behaviour.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK MUIR.*

Up and rin awa, Hawley,
 Up and rin awa, Hawley ;
 The philabegs are coming down
 To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.
 Young Charlie's face, at Dunipace,
 Has gien your mou' a thraw, Hawley ;
 A blasting sight for bastard wight,
 The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

in the depth of winter, they left behind no sick, and lost very few stragglers ; but retired with deliberation, and carried off their cannon in the face of the enemy.

* After Prince Charles' army had crossed the border, on their return from England, he directed his march by the way of Dumfries to Glasgow, where he exacted heavy contributions, on account of its attachment to the existing government, for whose service it had raised a regiment of 900 men, under the command of the Earl of Home. He then advanced towards Stirling, when, being joined by Lord John Drummond with considerable reinforcements, he invested the castle commanded by General Blakeney. In their operations here, however, very little progress was made, and it was soon learned that General Hawley, who had succeeded Cope in the command of the Government forces in Scotland, was approaching from Edinburgh with a view to relieve Stirling Castle. This intelligence was received on the 13th of January, while the Highland army was cantoned about Bannockburn. Next day Hawley's army arrived at Falkirk, and it was instantly resolved by the Prince to attack it. On the 17th, every thing was in readiness, and the Highlanders began their march in two columns, and had forded the Carron, within three miles of the

Gae dight your face, and turn the chase,
 For fierce the wind does blaw, Hawley ;
 And Highland Geordie's at your tail,
 Wi' Drummond, Perth, and a', Hawley.
 Had ye but staid wi' lady's maid
 An hour, or maybe twa, Hawley,
 Your bacon bouk and bastard snout,
 Ye might hae sav'd them a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Whene'er you saw the bonnets blue
 Down frae the Torwood draw, Hawley,
 A wisp in need did you bestead,
 Perhaps you needed twa, Hawley.
 And General Husk, that battle-busk,
 The prince o' warriors a', Hawley,
 With whip and spur he cross'd the furr,
 As fast as he could ca', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

I hae but just ae word to say,
 And ye maun hear it a', Hawley ;

English camp, before their intention was discovered. Such was Hawley's obstinacy, self-conceit, or contempt of his enemy, that he slighted the repeated intelligence he had received of their motions and designs, in the firm belief that they durst not hazard an engagement. He was very soon convinced of his mistake. The Highlanders advanced, and attacked with the same impetuosity as at Prestonpans. The royal army, after one irregular discharge, turned their backs, and fled in the utmost consternation. In all probability, few or none of them would have escaped, had not General Huske, and Brigadier Cholmondely rallied part of some regiments and made a stand, which favoured the retreat of the rest to Falkirk, from whence they retired in confusion to Edinburgh, leaving possession of the field of battle, and part of their tents and artillery to the enemy. This song is ludicrously commemorative of the battle, and is exceedingly severe on General Hawley, who was reputed to be a natural son of King George. By "Highland Geordie," is meant the Lord George Murray, who that day led the Prince's troops to the attack with all his accustomed decision of bravery. The air of the song is obviously the popular one of "*Up and raur them a', Willie.*"

We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
 And nae to hunt ava, Hawley.
 When we came down aboon the town,
 And saw nae faes at a', Hawley,
 We couldna, sooth ! believe the truth,
 That ye had left us a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

Nae man bedeen believ'd his een,
 Till your brave back he saw, Hawley,
 That bastard brat o' foreign cat
 Had neither pluck nor paw, Hawley.
 We didna ken but ye were men
 Wha fight for foreign law, Hawley.
 Gae fill your wame wi' brose at hame,
 It fits you best of a', Hawley.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

The very frown o' Highland loon,
 It gart you drap the jaw, Hawley,
 It happ'd the face of a' disgrace,
 And sicken'd Southron maw, Hawley.
 The very gleam o' Highland flame,
 It pat ye in a thaw, Hawley.
 Gae back and kiss your daddie's miss ;
 Ye're nought but cowards a', Hawley.
 Up and scour awa, Hawley,
 Up and scour awa, Hawley ;
 The Highland dirk is at your doup,
 And that's the Highland law, Hawley.

THE HIGHLANDMEN CAME DOWN THE HILL.*

THE Highlandmen came down the hill,
 And owre the knowe wi' right gude will ;
 Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
 For wow but they were braw, man !

* The ease with which the government army was overcome by the

They had three gen'ral's o' the best,
 Wi' lairds, and lords, and a' the rest,
 Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
 And couldna rin awa, man.

The Highlandmen are savage loons,
 Wi' barkit houghs and burly crowns;
 They canna stand the thunder-stoun's
 Of heroes bred wi' care, man—

Highlanders at Falkirk-muir, is well described in this popular rant. Although the latter fought with their usual intrepidity, they did not follow up the advantage which the panic of their adversaries afforded them, from a notion that so sudden a flight was only a *ruse de guerre*, and that they should have the brunt of the battle to sustain at the bottom of the field. Under this apprehension they marched on with more caution than they were accustomed to show on such occasions, and when they reached the camp and found it deserted, they looked to one another with astonishment, often repeating the question in Gaelic, "Where's the men, where the devil have they gone?" All the accounts which have been published of this battle demonstrate that egregious mistakes were committed by the commanders on both sides. Hawley's troops fled when there was no need for it, and continued their flight after they might have rallied with ease, and in all likelihood regained the honour of the field. The Highland commanders on the other hand, seem to have been dumbfounded with their own success; and actually did not know that they had gained the battle till it was too late to follow it up by a pursuit and total rout of their enemy. The following graphic particulars have been detailed by an eye-witness in the Prince's army:—"As our army advanced upon the English lines, a body of eleven hundred cavalry came down upon our right, and did not halt till they were within twenty paces of our first line to induce us to fire. The Highlanders, who had been admonished to reserve their fire till the enemy was within musket length of them, the moment the cavalry halted, discharged their muskets, and killed about eighty men, each of them having aimed at a rider. The commander of this body of cavalry, who had advanced some paces before his men, was of the number. The cavalry closing their ranks, which were opened by our discharge, put spurs to their horses, and rushed upon us at a hard trot, breaking our ranks, throwing down every thing before them, and trampling the Highlanders under the feet of their horses. A most singular and extraordinary combat immediately followed. Such of the Highlanders as were thrown down and not quite disabled, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses; some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down, and stabbed them with their dirks; several again used their pistols; but few of them had sufficient space

Of men that are their country's stay,
These Whiggish braggarts of a day.
The Highlandmen came down the brae,
The heroes were not there, man.

Says brave Lochiel, "Pray, have we won?
I see no troop, I hear no gun."
Says Drummond, "Faith, the battle's done,
I know not how nor why, man.
But, my good lords, this thing I crave,
Have we defeat these heroes brave?"
Says Murray, "I believe we have:
If not, we're here to try, man."

to handle their swords. Macdonald of Clan-Ronald, whilst lying upon the ground under a dead horse which had fallen upon him, without the power of extricating himself, saw a dismounted horseman struggling with a Highlander; "Fortunately," said he, "the Highlander being the strongest, threw his antagonist, and having killed him with his dirk, he came and drew me with difficulty from under the horse." At this point the resistance of the Highlanders was so incredibly obstinate, that the English, after being for some time engaged pell-mell with them in their ranks, were at length forced to retire. The Highlanders did not neglect this advantage, but pursued them keenly with their swords, running as fast as their horses, and not allowing them a moment's time to rally. The English cavalry were thus driven back upon their own infantry, which were consequently thrown into disorder, and a panic flight immediately ensued of the whole of their left wing. The Clan Cameron having at this moment made an attack upon the English right, where there were only infantry, put it also to flight; but the Highlanders, when descending the hill in pursuit of the enemy, received on their left flank, a discharge from three regiments placed in a hollow at the foot of the hill, which they did not perceive till the moment they received their fire, which greatly incommoded them. Mr. John Roy Stuart, an officer in the service of France, afraid lest this might be an ambuscade laid for us by the English, called out to the Highlanders to stop the pursuit; and the cry of "stop" flew instantly from rank to rank, and threw our whole army into disorder. Nevertheless, the enemy continued their retreat, and the three regiments at the foot of the hill followed the rest. Fortunately they did not perceive the disorder into which our ranks had thus been thrown, and of which Colonel Roy Stuart, by excessive caution, was the only and innocent cause. The Highlanders were in complete disorder, dispersed here and there, and the different clans mingled pell-mell together, while a storm of wind and rain, and the obscurity of night fall, added every moment to the confusion.

But tried they up, or tried they down,
There was no foe in Falkirk town,
Nor yet in a' the country roun',
 To break a sword at a', man.
They were sae bauld at break o' day,
When tow'rd the west they took their way;
But the Highlandmen came down the brae,
 And made the dogs to blaw, man.

A tyke is but a tyke at best,
A coward ne'er will stand the test,
And Whigs at morn wha cock'd the crest,
 Or e'en had got a fa', man.
O wae befa' these northern lads,
Wi' their braid-swords and white cockades!
They lend sic hard and heavy blads,
 Our Whigs nae mair can crawl, man.

Although we had no reason for believing that we had lost the battle, as the English army had retreated; yet the pursuit being so suddenly stopped, every body was at a loss to guess at the real state of matters, and all was suspense and doubt, till about eight o'clock in the evening, when it was rumoured that Hawley and his whole army were flying in disorder on the great road to Edinburgh. Lord Kilmarnock was the first who discovered their flight. Being well acquainted with the nature of the ground, as a part of his estates lay in that neighbourhood, he was sent by the Prince to reconnoitre the enemy in their retreat, and having crossed the country through bye-paths and fields beyond the town of Falkirk, he then saw the English army panic-struck, and flying in the greatest disorder, as fast as their legs could carry them. When his lordship returned and communicated this to the Prince, the enemy's camp and all their tents and baggage were soon in possession of the Highlanders. The English lost about 500 killed, and 700 prisoners. The loss of killed and wounded in the Highland army did not exceed one hundred and thirty men. In their flight the English took one prisoner in a very singular manner. Mr Macdonald, a major of one of the Macdonald regiments, having dismounted an English officer, took possession of his horse, which was a very beautiful animal, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled, the horse ran off with the unfortunate Mr. Macdonald, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him; nor could the animal be stopped till they reached the head of the regiment, of which, apparently, its master was the commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous, figure which the poor Highland major

GOD PROSPER OUR KING. *

God prosper our king, and the king's noble sons !
 May their praises resound from the mouths of
 their guns,
 Till rebellion and all civil discord shall cease,
 And these realms be restor'd to a flourishing
 peace. [has made,
 How this war first began, and the progress 't
 Has never been sung, tho' 't has often been said ;
 Yet great deeds to record to great poets belongs,
 As Homer and Virgil set forth in their songs.

The Scots, as the Swiss, making fighting a trade,
 (For ever betraying, for ever betray'd,)
 Like the frogs, sick of Log, choose a king of
 their own : [the bone.
 Twill ne'er out of the flesh what is bred in
 From Rome a young hero, well known, they
 invite [right :
 To accept of a crown which he claims as his
 In city and town they their monarch proclaim,
 And their old king and new king are one and
 the same.

would cut, when he thus saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, may be more easily conceived than described. It ultimately cost him his life upon a scaffold."

* This is a sort of mongrel squib levelled at both parties, though the writer evidently leans to the side of the Jacobites. The concluding verses refer to the state of matters immediately posterior to the battle of Falkirk muir. Instead of advancing to Edinburgh and availing themselves of the panic terror which had seized the English, to cut off the small force of 4000 men, which was all that Hawley could muster out of his original army of 13000, after his retreat, Prince Charles, under the advice of a foolish French engineer, of the name of Mirabelle wasted his time and the spirit of his troops in attempting to reduce Stirling castle. The chevalier Johnstone, in his memoirs, is bitterly sarcastic on the subject of this siege, and justly ascribes to it all the disasters that subsequently befel the Highland army. Three weeks were

When these tidings reach'd England, three chief-
 tains they chose,
 Rebellion to rout, and its progress oppose ;
 But first, second, and third, were all struck with
 dismay :
 Thrice happy the man who could first run away.
 Now great preparations proclaim their great
 fears ; [dears.
 The militia, the Dutch, the troops rais'd by the
 They associate, subscribe, fast, vote, and address,
 For you know loyal subjects can do nothing less.

Horse, foot, and dragoons, from lost Flanders
 they call,
 With Hessians and Danes, and the devil and all,
 The hunters and rangers, led by Oglethorpe,
 And the church, at the bum of the bishop of
 York.
 And, pray, who so fit to lead forth this parade,
 As the babe of Tangier, my old grandmother
 Wade ? [so slow,
 Whose cunning's so quick, but whose motion's
 That the rebels march'd on, while he stuck in
 the snow.

wasted in forming a masqued battery, which was no sooner opened than it was destroyed by the guns of the castle. And just when the undertaking was discovered to be utterly useless, the Prince ascertained that not only had Edinburgh served as a rallying point for Hawley's fugitives, who had nearly all rejoined their colours, but that the Duke of Cumberland had arrived there with such reinforcements as would enable the government immediately to take the field again with overwhelming effect. Prince Charles at first resolved to march against the Duke, and reviewed the Highlanders at Bannockburn with that intention ; but finding that great numbers of the different clansmen were missing, whom his long stay at Stirling, and the proximity of their own country had induced to return home, to secure their booty, he was reluctantly forced to retreat, and to abandon all his artillery, with the exception of a few field pieces. " Thus," says Johnstone, " to our eternal shame, we fled with precipitation, from the same army which we had completely beaten sixteen days before. The absurd wish to

Poor London, alas! is scar'd out of its wits
 With arms and alarms, as sad soldiers as cits;
 Sure of dying by inches, whatever cause thrives,
 Since by parting with money they part with
 their lives.

But the genius of Britain appears in the duke,
 Their courage to raise, and their fears to rebuke:
 He march'd day and night till he got to the rear,
 And then sent us word he had nothing to fear.

All night, under arms, the brave duke kept his
 ground,

But the devil a rebel was there to be found:
 Then the foot got on horseback, the news give
 account; [mount.

But that would not do, so the horsemen dis-
 A fierce fight then ensu'd by a sort of owl-light,
 Where none got the day, because it was night,
 And so dark, that the truth on't we never shall
 get,

Unless 'tis clear'd up by another gazette.

Ancore! Now let's have th' other touch of the
 song,

For singing can ne'er put things in the wrong.
 See, ha! how the rebels run off from Carlisle!
 Our duke takes a snuff, and must stop for a
 while.

possess an insignificant castle, which could be of no real utility to us, produced a series of effects which ruined the Prince's enterprise, and brought a great number of his partizans to the scaffold." The Highland army accordingly left Stirling on the 21st January, and marched for Inverness. On the morning of their retreat the church of St. Ninian's, where they had fifty barrels of powder deposited, blew up with a tremendous explosion, and amazed all the country round as if an earthquake had happened. The last verse of this song, however ludicrous, is truly prophetic of what afterwards occurred to the clans.

Now, that England is free, let the deil take the
Scots,
Who hate great Hanover, and hatch those
maim'd plots ;
The dirty posteriors of this our realm,
Who deserves to be rump'd by all those at the
helm.

Great William posts back to his royal papa,
And sends them down Hawley to hang them
up a'.
Brave Hawley advances to fight at Falkirk,
But a Jacobite storm sends him back with a jirk.
He lost but his cannon, his camp, and his men,
All which the brave duke can soon get again.
See, he comes in four days, he never will yield ;
Should the living run off, yet the dead keep the
field.

Now great Hawley led on, with great Husk at
his tail,
And the duke in the centre, this sure cannot
fail :
Horse, foot, and dragoons ; pell-mell, knock
them down ;
But, Gadzoons, where are they? Oh, damn them,
they're gone.
By a Harlequin trick the vile dogs ran away,
Fifty miles in a morning, to th' other side Tay ;
Then in their strong-holds they laugh us to
scorn.
Such scurvy damn'd usage is not to be borne.

'Tis true th' affair's over, the business is done,
But we've miss'd all our hacking and hewing
for fun,

At least for this bout ; for they'll soon be sur-
 rounded ;
 Then how will the French and the pope be
 confounded ? [Aberdeen,
 We must march then to Stirling, to Perth,
 And God knows where next, ere these scoun-
 drels be seen. [all ;
 Then pluck up your courage, brave Englishmen
 The Scots, as the weakest, must go to the wall.

Claymores long adieu, now your edge is un-
 steel'd ; [wield.
 Ye Camerons, no more you such weapons must
 The duke says the word, and the clans are un-
 done :
 When your mountains down tumble, ev'ry soul
 of you's gone.
 Then farewell M'Phersons, M'Flegs, and M'-
 Phuns, [Duns,
 M'Donalds, M'Drummonds, M'Devils, M'-
 M'Dotards, M'Wades, and M'Marches, M'-
 [Punns.
 M'Geordies, M'Yeltochs, M'Rumps, and M'-

ON BY MOSS AND MOUNTAIN GREEN.*

On by moss and mountain green,
 Let's buckle a', and on thegither,
 Down the burn, and through the dean,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.

* This Song is modern, but is inserted here as descriptive of the feelings of the Highlanders towards the Chevalier and his cause, even when fortune had obviously deserted him, and when his difficulties were daily accumulating after the retreat from Stirling to Inverness.

Owre the muir amang the heather,
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Whae'er flee, it winna be
The lads frae 'mang the hills o' heather.

Sound the trumpet, blaw the horn, .
Let ilka kilted clansman gather,
We maun up and ride the morn,
And leave the muir amang the heather.
Owre the muir, &c.

Young Charlie's sword is by his side,
Come weel, come woe, it maksna whether,
We'll follow him whate'er betide,
And leave the muir amang the heather.
Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel my native valley; thee
I'll never leave for ony ither;
But Charlie king of Scots maun be,
Or I'll lie low amang the heather.
Owre the muir, &c.

Fareweel a while, my auld cot-house,
When I come hame I'll big anither,
And wow but we will be right crouse
When Charlie rules our hills o' heather.
Owre the muir, &c.

Hark! the bagpipe sounds amain,
Gather, ilka leal man, gather,
These mountains are a' Charlie's ain,
These green-sward dells, an' muirs o' heather.
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Owre the muir amang the heather,
Wha wadna fight for Charlie's right,
To gie him back his hills o' heather?

THE APPEARANCE OF CROMWELL'S GHOST ON THE
EVE OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.*

"FROM whence, and why such impudence,
Thus boldly to appear,
And in our royal presence stand?

What message brought you here?"

"I'm one, great sir, of your own stamp,
My name I need not tell,
Since it is so well known on earth,
And all the nooks of hell.

"You've heard no doubt, of mighty Noll,†
Who kept the world in awe;

And made these very walls to shake,

Whose word was then a law.

I come express to you, great sir,

From our infernal cell,

Where your great dad,‡ and Nassau's prince,§

And Walpole,¶ greet you well.

"With mighty news I fraughted come,

Here is a full detail,

Which Grosset brought express this night

Straight from the field to hell.

It much exceeds the power of words,

Or painting to describe

What change these news made on the looks

Of all our scorched tribe.

* This is a bitter explosion of Jacobite ill humour. The writer must have been a keen high church and tory partizan, since his spleen appears to have been directed as much against the dead as the living.

† Oliver Cromwell.

‡ George I.

§ King William.

¶ Sir Robert Walpole, (Earl of Orford,) prime minister to George I. and II.

" Such a procession, Pluto owns,
 He never saw before,
 What crowds of kings, and mitred heads,
 But of usurpers more.
 Your dad and Nassau first appear'd,
 Clad in their royal buff,
 And loyal Sarum,* next advanced
 With his well singed ruff.

" Then Calvin and Hugh Peters† they
 Joined Luther and John Knox;
 And Bradshaw‡ with his loyal bench,
 A set of godly folks.
 And I was station'd in the rear,
 By right and due my post;
 Where Whigs and Independents made
 A most prodigious host.

* Bishop Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643, and educated at Aberdeen. In 1664, he went to Holland; and on his return was presented to the living of Saltoun. He was afterwards appointed divinity professor in Glasgow, and was employed in writing Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton. At the accession of James II. he went abroad, and settled in Holland. James applied to the States to give him up; but Burnet having married a *Dutch lady*, was considered a citizen, and the demand refused. He accompanied the Prince of Orange to England, and was made Bishop of Salisbury, where he continued till his death in 1715. There are many poetical philippics against him extant, of which the Song here given may be deemed a sufficient specimen.

† Hugh Peters was born at Fowey, in Cornwall, in 1599, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, from whence he was expelled for irregular behaviour. He afterwards went on the Stage, where he acquired that buffoonery which subsequently distinguished him in the Pulpit. He was appointed lecturer of St. Sepulchre's, London; but having an intrigue with a married woman, fled to Rotterdam, where he joined the Independents. On the breaking out of the rebellion he returned to London, and became a zealous preacher in the cause of parliament. For his activity in the rebellion, especially at the murder of Charles I., he was hung and quartered after the Restoration in 1660.

‡ John Bradshaw, serjeant-at-law, was one of the judges who passed sentence on King Charles I.

‘ These worthies all, great sir, expect
 Right soon to see you there,
 Together with your Cumbrian duke *
 And Shelly-coat,† your heir.
 Thus my commission I’ve obey’d,
 And e’er I downward bend,
 Shall wait with pleasure infinite
 What answer you will send.”

Pray make my humble compliments
 To all our friends below ;
 And for these welcome news you brought
 Most grateful thanks I owe.
 We still your principles pursue,
 And shall subservient be,
 Till we and all our progeny
 Our destined quarters see.”‡

THE HEATH COCK.

THE heath-cock craw’d o’er muir an’ dale ;
 Red raise the sun o’er distant vale,
 Our Northern clans, wi’ dinsome yell,
 Around their chiefs were gath’ring.
 “ O, Duncan, are ye ready yet ?
 M’Donald, are ye ready yet ?
 O, Fraser, are ye ready yet ?
 To join the clans in the morning.”

* William, Duke of Cumberland.

† Frederic, Prince of Wales, father to George III.

‡ Though this song be modern, and from the pen of that redoubtable genius, Willison Glass, it is not devoid of the spirit which might be supposed to characterise a bard of 1745, in commemorating the fatal morning of Culloden field. After the Prince and his army retreated to Inverness, the events of the campaign were a series of mishaps till the final catastrophe in that battle. About the middle of April it was ascertained that the Duke of Cumberland and the English army

“ Nae mair we’ll chase the fleet, fleet roe,
O’er downie glen or mountain brow,
But rush like tempest on the foe,
Wi’ sword an’ targe this morning.”
“ O, Duncan, &c.”

were approaching from Aberdeen, and in a Council of War, it was resolved to march against them, and endeavour to take them by surprise during the night. From various causes, however, the columns of the Highlanders were retarded on the way, so as to prevent their arrival at the Duke's camp before sunrise, and they were reluctantly obliged to measure back their steps. On their return to the position which they had previously occupied, great numbers of the men dispersed in quest of provisions, and many overcome with weariness and sleep, threw themselves down on the heath, and along the park walls of Culloden. The repose of the poor fellows was soon interrupted, and not in the most agreeable manner. Intelligence reached the Prince that the enemy was in full march to attack him, and he instantly resolved to hazard an engagement. The army was accordingly ordered to be formed for that purpose. The condition of the troops at this crisis is thus described by the Chevalier Johnstone.—“ Exhausted with hunger, and worn out with the excessive fatigues of the three last nights, as soon as we reached Culloden I turned off as fast as I could to Inverness, where, eager to recruit my strength by a little sleep, I tore off my clothes half asleep all the while; but when I had already one leg in bed, and was on the point of stretching myself between the sheets, what was my surprise to hear the drum beat to arms, and the trumpets of the piquet of Fitzjames, sounding the call to boot and saddle, which struck me like a clap of thunder. I hurried on my clothes, my eyes half shut, and mounting a horse, I instantly repaired to our army, on the eminence on which we had remained for three days, and from which we saw the English at the distance of about two miles from us. They appeared at first disposed to encamp in the position where they then were, many of their tents being already erected; but all at once their tents disappeared, and we immediately perceived them in movement towards us. The view of our army making preparations for battle, probably induced the Duke of Cumberland to change his plan; and, indeed, he must have been blind in the extreme, to have delayed attacking us instantly, in the deplorable situation in which we were, worn out with hunger and fatigue; especially when he perceived, from our manœuvre, that we were impatient to give battle, under every possible disadvantage, and well disposed to facilitate our own destruction. The Duke, we were told, remained ignorant, till it was day, of the danger to which he had been exposed during the night; and, as soon as he knew it, he broke up his camp, and followed us closely.” The Highland army, wearied and exhausted as it was, accordingly awaited the attack, drawn up in order of battle to the number of 4000 men in thirteen divisions, supplied with some pieces of artillery.

“ The Prince has come to claim his ain,
A stem o’ Stuart’s glorious name ;
What Highlander his sword wad hain,
For Charlie’s cause this morning,
“ O, Duncan, &c.”

On yonder hills our clans appear,
The sun back frae their spears shines clear ;
The Southron trumps fall on my ear,
’Twill be an awfu’ morning.
“ O, Duncan, &c.”

The royal army, which was much more numerous, the duke immediately formed into three lines, disposed in excellent order, and about one o’clock in the afternoon the cannonading began. The Prince’s artillery was ill served, and did very little execution ; but that of the Duke made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the Highlanders. The latter showed great impatience of this fire, and their first line was therefore ordered to advance. Five hundred of the clans then charged the Duke’s left wing with their native impetuosity, and, as usual, were carrying every thing before them, when the English dragoons under Hawley, and the Argyleshire militia, by pulling down a park wall, were enabled to attack them in flank, and immediately the column was broken and thrown into irretrievable confusion. In less than thirty minutes this portion of the Highland army was totally defeated and the field was covered with the slain. The right wing retired towards the river Nairn in good order, with their pipes playing and the prince’s standard displayed, and were not molested in their retreat. The fugitives of the left were not so fortunate. They were hotly pursued by the English cavalry, and the road, as far as Inverness, was strewed with dead bodies. A great number of people also, who, from motives of curiosity had come to see the battle, were sacrificed to the undistinguishing vengeance of the victors. The most shocking barbarities were committed with impunity by the soldiery, and the glory which the Duke of Cumberland might have acquired by this victory, was lost or sullied by the cruelties with which it was followed up. Twelve hundred of the Highlanders were slain in the heat of battle and in the pursuit. But not contented with the blood thus profusely shed, the English traversed the field after the action, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring ; nay, even some officers acted a part in this cruel scene of deliberate assassination, the triumph of low illiberal minds, uninspired by sentiment, untinged by humanity. And, to crown all, the Duke himself ordered a barn, which contained many of the wounded Highlanders, to be set on fire ; and, having stationed soldiers around it, they, with fixed bayonets, drove back the unfortunate

The contest lasted sair an' lang,
 The pipers blew, the echoes rang,
 The cannon roar'd the clans amang,
 Culloden's awfu' morning.

Duncan now nae mair seems keen,
 He's lost his dirk an' tartan sheen,
 His bannet's stain'd that ance was clean;
 Foul fa' that awfu' morning.

But Scotland lang shall rue the day,
 She saw her flag sae fiercely flee;
 Culloden hills were hills o' wae,
 It was an awfu' morning.
 Duncan now, &c.

Fair Flora's gane her love to seek,
 The midnight dew fa's on her cheek;
 What Scottish heart that will not weep,
 For Charlie's fate that morning?
 Duncan now, &c.

CULLODEN DAY.*

FAIR lady, mourn the memory
 Of all our Scottish fame!
 Fair lady, mourn the memory
 Ev'n of the Scottish name!

men who attempted to save themselves, into the flames; thus compelling them to undergo the most horrible of all deaths. In the meantime the Prince had escaped with the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, and a few horsemen; he crossed the water of Nairn, and retired to the house of a gentleman in Strattharick, where he conferred with old Lord Lovat; then he dismissed his followers, and wandered about a wretched fugitive, among the isles and mountains, for the space of five months, during which he underwent such a series of dangers, hardships, and misery, as have rarely been exceeded in real life, while in many particulars they surpass the fictitious creations of poetry and romance.

* As remarked by the Ettrick Shepherd, this is the first of a se-

How proud were we of our young prince,
 And of his native sway !
 But all our hopes are past and gone,
 Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
 No spare of blood or breath,
 For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
 For freedom or for death.
 The bitterness of grief is past,
 Of terror and dismay :
 The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
 Upon Culloden day.

And must thou seek a foreign clime,
 In poverty to pine,
 No friend or clansman by thy side,
 No vassal that is thine ?
 Leading thy young son by the hand,
 And trembling for his life,
 As at the name of Cumberland
 He grasps his father's knife.*

ries of mournful and affecting ditties on the results of that battle, in which all the hopes of the bold assertors of the right of the Stuarts were for ever annihilated. The subject of the song is the address of a Highland bard to the Lady of his chief, in which he attempts to comfort her with the horrid proposal of killing her, and hiding her in the grave of her father, rather than suffer her to be taken or disgraced by the enemy—a strong feature of the despair to which the unfortunate Highlanders were reduced, after the defeat and dispersion of the Prince's army. The air bears the same name with the song. The latter is called in the Gaelic, from which it is a translation, "*N'cual sibh mar thackair dhuin*."

* The sentiments expressed in this song were roused and greatly aggravated by many abominable acts of atrocity committed by the royal army, even before the final catastrophe at Culloden. The following anecdote, related by the Chevalier Johnstone, while it illustrates the severe policy pursued by the existing government, shows by what unjustifiable acts the Highlanders were goaded to revenge, and needlessly rendered more fiercely wedded to the cause

I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Turn'd out on the world wide ;
I cannot see thee, lady fair,
Weep on the bleak hill side.
Before such noble stem should bend
To tyrant's treachery,
I'll lay thee with thy gallant sire,
Beneath the beechen tree.

I'll hide thee in Clan-Ronald's isles,
Where honour still bears sway ;
I'll watch the traitor's hovering sails,
By islet and by bay :
And ere thy honour shall be stain'd,
This sword avenge shall thee,
And lay thee with thy gallant kin,
Below the beechen tree.

in which they had embarked. "As all the male vassals of the Duke of Athol were in our army, with his brother Lord George, the Duke of Cumberland sent a detachment of his troops into their country, who committed the most unheard-of cruelties, burning the houses of the gentlemen who were with the Prince ; and turning out their wives and children in the midst of winter, to perish in the mountains, with cold and hunger, after subjecting them to every species of infamous and brutal treatment. As soon as these proceedings were known at Inverness, the head quarters of our army, Lord George set off instantly with his whole clan, to take vengeance for this treatment ; and he contrived his march so secretly, passing through bye-ways across the mountains, that the enemy had no information of his approach. Having planned his march so as to arrive at Athol in the beginning of the night, the detachment separated, dividing itself into small parties, every gentleman taking the shortest road to his own house ; and, in this manner, all the English were surprised in their sleep. Those who found their wives and daughters violated by the brutality of these monsters, and their families dying from hunger and the inclemency of the season, made no prisoners. All the English received while they slept, the punishment which their barbarity merited.— They were either at once put to the sword or made prisoners, except two or three hundred men, who barricaded themselves in the castle of the Duke of Athol, which could not be forced without cannon. The clan of Athol was the most numerous in our army amounting to from twelve to fifteen hundred men. A short time before this, the Duke of Cumberland had despatched a detachment to

What is there now in thee, Scotland,
To us can pleasure give?
What is there now in thee, Scotland,
For which we ought to live?
Since we have stood, and stood in vain,
For all that we held dear,
Still have we left a sacrifice
To offer on our bier.

A foreign and fanatic sway
Our Southron foes may gall;
The cup is fill'd, they yet shall drink,
And they deserve it all.
But there is nought for us or ours,
In which to hope or trust,
But hide us in our fathers' graves,
Amid our fathers' dust.

LOCHIEL'S FAREWELL.*

CULLODEN, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers nor verdure fair:
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air;

seize the Duchess of Perth in her castle, because her son was with the Prince; also the Viscountess Strathallan, whose husband and son were both in the Highland army. These two ladies were conveyed to Edinburgh Castle, where they were shut up for nearly a year in a small and unhealthy prison. This trait of the Duke was thought even then quite unexampled; and it was indignantly asked, Who ever before heard of rendering a mother responsible for the opinions of her son, or a wife for those of her husband?

* This is a modern production, and ascribed to the pen of John Grieve, Esq. It is finely descriptive of the consequences of the battle of Culloden to the high minded chieftain Lochiel, while every verse breathes the genuine spirit of poetry. In musical collections it is usually set to a most beautiful Highland air, and of course is still a great favourite with the natives of the hills.

For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And war's unhallow'd footsteps bore.
The deeds unholy nature view'd,
Then fled, and curs'd thee evermore.

From Beaul's wild and woodland glens,
How proudly Lovat's banners soar!
How fierce the plaided Highland clans
Rush onward with the broad claymore!
Those hearts that high with honour heaved,
The volleying thunder there laid low!
Or scatter'd like the forest leaves,
When wintry winds begin to blow!

Where now thy honours, brave Lochiel!
The braided plume's torn from thy brow,
What must thy haughty spirit feel,
When skulking like the mountain roe!
While wild-birds chant from Lochy's bowers,
On April eve, their loves and joys;
The Lord of Lochy's loftiest towers,
To foreign lands an exile flies.

To his blue hills that rose in view,
As o'er the deep his galley bore,
We often look'd, and cried, "Adieu!
I'll never see Lochaber more!
Though now thy wounds I cannot heal,
My dear, my injured native land!
In other climes thy foe shall feel
The weight of Cameron's deadly brand.

"Land of proud hearts and mountains gray!
Where Fingal fought and Ossian sung!
Mourn dark Culloden's fateful day,
That from thy chiefs the laurel wrung.

Where once they ruled and roam'd at will,
 Free as their own dark mountain game;
 Their sons are slaves, yet keenly feel
 A longing for their father's fame.

"Shades of the mighty and the brave,
 Who, faithful to your Stuart, fell;
 No trophies mark your common grave,
 Nor dirges to your mem'ry swell!
 But generous hearts will weep your fate,
 When far has roll'd the tide of time;
 And bards unborn shall renovate
 Your fading fame in loftiest rhyme!"*

THE FATE OF CHARLIE.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, my brave Lochiel,
 Beware o' Cumberland, my dearie!
 Culloden field this day will seal
 The fate o' Scotland's ain Prince Charlie.

* Lochiel had the luck to get safe to France with the Prince, and was there made Colonel of 1000 men, a commission which he enjoyed till his death in 1748. His brother, Dr Cameron, who fought also at Culloden, and was wounded severely in the arm, had afterwards a very different fate. The late Dr Spence, whose memory carried him as far back as the Forty-five, used to relate the following anecdote of him. "When a boy at Linlithgow, some years after the rebellion, I remember Dr Cameron, brother to the celebrated Lochiel, being brought into the town under an escort of dragoons. He wore a French light-coloured great-coat, and rode a grey pony, with his feet lashed to its sides; but, considering his situation and prospects, looked remarkably cheerful. As the party were to rest for the night, the prisoner was placed for security in the common jail; and well do I remember, as I remained with the crowd at the prison-door, overhearing the Doctor within, singing to himself his native song of 'Farewell to Lochaber,'

'We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.'

Knowing he had just been apprehended in the Highlands, whither he had returned from France, in the vain hope that his defection might be pardoned or forgotten, and that, when I saw him, he was

The Highland clans nae mair are seen,
To fight for him wha ne'er was eerie.
They fallen are on yon red field,
An' trampled down for liking Charlie.

He was our Prince—nane dare say no,
The truth o' this we a' ken fairly;
Then wha would no joined hand in hand,
To've kept frae skaith our ain Prince Charlie?

Glenullen's bride stood at the yett,
Her lover's steed arrived right early;
His rider's gane, his bridle's wet,
Wi' blude o' him wha fell for Charlie!

O weep, fair maids o' Scotia's isle,
Weep loud, fair lady o' sweet Airlie;
Culloden reeks wi' purple gore,
O' those wha bled for Scotia's Charlie.

Repent, repent, black Murray's race,
Ye were the cause o' this foul ferlie,
And shaw to George wha fills his shoon,
That ye'll no sell him like puir Charlie.*

on his way to London, where he suffered upon Tower-hill,—the remembrance has made a strong impression on my mind, and I have never since heard the air of 'Lochaber,' without recalling the tone of voice, with all the circumstances of the then unhappy situation, and subsequent fate of Dr Cameron."

* This Song, by the redoubtable Willison Glass, breathes the spirit of poetry, and is not unworthy of the subject. In the last stanza he adopts the notion which was for some time prevalent among the Highlanders, after their defeat at Culloden, that Lord George Murray had betrayed their cause in that battle, and, consequently, ruined the Prince's affairs. A party among the clans, no doubt, had violent suspicions of that Nobleman's political integrity, and even published articles of impeachment against him; but these were most satisfactorily answered in a counter publication, published in Lord George's vindication. There is but one opinion at the present day on the subject, which is, that Lord George was altogether blameless. The

BAULDY FRASER.*

My name is Bauldy Fraser, man ;
 I'm puir, an' auld, an' pale, an' wan,
 I brak my shin, an' tint a han',
 Upon Culloden lee, man :
 Our Highlan' clans were pauld an' stout,
 An' thought to gie te loons a clout,
 An' laith were they to turn about,
 An' owre the hills to flee, man.

But sic a hurly-burly raise,
 Te fery lift was in a plaze,
 As a' te teils had won ter ways,
 On Highlandmen to flee, man :
 Te cannon an' te pluff tragoon,
 Sae proke our ranks, an' pore us town,
 Her nainsell ne'er cot sic a stoun,
 Sin' she was porn to tee, man.

Pig Satan sent te plan frae kell,
 Or pat our chiefs peside he'sel',
 To plant her in te open fell,
 In pase artillery's ee, man :

obloquy which he incurred, may be laid to the account of his arbitrary manner, which the Highland officers could ill brook in a commander ; and not a little, perhaps, was owing to the high offence which he gave to the pride of the Macdonalds at Culloden, by changing their position from the right to the left of the line. This insult was never forgotten by that clan, and it is still urged by the race as an apology for their besotted conduct, in refusing to advance with the brave Keppoch their chief, and seeing him sacrificed before their eyes, without drawing a sword in his defence.

* This is one of the Ettrick Shepherd's compositions, and quite characteristic of his genius. The two last stanzas are worthy alike of the kind heart, and the shrewd judgment of the author.

For had she met te tirty duke,
At ford of Spey or Prae-Culrook,
Te plood of every foreign pouk
Had dyed the Cherman sea, man.

We fought for a' we loved an' had,
An' for te right, put Heaven forpade ;
An' monie a ponnie Highlan' lad
Lay pleading on te prae, man.
Fat could she to, fat could she say,
Te praif M'Donnell was away :
An' her ain chief tat luckless day
Was far ayont Drumboy, man.

Macpherson and Macgregor poth,
Te men of Muideart an' Glenquoich,
An' coot Mackenzies of te Doich,
All absent frae te field, man :
Te sword was sharp, te arm was true,
Pe honour still her nainsel's due ;
Impossibles she could not do,
'Thougl-laithe she pe to yield, man.

When Charlie wi' te foremost met ;
Praif lad, he thought her pack to get ;
" Return, my friends, an' face tem yet,
We'll conquer or we'll die, man : "
Put Tonalld shumpit o'er te purn,
An' swore, pe Cot, she wadna turn,
For ter was nought put shoot an' purn,
An' hangin' on te tree, man.

O had you seen tat hunt of teath,
She ran until she tint her praith,
Aye looking pack on Scotland's skaithe,
Wi' hopeless, shining ee, man :

Put Pritain ever may teplore,
 Tat tay upon Culloden more,
 Her praifest sons laid in ter gore,
 Or huntit cruellye, man.

O Cumberland what meant you ten,
 To ravage ilka Highland glen?
 Her crime was truth an' love to ane—
 She had nae spite at thee, man :
 An' you an' yours may yet pe glad,
 To trust te honest Highland lad :
 Te ponnet plue, an' pelted plaid,
 Will stand te last o' three, man.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.*

A WEE bird came to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly,
 And aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
 Oh! when I heard the bonnie Bonnie-bird,
 The tears came drapping rarely,
 I took my bannet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

* Hogg ascribes this song to Mr. William Glen, of Glasgow, and it bears internal evidence of the accuracy of his opinion. The sentiments are characteristic of the poet, and, besides, are completely borne out by the truth of history. After the battle of Culloden Prince Charles became, literally, a fugitive and an outcast, and the personal risques which he ran, with the sufferings he endured, rendered him truly an object of commiseration to all but his relentless and vindictive military pursuers. For more than five months he was surrounded by armed troops, that chased him from hill to dale, from rock to cavern, and from shore to shore. Sometimes he lurked in caves and cottages, without attendants, and without any other support but that which the poorest peasant could supply. Sometimes he was rowed in fishing-boats from isle to isle, among the Hebrides, and often in sight of his pursuers; and, though he was aware that £30,000 was

Quo' I, " My bird, my bonnie bonnie bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow?
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
 " Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
 " I've flown sin' morning early;
 But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

" On hills that are by right his ain,
 He roams a lonely stranger;
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
 On ilka side by danger.
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,
 My heart near bursted fairly,
 For sadly chang'd indeed was he.—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

" Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
 Out-owre the hills and valleys;
 And whare was't that your prince lay down,
 Whase name should been a palace?

set upon his head, he was obliged to trust to the fidelity of above fifty individuals, many of whom were in the lowest ranks of life. For some days he appeared in woman's attire, and even passed through the midst of his enemies unknown; but, understanding that this disguise would be easily detected, he was forced to assume the habit of a travelling mountaineer, and then wandered about among the woods and heaths, with a matted beard, and squalid locks, exposed to hunger, thirst, and weariness, and in continual dread of being discovered. At length when the opportunity arrived, which enabled him to escape to France, and when he went on board the privateer which had been hired by the young Sheridan, and some other Irish adherents at St. Malo, and brought to Lochnannach, Lochiel, and the few exiles who accompanied him in his escape, could not help remarking the change which care, hardship, and fatigue had produced on his person. His eye was hollow, his visage wan, his body thin, and his whole constitution considerably impaired. It obviously required nothing more than a recollection of the Prince's dejected and pitiable state at this period, to prompt the sympathetic burthen of this song, " Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie."

He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparely,
And slept beneath a bush o' broom.—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some redcoats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
"O this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
A while he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairly:
But weel I mind the fareweel strain;
'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.*

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more^e
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

* This beautiful lyric, by Dr. Smollett, is alike worthy of the genius and the patriotism of its author. When reproached by persons in authority with having given vent to what were then called feelings of disaffection to the existing government, the indignant poet only replied by writing the last stanza. Indeed, in this poem Smollett only spoke the sentiments of nine-tenths of his countrymen at the time; for, whatever might be the differences that reigned among political parties, there was but one opinion as to the cruel and vindictive character of the measures by which the victory at Culloden was followed up. Immediately after the action, the royal forces took possession of Inverness, when six-and-thirty persons, accused of being deserters, were seized and executed. Parties were then dispatched on all sides, to ravage the country. One of these apprehended the Lady M'Intosh, after having driven off her cattle, and brought her in a prisoner,

The wretched owner sees afar
 His all become the prey of war,
 Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
 Then smites his breast, and curses life.
 Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
 Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
 Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
 Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
 Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
 Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
 Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
 Thy towering spirit now is broke,
 Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
 What foreign arms could never quell,
 By civil rage and rancour fell.

though her husband was actually in the service of Government. The castle of Lord Lovat was destroyed. The Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Cromarty, and the son of the latter, Lord Macleod, were conveyed by sea to London; while those of an inferior rank were confined in different prisons. The Earl of Traquair was committed to the Tower on suspicion; and the eldest son of Lord Lovat, having surrendered himself, was confined in Edinburgh Castle. The Marquis of Tullibardine, and a brother of the Earl of Dunmore, were also seized and imprisoned. Likewise the Prince's secretary, Murray of Broughton, who was apprehended after a persevering and diligent pursuit. In a word, all the gaols of Great Britain, from the capital northwards, were filled with these unfortunate captives; and great numbers of them were crowded together in the holds of ships, where they perished in the most deplorable manner, for want of air, exercise, and even the commonest necessities of life. But it was the needless vengeance exercised by the Duke of Cumberland, that excited the greatest astonishment, and, doubtless, it was that which awakened the sympathy, and roused the indignation of Smollett. After his victory, the Duke advanced with the army into the Highlands, as far as Fort Augustus, where he encamped. He then sent off detachments on all hands to hunt down the fugitives, and lay waste the country with fire and sword. The castles of Glengary and Lochiel were plundered and burned; every house, hut, or habitation met with the same fate, without distinction; all the cattle and provisions were carried off; the men were either shot upon the mountains, like wild beasts, or put to death in cold blood, without form of trial.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day ;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night :
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought is heard but sounds of wo,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh, baneful cause ! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn !
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood :
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,

The women, after having seen their husbands and fathers murdered, were subjected to brutal violation, and then turned out naked, with their children, so starve on the barren heaths. One whole family was enclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. In short, the Duke's ministers of vengeance were so alert in the execution of their office, that in a few days there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen, in the compass of fifty miles ; all was ruin and desolation, silence, solitude, and death.

Resentment of my country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat ;
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow.
 Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !

YOU'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STUART.*

You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 You're welcome, Charlie Stuart,
 There's none so right as thou art.

Had I the power to my will,
 Thy foes to scatter, take, and kill,
 I'd make thee famous by my quill,
 From Billingsgate to Duart.

Thy sympathizing complaisance
 Made thee believe intriguing France ;
 But wo is me for thy mischance,
 That saddens every true heart !
 You're welcome, &c.

Had'st thou Culloden's battle won,
 Poor Scotland had not been undone,
 Nor butcher'd been with sword and gun,
 By Lockhart and such cowards.
 You're welcome, &c.

* The author of this production is unknown ; but the leading topics introduced, are such as were of the greatest popular interest after the rebellion in 1745, and prove him to have been an adept in song writing. The air to which it is sung bears the same name, and is to be found in almost every collection of Scottish tunes.

Kind Providence to thee a friend,
 A lovely maid,* did timely send,
 To save thee from a fearful end,
 Thou royal Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

* This verse alludes to the share which the celebrated Miss Flora Macdonald had, in enabling Prince Charles to elude the pursuit of his enemies, and finally to effect his escape to France. Miss Flora was the sister of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, and happening to be on a visit there from Skye, at the very moment when the Prince was so closely beset by his pursuers, that escape seemed next to impracticable, she was applied to accidentally, by his only remaining attendant O'Neil, to assist them in so trying an emergency. Innumerable difficulties stood in the way of her interference at first; but female contrivance is seldom at a loss, and Miss Flora, with the assistance of Lady Clanronald, ultimately managed to get over them all. The adventures of her and her faithful servant, Neil M'Echan, from their leaving Milton, to go to Clanronald's house to prepare a disguise for the Prince, and other necessities for their journey, till she at last saw him fairly beyond pursuit, and took leave of him at Port Rei, would nearly fill a volume. The hair-breadth escapes which the Prince made in their company, equipped all the while in female habilaments, were equally romantic and ludicrous; and, notwithstanding the real danger which surrounded all the parties, these mishaps were frequently the subject of jest to themselves. In wading the rivulets on their route, for instance, when in company with strangers, the Prince would often lift his petticoats so high as to alarm the fears of Neil M'Echan beyond all measure. Neil would then beg and beseech his Royal Highness to be more circumspect, and, if possible, to "keep toun te petticoats, or tay would all be ruined." The Prince, though sensible of the justice of Neil's complaints, used to laugh heartily on such occasions, and would then tell him jokingly, that "it was surely not the first time he had been brought into jeopardy by a petticoat." This masquerade dress of the Prince does not appear, from all accounts, to have sat well upon him, for when the party came to the house of Macdonald of Kingsborough, who was let into the secret, and afterwards aided him in making his escape, that gentleman's little daughter and Mrs M'Donald's maid were quite alarmed at the ungainly figure and huge strides of the "muckle woman," as they called the Prince. Though it is likely that the disguise would not have passed without detection anywhere but in the Highlands; yet it certainly proved an effectual safeguard during the short time it was used. After parting with the Prince at Port Rei, Miss Macdonald went to her mother's in Armadale; but the part which she had played in the political drama of the day could not be long concealed, and she was almost immediately taken into custody. The result, however, was only a voyage to London, and a short detention there, in the custody of the Government officers. The ship on board which she was con-

Illustrious Prince, we firmly pray,
 That she and we may see the day,
 When Britons with one voice shall say,
 " You're welcome, Charlie Stuart."
 You're welcome, &c.

Whene'er I take a glass of wine,
 I drink confusion to the swine,
 But health to him that will combine
 To fight for Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

Though Cumberland, the tyrant proud,
 Doth thirst and hunger for thy blood,*
 Just Heaven will preserve the good,
 The gallant Charlie Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

veyed after her apprehension, lay for some time in Leith roads; and after being taken from place to place, during a period of five months, she was at last put on board the Royal Sovereign at the Nore. Every attention and respect was paid to her by the commander and officers, while she remained their prisoner,—and even after she was in the custody of the King's messengers in London, she found no reason to complain of any thing but her detention. It is probable the Government, vindictive and cruel as it was in Scotland, dreaded the effect of English sympathy, if they should take any harsh measures against such an adventurous heroine as Miss Flora in London. They carried their resentment no further, therefore, than keeping her for a short time thus under restraint. In the messengers' custody she remained till July, 1747, when she was finally discharged, and returned to Edinburgh without being asked a question.

* That the sentiment in this verse is literally true, the following melancholy incident in Prince Charles's Highland adventures, after the affair at Culloden, sufficiently demonstrates. "After the contest had ceased on the field," says Johnstone in his Memoirs, "and the followers of Charles were completely dispersed, he himself was, for several months hotly pursued by detachments of English troops; and so very near were they frequently to him, that he had scarcely quitted a place before they arrived at it. Sometimes he was wholly surrounded by them. The Duke of Cumberland never failed to say to the commanders of these detachments, at the moment of their departure, "*Make no prisoners; you know what I mean.*" They had particular instructions to stab the Prince, if he fell into their hands; but Divine Wis-

The ministry may Scotland maul,
 But our brave hearts they'll ne'er enthrall;
 We'll fight like Britons, one and all,
 For liberty and Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

dom frustrated the atrocious and barbarous design and pursuit of the sanguinary Duke, whose officers and their detachments, his executioners, inflicted more cruelties on the brave but unfortunate Highlanders than would have been committed by the most ferocious savages. The generous and heroic action of a Mr Roderick Mackenzie signally preserved the Prince on one occasion, from those blood-thirsty assassins. This gentleman, who was of a good family in Scotland, had served during the whole expedition, in Charles's life-guards. He was of the Prince's size, and to those who were not accustomed to see them together, might seem to resemble him a little. Mackenzie happened to be in a cabin with the Prince and two or three other persons, when, all of a sudden, they received information that they were surrounded by detachments of English troops, advancing from every point, as if they had got positive information that the Prince was in this cabin. Charles was asleep at the moment, and was awaked for the purpose of being informed of the melancholy fact, that it would be utterly impossible to save him. His answer was, "*Then, we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands!*" "No, my Prince," replied Mackenzie; "resources still remain; I will take your name, and face one of these detachments." I know what my fate will be; but whilst I keep the enemy employed, your Royal Highness will have time to escape." Mackenzie then darted forward with fury, sword in hand, against a detachment of fifty men, and on falling, covered with wounds, he exclaimed aloud, "*You know not what you have done!—I am your Prince whom you have killed!*" After which he instantly expired. They cut off his head, and carried it, without delay, to the Duke of Cumberland, nobody doubting that it was the head of Prince Charles. And the barbarous Duke, having now, as he thought, obtained the great object of his wishes, set off next day for London, with the head packed up in his post-chaise." Fatal as this incident was to poor Mackenzie, it proved not only effectual for the safety of Charles, but was productive of considerable relief to the Highlanders generally. The depositions of several persons in London, who affirmed that this was the head of the Prince, had the effect to render the English troops less vigilant, and less active in their pursuit of him, as well as less anxious in their search for suspected persons. Before that event, they had formed a chain of posts from Inverary to Inverness, and the Prince had frequently escaped with great risque, having been obliged to cross this chain between their detachments. Individuals too were previously subject to every sort of vexatious interruption, by military parties entering their houses or stopping them on the highway. But after the taking of Mr Mackenzie's head, these annoyances almost wholly ceased.

Then haste, ye Britons, to set on
 Your lawful king upon his throne,
 And to Hanover drive each one
 Who will not fight for Stuart.
 You're welcome, &c.

TOWNLY'S GHOST.*

WHEN Sol in shades of night was lost,
 And all was fast asleep,
 In glided murder'd Townly's ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

"A wake, infernal wretch!" he cried,
 "And view this mangled shade,
 That in thy perjurd faith relied,
 And basely was betray'd.

"Imbrued in blood, imbath'd in ease,
 Though now thou seem'st to lie,
 My injur'd form shall gall thy peace,
 And make thee wish to die.

"Fancy no more in pleasant dreams
 Shall frisk before thy sight,
 But horrid thoughts and dismal screams
 Attend thee all the night.

* Colonel Francis Townly led the two hundred Jacobites who joined Prince Charles at Manchester, while on his march to the South. The Colonel and his troop afterwards formed part of the unfortunate garrison that was left to defend Carlisle, when the Highland army returned to Scotland. He was taken prisoner in that town, and executed with the rest. From the general strain of this Song, and the words of the second stanza in particular, it would appear that the terms of the capitulation had not been honourably observed by the victorious party. Smollett says that there was a sort of a capitulation entered into for the surrender of Carlisle. Of course we may con-

“ Think on the hellish acts thou’st done,
The thousands thou’st betray’d :
Nero himself would blush to own
The slaughter thou hast made.

“ Nor infants’ cries nor parents’ tears,
Could stay thy bloody hand,
Nor could the ravish’d virgin’s fears
Appease thy dire command.

“ But, ah ! what pangs are set apart
In hell, thou’lt quickly see ;
For ev’n the damn’d themselves shall start
To view a fiend like thee.”

In heart affrighted, Willie rose,
And trembling stood, and pale ;
Then to his cruel sire he goes,
And tells the dreadful tale \

“ Cheer up, my dear, my darling son,”
The bold usurper said,
“ And ne’er repent of what thou’st done,
Nor be at all afraid.

“ If we on Scotland’s throne can dwell,
And reign securely here,
Your uncle Satan’s king in hell,
And he’ll secure us there.”

clude, that the Duke of Cumberland, as Commander-in-Chief, would not be very scrupulous in breaking the conditions of it. A sort of a capitulation was not likely to bind one who never kept faith with the followers of the Prince. Townly, like hundreds of other brave and honourable men, was doubtless put to death in utter disregard of the conditions of his surrender. The blood-thirsty Duke was above decency in such matters. Hence the innumerable stains on his own memory, and the everlasting discredit sustained by the ministry of that period.

LACHIN Y GAIR.*

AWAKE, ye gay landscapes; ye gardens of roses!
 In you let the minions of luxury rove;
 Restore me the rocks where the snow flake re-
 poses,
 For still they are sacred to freedom and love.
 Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
 Round their white summits, though elements
 war, [fountains,
 Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing
 I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wander'd, [plaid
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
On chieftains long perish'd my memory ponder'd, [glade.
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

“Shades of the dead! have I not heard your
voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale;

* This beautiful lyric, inserted here in consequence of its allusion to the misfortunes of the Jacobites of 1745, is from the pen of Lord Byron. *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern Tourists mentions it as the highest mountain perhaps in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps. Its appearance is of a dark hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snow. "Near Lachin y Gair," says his Lordship, "I spent some of the early part of my life; the recollection has given birth to the following stanzas."

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
 And rides on the wind, o'er his own High-
 land vale. [gathers,
 Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist
 Winter presides in his cold icy car;
 Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers:
 They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na
 Garr.

"Ill-star'd, though brave, did no vision fore-
 boding, †
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause;
 Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden?
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause.
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
 You rest with your clan in the caves of Brae-
 mar, [ber,
 The pibroch resounds to the piper's bold num-
 Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na
 Garr.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left
 you;
 Years must elapse e'er I tread you again;
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft you;
 Yet still you are dearer than Albion's plain.
 England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
 To one who has roam'd on the mountains afar;
 Oh, for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na
 Garr.

† Lord Byron alludes here to his maternal ancestors, the "Gordons," many of whom fought for Prince Charles. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stewarts. George, second Earl of Huntly, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James I. of Scotland. By her he left four sons; the third, Sir William Gordon, Lord Byron said, was one of his progenitors.

HIGHLAND HARRY.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he o'er the plain ;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again !
O for him back again !
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
And sit me down and greet my fill
For Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain,
Then I wad see the joyfu' sight
Of Highland Harry back again.
O for him back again, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
He left me in his native plain,
And rush'd his injur'd prince to join ;
But, oh ! he ne'er came back again !
O for him back again, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in fight,
Unmatch'd on a' Culloden plain ;
But vengeance has put down the right,—
And, oh ! he'll ne'er come back again !
O for him back again, &c.

* The popularity of this Song and its tune, recommended it to Burns, who altered and amended the words as they now appear in

THE CLANS ARE ALL AWAY.*

LET mournful Britons now deplore
 The horrors of Drum Mossie's day;
 Our hopes of freedom all are o'er,
 The clans are all away, away.
 The clemency of late enjoy'd
 Is changed to tyrannic sway;
 Our laws and friends at once destroy'd:
 The clans are all away, away.

the first three verses. The other two have since been added by Sutherland.

* Among the Scots the engagement at Culloden was originally called the Battle of Drum Mossie Muir, from the name of the ground on which it was fought. The English, with better taste, always called it the Battle of Culloden, from its vicinity to the seat of Lord President Forbes. This Song, which is obviously a parody on "The Campbells are coming," must have been written just after the battle was fought; but the writer does not appear to have known that the final dispersion of the clans was all owing to Prince Charles himself. The Highland army, though defeated at Culloden, was not destroyed; and it is well ascertained, that if the Prince had possessed sufficient fortitude and perseverance, he might have renewed a contest with many chances of success. This has been often asserted by different writers; but the Chevalier Johnstone, who was an eye-witness of what occurred at the time, demonstrates its truth in the most distinct and graphic terms.—"I arrived," says he, "on the 18th at Ruthven, which happened by chance, to become the rallying point of our army, without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other Chiefs of Clans, with about four or five thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible disposition for renewing hostilities, and for taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains. Lord George Murray immediately dispatched people to guard the passes, and at the same time sent off an aid-de-camp to inform the Prince that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants and other Highland clans, who had till then remained neuter, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans who had received

Has fate thus doom'd the Scottish race
 To tyrants' lasting power a prey?
 Shall all those troubles never cease?
 Why went the clans away, away?
 Brave sons of Mars, no longer mourn;
 Your prince abroad will make no stay:
 You'll bless the hour of his return,
 And soon revenge Drum Mossie's day.

leave of absence, would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden, from the absence of those who had returned to their homes, and of those who had left the army, on reaching Culloden on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep, he might now count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had at any time in his army. Every body earnestly intreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force. We passed the 10th at Ruthven without any answer to our message, and in the interim all the Highlanders were cheerful and full of spirits, to a degree perhaps never before witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment the arrival of the Prince; but on the 20th, Mr M'Leod, Lord George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the laconic message, "*Let every man seek his own safety in the best way he can.*" The answer, under existing circumstances, was as inconsiderate in Charles, as it was heart-breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves in his cause. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a prince ought to have conducted himself, who with a rashness unexampled, had landed in Scotland with only seven men." The account thus given of Charles's desertion of his own cause, corresponds with other statements published both by friends and foes. When we look, therefore, to the courage with which that cause was originally entered upon, and the gallantry displayed for a while in carrying it on, it is difficult to account for a final resolution so little corresponding with the preconceived notions of his character, and so little calculated to beget the respect either of his followers or of the world. Some have ascribed his conduct to imbecillity of character, while others, with more charity, have laid it to the account of evil advice. Among the latter number is the Chevalier already quoted. In stating his reasons for prolonging the contest, he says, "We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The Clan of M'Pherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred

CARLISLE HA'. *

My love's a bonnie laddie, an yon be he,
 My love's a bonnie laddie, an yon be he;
 A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee;
 He's a bonnie bonnie laddie, an yon be he.

There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-
 yard, [yard,
 There grows a bonnie brier bush in our kail-
 And on that bonnie brier bush there's twa roses-
 I lo'e dear, [yard.
 And they're busy busy courting in our kail-

They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our
 kail-yard, [kail-yard!
 They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our
 They shall bob on Athol green, and there they
 will be seen, [yard.
 And the rocks and the trees shall be their safe-

very brave men, besides many other Highlanders who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven; so that our numbers increased every moment, and I am thoroughly convinced that in the course of eight days we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging the barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the Prince was inexorable, and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprise; thus terminating in an inglorious manner an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe. Unfortunately he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan and other Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders; and who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain, on arriving in France, where several of them afterwards laid the foundation of their fortunes."

* According to the opinion of the Ettrick Shepherd, this is one of the songs which the strictness of the times compelled the original publishers to alter. It has still a Jacobite turn, however, and is inserted here to contrast with the ballad fragment which immediately follows it, entitled *Carlisle Yettis*. The latter is modern, and, we believe, made its first appearance in Crome's Remains. Hogg ascribes it, from internal evidence, to be the composition of Allan Cunning-

O my bonnie bonnie flowers they shall bloom
 o'er them a',
 When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',
 Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding
 them a',
 When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.

O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs
 awa ?
 O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs
 awa ?
 I will awa to Edinbrough, and win a penny fee,
 And see gin ony bonnie laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,
 He's coming frae the north that's to carry me ;
 A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree :
 He's a bonnie bonnie laddie, an yon be he.

CARLISLE YETTS.

WHITE was the rose in his gay bonnet,
 As he faulded me in his broached plaidie ;
 His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' luve,
 O it was aye in battle ready ;
 His lang lang hair, in yellow hanks,
 Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy ;
 But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts
 In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower-tap,
 My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,

hame, and it is obvious he is correct. It has all the Doric simplicity and touching effect which characterise Cunninghame's productions in that line.

This white rose was steeped in my luv's blood,
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

* * * *

When I came first by merrie Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were streaming!
When I came next by merry Carlisle,
O sad sad seem'd the town, and eerie!
The auld auld men came out and wept,
"O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"

* * * *

There's ae drap o' blude atween my breasts,
And twa in my links o' hair sae yellow;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er
kame,
But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts on our richest Scottish blude,
An' makes sae monie a dolefu' widow.

CALLUM-A-GLEN.

Was ever old warrior of suff'ring so weary?
Was ever the wild beast so bay'd in his den?
The Southron blood-hounds lie in kennel so
near me, [Glen.
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-

* The Jacobite cause was, in every stage of its progress, the fruitful source of misfortunes to individuals, of a character equally lamentable to those bewailed in the pathetic ditty of *Callum-a-Glen*. Both the Song and the Air are from the Gaelic. The latter is to be found in Captain Frazer's collection. This version of the words is from the pen

My sons are all slain, and my daughters have
left me ; [were ten :
No child to protect me, where once there
My chief they have slain, and of stay have be-
reft me,
And wo to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen !

The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven;
The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the
view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the
even, [dew :
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen for ever! [Glen?
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-

The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow ;
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and
lea : [row
O, is there no spring-day for Scotland ? no mor-
Of bright renovation for souls of the free ?
Yes : one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken.
The day is abiding, of stern retribution,
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

THE CHANGE.

STAR of the twilight grey,
Where wast thou blinking?

of the Ettrick Shepherd, who asserts that the original Gaelic is so beautiful, that he might venture to stake it against any piece of modern poetry.

When in the olden day,
Eve dim was sinking?
"O'er knight and baron's hall,
Turret, and tower,
O'er fell and forest tall,
Green brake and bower."

Star of the silver eve,
What hast thou noted,
While o'er the tower and tree
High hast thou floated?
"Blue blades and bonnet gear,
Plaids lightly dancing,
Lairs of the dun deer,
And shafts dimly glancing."

Star of the maiden's dream,
Star of the gloaming,
Where *now* doth blink thy beam.
When owls are roaming?
"Where in the baron's hall
Green moss is creeping,
Where o'er the forest's fall
Grey dew is weeping."

Star of the even still,
What *now* doth meet thee,
When from the lonely hill
Looks thy blink sweetly?
"Hearths in the wind bleach'd bare,
Roofs in earth smoulder'd,
Sheep on the dun deer's lair,
Trees fell'd and moulder'd." *

* In this elegant lyric, the transition from the high state of hope and expectation experienced by the Jacobites during the early part of Charles's career in 1745, to that of the despair and desolation which

FAREWELL TO GLEN-SHALLOCH.*

FAREWELL to Glen-Shalloch,
 A farewell for ever!
 Farewell to my wee cot,
 That stands by the river!
 The fall is loud sounding,
 In voices that vary,
 And the echoes surrounding
 Lament with my Mary.

I saw her last night,
 'Mid the rocks that enclose them,
 With a babe at her knee,
 And a babe at her bosom :
 I heard her sweet voice
 In the depth of my slumber,
 And the song that she sung
 Was of sorrow and cumber.

“ Sleep sound, my sweet babe,
 There is nought to alarm thee ;
 The sons of the valley
 No power have to harm thee.

followed the defeat at Culloden, is described with fine dramatic effect. The short stay of the Prince in Edinburgh was marked by much light revelry, that might have been prudently dispensed with, *and the blue blades, bonnet gear, and plaids lightly dancing*, were not without justice cited afterwards as a reproach to him, when they were contrasted with the melancholy results of a lost cause, and the effect of the Duke of Cumberland's wrath.—

“ Hearths in the wind bleach'd bare,
 Roofs in earth smouldered,
 Sheep on the dun deer's lair,
 Trees fell'd and moulder'd.”

* The original Gaelic of this Song, which has been thus translated by the Ettrick Shepherd, is said to be beautifully sweet, simple, and touching ; and the air, which is also an original Highland one, corresponds to the simplicity and tenderness of the verses. The latter is

I'll sing thee to rest
In the balloch untrodden,
With a coronach sad
For the slain of Culloden.

“ The brave were betray'd,
And the tyrant is daring
To trample and waste us,
Unpitying, unsparing.
Thy mother no voice has,
No feeling that changes,
No word, sign, or song,
But the lesson of vengeance.

“ I'll tell thee, my son,
How our laurels are withering ;
I'll gird on thy sword
When the clansmen are gathering ;
I'll bid thee go forth
In the cause of true honour,
And never return
Till thy country hath won her.

“ Our tower of devotion
Is the home of the reaver ;
The pride of the ocean
Is fallen for ever ;
The pine of the forest,
That time could not weaken,
Is trod in the dust,
And its honours are shaken.

“ Rise, spirits of yore,
Ever dauntless in danger !

to be found in Captain Frazer's collection, under the title of "*Bodhan an Eassain*."

For the land that was yours
 Is the land of the stranger.
 O come from your caverns,
 All bloodless and hoary,
 And these fiends of the valley
 Shall tremble before ye !”

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.*

I HAD three sons, a' young, stout, and bauld,
 And they lie at ither's sides bloody and cauld ;
 I had a hame, wi' a sweet wifie there,
 And twa bonnie grandbairns my smiling to
 share ;
 I had a steer o' gude owsen to ca' :
 But the bloody duke o' Cumberland has ruin'd
 them a'.

Revenge and despair aye by turns weet my e'e ;
 The fa' o' the spoiler I lang for to see.

*. This fragment, and the following Song of *The lovely Lass of Inverness*, are deeply descriptive of the suffering and calamity which overtook the unfortunate Highlanders after the fatal field of Culloden. The unrelenting cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland spared neither age, sex, nor condition ; and Scotland for a while realized the prophecy of *Peden*, which foretold that the time was nigh when her people might ride fifty miles among her hills and vallies, and not find a *recking* house, nor hear a crawling cock ! It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the feelings of every tender and poetical heart were thenceforward roused in behalf of the vanquished. From that period till the present time, the sons of genius have uniformly ranged themselves on the side of the Jacobites. Accordingly their cause has been defended with all the enthusiasm that feeling, fancy, and genius could inspire, and the mistaken loyalty of the brave but ill-starred men who embarked in it, has been sung by Smollett, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Cunninghame, and Burns, in strains that will never die. This Song of *The Old Man's Lament*, and that of *The lovely Lass of Inverness*, are ascribed to Cunninghame ; the old version of the latter, altered and beautified by Burns, is subjoined.

Friendless I lie, and friendless I gang,
I've nane but kind Heaven to tell o' my wrang.
"Thy auld arm," quo' Heaven, "canna strike
 down the proud :
I will keep to mysel' the avenging thy blood."

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

THERE liv'd a lass in Inverness,
 She was the pride of a' the town ;
Blythe as the lark on gowan tap,
 When frae the nest it's newly flown.
At kirk she wan the auld folks' love,
 At dance she wan the lads' een ;
She was the blythest o' the blythe,
 At wooster-trystes or Hallowe'en.

As I came in by Inverness,
 The simmer sun was sinking down ;
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
 And she was greeting through the town.
The gray-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
 And auld dames crying, (sad to see !)
"The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
 Lie bluidy on Culloden lea !"

She tore her haffet links o' gowd,
 And dighted aye her comely e'e :
"My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,
 At Preston sleep my brethren three !
I thought my heart could haud nae mair,
 Mae tears could never blind my e'e ;
But the fa' o' ane has burst my heart,
 A dearer ane there ne'er could be.

“ He trysted me o’ love yestreen,
 O’ love-tokens he gave me three;
 But he’s faulded i’ the arms o’ weir,
 O, ne’er again to think o’ me!
 The forest flowers shall be my bed,
 My food shall be the wild berrie,
 The fa’ing leaves shall hap me owre,
 And wauken’d again I winna be.

“ O weep, O weep, ye Scottish dames!
 Weep till ye blind a mither’s e’e!
 Nae reeking ha’ in fifty miles,
 But naked corses, sad to see!
 O spring is blythesome to the year;
 Trees sprout, flowers bud, and birds sing hie;
 But O what spring can raise them up,
 Whose bluidy weir has seal’d the e’e?

“ The hand of God hung heavy here,
 And lightly touch’d foul tyrannie;
 It strack the righteous to the ground,
 And lifted the destroyer hie.
 ‘ But there’s a day,’ quo’ my God in prayer,
 ‘ When righteousness shall bear the gree:
 I’ll rake the wicked low i’ the dust,
 And wauken, in bliss, the gude man’s e’e.’ ”

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

MODERN.

‘ THE lovely lass o’ Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure she can see;
 For e’en and morn she cries, “ Alas!”
 And aye the saut tear blinds her e’e.’

“Drummossie moor! Drummossie day!
A waefu’ day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

“Their winding sheet’s the bluidy lay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman’s e’e.
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord!
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne’er did wrang to thine or thee.”

THE FRASERS IN THE CORBEL.*

“WHERE is your daddy gane, my little May?
Where has our lady been a’ the lang day?
Saw you the red-coats rank on the hall green?
Or heard ye the horn on the mountain yes-green?
“Ye auld carle greybeard, spier ”a at me;
Gae spier at the maiden that sits by the sea.
The red-coats were here, and it was na for good,
And the raven’s turn’d hoarse wi’ the waught-
ing o’ blood.

“O listen, auld carle, how roopit his note!
The blood of the Fraser’s too hot for his throat,
I trow the black traitor’s of Sassenach breed;
They prey on the living, and he on the dead.

* The Ettrick Shepherd begs pardon of the Highlanders for adding so much to the original ideas of this Song, which is translated by him from the Gaelic. There was no need of an apology, for the English version is worthy both of the original song and of the Shepherd’s genius. The air, which bears the same name, is to be found in Captain Frazer’s Collection.

When I was a baby, we ca'd him in joke,
The harper of Errick, the priest of the rock ;
But now he's our mountain companion no more,
The slave of the Saxon, the quaffer of gore."

" Sweet little maiden, why talk you of death ?
The raven's our friend, and he's croaking in
wrath :

He will not pick up from a bonnetted head,
Nor mar the brave form by the tartan that's clad.
But point me the cliff where the Fraser abides,
Where Foyers, Culduthil, and Gorthaly hides.
There's danger at hand, I must speak with them
soon,

And seek them alone by the light of the moon.

" Auld carle greybeard, a friend you should be,
For the truth's on your lip, and the tear i
your e'e ;

Then seek in the correi that sounds on the brae,
And sings to the rock when the breeze is away.
I sought them last night with the haunch of
the deer,

And far in yon cave they were hiding in fear :
There, at the last crow of the brown heather-
cock, [on the rock.
They pray'd for their prince, kneel'd, and slept

" O tell me, auld carle, what will be the fate
Of those who are killing the gallant and great?
Who force our brave chiefs to the correi to go,
And hunt their own prince like the deer or the
roe?"

" My sweet little maiden, beyond yon red sun
Dwells one who beholds all the deeds that
done :

Their crimes on the tyrants one day he'll repay,
And the names of the brave shall not perish
for aye."

BONNIE CHARLIE.*

THOUGH my fireside it be but sma',
And bare and comfortless witha',
I'll keep a seat, and maybe twa,
To welcome bonnie Charlie.
Although my aumrie and my shiel'
Are toom as the glen of Earnanhytle,
I'll keep my hindmost handfu' meal,
To gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,
It's there nae langer I maun bide ;
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.
Although my heart is unco sair,
And lies fu' lowly in its lair, †
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

THE SUN'S BRIGHT IN FRANCE.†

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;

* This song is sweetly descriptive of the affectionate loyalty of the Highlanders, which was never for a moment abated by the misfortunes that overtook the object of it. The composition appears to have been by an exile of some note. Hogg ascribes it to Captain Stuart of Invernahoye.

† The feelings of an exile are described in this little production with simple and touching effect. His own calamity is completely lost in solicitude for the fate of his dear Marie and her children,

But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain countrie.

It's nae my ain ruin
That weets ay my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left ahin',
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

Fu' bienly low'd my ain hearth,
And smil'd my ain Marie!
O I've left a' my heart behind,
In my ain countrie!

O I'm leal to high heaven,
Which aye was leal to me;
And it's there I'll meet you a' soon,
Frae my ain countrie.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.*

OH! I am come to the low countrie!
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Without ae penny in my purse,
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me:

whom fate had compelled him to leave behind; while the hope of meeting them in Heaven seems the only consolation left to him upon earth. As a song, the verses have long been popular both in Scotland and England; but it is uncertain to what period they refer.

* This is a well known favorite song, partly ancient and partly modern. The popularity of the air to which it is sung, doubtless,

For then I had a score of kye,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
Feeding on yon hill sae high,
And giving milk to me !

And there I had three score o' yowes
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' the clan :
Sair, sair may I repine ;
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie he came owre at last,
Sae far, to set us free ;
My Donald's arm it wanted was
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell ?
Right to the wrang did yield ;
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden field.

I hae nocht left me now ava,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !
But bonnie orphan lad-weans twa,
To seek their bread wi' me.

But I hae yet a tocher-band,
Ochon, ochon, ochrie !

recommended it to Burns, who added the fifth, sixth, and seventh verses. The eighth, ninth, and tenth are by Allan Cunningham ; and the last is from the pen of the Ettrick Shepherd.

My winsome Donald's durk and brand,
 Into their hands to gie.

And still ae blink o' hope is left,
 To lighten my auld e'e;
 To see my bairns gie bluidy crowns
 To them gart Donald die.*

Ochon, ochon! oh, Donald, oh!
 Ochon, ochon, ochrie!
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me!

THE HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.†

A SOLDIER, for gallant achievements renown'd,
 Revolv'd in despair the campaigns of his
 youth;
 Then beating his bosom, and sighing profound,
 That malice itself might have melted to ruth,
 "Are these," he exclaim'd, "the results of my
 toil,
 In want and obscurity thus to retire?
 For this did compassion restrain me from spoil,
 When earth was all carnage, and heav'n was
 on fire?

* Though slow and deliberate in civil pursuits, the Highlander is remarkably quick, active, and even furious in war. One of a clan, at the battle of Culloden, being singled out and wounded, set his back against a park wall, and with his targe and claymore, bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of some officers. *Gillies Macbane* was cut to pieces, but thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him.

† In most of the versions of this song, the stanzas which reprobate certain Highland chiefs are omitted. They are generally understood

“ My country is ravag’d, my kinsmen are slain,
 My prince is in exile, and treated with scorn,
 My chief is no more—he hath suffer’d in vain—
 And why should I live on the mountain for-
 lorn?

O wo to Macconnal, the selfish, the proud,
 Disgrace of a name for its loyalty fam’d!
 The curses of heaven shall fall on the head
 Of Callum and Torquil, no more to be nam’d.

“ For had they but join’d with the just and the
 brave, [free;
 The Campbell had fallen, and Scotland been
 That traitor, of vile usurpation the slave, [me.
 The foe of the Highlands, of mine, and of
 The great they are gone, the destroyer is come,
 The smoke of Lochaber has redden’d the sky:
 The war-note of freedom for ever is dumb;
 For that have I stood, and with that I will die.

“ The sun’s bright effulgence, the fragrance of air,
 The varied horizon henceforth I abhor.
 Give me death, the sole boon of a wretch in
 despair,

Which fortune can offer, or nature implore.”
 To madness impell’d by his griefs as he spoke,
 And darting around him a look of disdain,
 Down headlong he leapt from a heaven-tower-
 ing rock, [complain.

And sleeps where the wretched forbear to

to refer to two chiefs of Skye, who stood aloof, either from apprehension of the consequences, or from the persuasions of Argyle. Their refusal to join the standard of the Prince was imputed to them as a monstrous political sin, by all those who embarked in his enterprise. According to Hogg, the song seems to have been the production of a sennachie of Appin, the old inveterate foe of the Campbells, whose prevailing power, however, finally crushed and ruined him.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA M'DONALD.*

FAR over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the correi that sings to the sea,
 The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
 She look'd at a boat which the breezes had swung
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
 And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung,
 "Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
 Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
 Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

"The moorcock that crows on the top of Ben-
 Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan
 Ronald,
 Unaw'd and unhunted, his eiry can claim;
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea:
 But, oh! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore;
 Nor house, ha' nor hame, in his country has he.
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland
 and me.

* The Ettrick Shepherd composed this song from some rude verses translated from the Gaelic, which were communicated to him by Neil Gow, the famous performer on the violin. Neil wished to publish them on a single sheet for the sake of the old air, but found them too rough-spun and vulgar for publication. "Accordingly," says the Shepherd, "I undertook to versify them of new, and think I have made them a great deal better without altering one sentiment." The original Highland poet has taken the usual license of representing Flora as bewailing a lost lover in the exiled Prince. Miss M'Donald's attachment to Charles, and the services she rendered him, however, appear to have been founded on duty and humanity, not love. Neither did the prince seem to view her in any

“ The target is torn from the arm of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust.

But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trode o'er the plumes in the bonnet of
 blue.

Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud.

When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true ?
 Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good !

The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
 brow.”

FLORA'S LAMENT FOR CHARLIE.*

WHY, my Charlie, dost thou leave me,

Dost thou flee thy Flora's arms ?

Were thy vows but to deceive me,

Valiant o'er my yielding charms ?

other light than a devoted and zealous friend. At their final parting, after having run a thousand risques together, and suffered many hardships, the Prince jestingly remarked, “ Well, Miss Flora, I hope we shall yet be in a good coach and six before we die, though we be now a-foot ;” and then bade her adieu. Our song writers have converted an excellent and clever woman into a mere love-sick maid.

* In this production the author has taken still greater liberties than the Highland poet who penned the song immediately preceding ; for he at once makes his heroine avow a licentious passion, and accuse the Prince of leaving her in despair. However suitable this may be for the purposes of poetry, it is proper to state that in every instance where Miss M'Donald and the Prince are the theme of our song writers, the license they assume is totally at variance with the truth of history. As detailed in a former note, the enlisting of this lady in the Prince's cause was entirely accidental, and happened while she was on a chance visit to her brother the laird of Milton, in the Island of South Uist, where Charles had been some time skulking and trying to avoid the pursuit of his enemies. The narrative of their adventures, from the moment she embarked in the enterprise, till his escape was finally effected, exhibits her as a woman of sense, courage, and discretion ; who, though exposed to

All I bore for thee, sweet Charlie,
 Want of sleep, fatigue, and care ;
 Brav'd the ocean late and early,
 Left my friends, for thou wast fair.

Sleep, ye winds that waft him from me ;
 Blow, ye western breezes, blow—
 Swell the sail ; for I love Charlie.—
 Ah ! they whisper, Flora, no.
 Cold she sinks beneath the billow,
 Dash'd from yonder rocky shore ;
 Flora, pride and flower of Isla,
 Ne'er to meet her Charlie more.

Dark the night, the tempest howling,
 Bleak along the western sky ;
 Hear the dreadful thunders rolling,
 See the forked lightning fly.
 No more we'll hear the maid of Isla,
 Pensive o'er the rocky steep ;
 Her last sigh - was breathed for Charlie !
 As she sunk into the deep.

much obloquy and a thousand inconveniences, yet was willing to run all hazards, for the sake of duty, humanity, and honour. In this light too, the Prince seems to have viewed her during the whole period of their intercourse ; for he constantly treated her with all the ceremony of polished etiquette. At Mr M'Donald of Kingsborough's, for instance, he uniformly rose up whenever she entered the room, and at meals he always insisted on her sitting at his right hand. It was the same from beginning to end of their journey ; and whenever an opportunity offered, he proved by the most punctilious respect, and the most delicate attentions, not only the gratitude he felt for her exertions, but the sense he must have entertained of her worth, her character, and her station in society. In short, the Prince, while under the guidance of Miss Flora, seems never to have forgot his own rank, or the respect which was due to the daughter of a proud Highland laird of the year 1745.

THE HIGHLANDER'S FAREWELL.*

O WHERE shall I gae seek my bread?
 O where shall I gae wander?
 O where shall I gae hide my head?
 For here I'll bide nae langer.
 The seas may row, the winds may blow,
 And swathe me round in danger;
 My native land I must forego,
 And roam a lonely stranger.

The glen that was my father's own,
 Must be by his forsaken;
 The house that was my father's home
 Is levell'd with the bracken.
 Ochon! ochon! our glory's o'er,
 Stolen by a mean deceiver!
 Our hands are on the broad claymore;
 But the might is broke for ever.

And thou, my prince, my injur'd prince,
 Thy people have disown'd thee,
 Have hunted and have driven thee hence,
 With ruin'd chiefs around thee.
 Though hard beset, when I forget
 Thy fate, young helpless rover,
 This broken heart shall cease to beat,
 And all its griefs be over.

* It is an honourable feature in most of the Jacobite lyrics, written after the catastrophe in 1745, that while they bewail the expatriation or ruin of private individuals, they never for a moment forget the misfortunes of their Prince or of their country. Indeed, a sentiment of deep toned grief for the fate of the one, and for the lost condition of the other, runs through the whole of them; and sometimes, towards their close, it absorbs every other consideration. It is peculiarly so in this production, which is a translation from the Gaelic, but by what hand is not known.

Farewell, farewell, dear Caledon,
 Land of the Gael no longer !
 A stranger fills thy ancient throne,
 In guile and treachery stronger.
 Thy brave and just fall in the dust,
 On ruin's brink they quiver :
 Heaven's pitying e'e is clos'd on thee,
 Adieu ! adieu for ever !

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.*

THE small bird's rejoice on the green leaves
 returning, [the vale,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro'
 The primroses blow in the dew's of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green
 dale. [fair,
 But what can give pleasure, or what can seem
 When the lingering moments are number'd
 with care ? [springing,
 Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flow'rs gaily
 Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice ?
 A king and a father to place on his throne !

* In this well known beautiful lyric of Burns, and in the anonymous song which follows it, a strain of romantic, or rather heroic sentiment, is ascribed to Prince Charles, which, it is to be feared, his mind was little qualified either to conceive or to appreciate. A short lived halo of glory was thrown around his character, in consequence of the daringness of his attempt, and the momentary success with which it was at first attended ; but subsequent events dissolved the illusion, and in more advanced life his conduct unequivocally betrayed that he possessed all the qualities which had proved so fatal both to the fortunes and the character of his predecessors. The enemies of the Stuarts exult in this fact ; while their friends find

His right are these hills, and his right are these
 vallies, [none!
 Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find
 But 'tis not *my* sufferings, thus wretched,
 forlorn! [mourn;
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I
 Your faith proved so loyal in hot bloody trial,
 Alas! can I make it no better return.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LAMENT.

O THINK not I weep that an outcast I roam,
 That the black heath at midnight thus cheer-
 less I tread; [home,
 Tho' the realm of my sires dare not yield me a
 Scarce a cave on her mountains to shelter my
 head.

Though the day brings no comfort, the night no
 repose,
 Yet not for my own doth my spirit repine,
 But in anguish I weep for the sorrows of those
 Whose eyes and whose bosoms have melted
 for mine.

The yell of the blood-hounds that hunt them
 by day,
 On my short startled slumbers forever attends,
 While the watch-fires that beacon my night-
 covered way, [of my friends.
 Are the flames that have burst from the roofs

an apology for the aberrations of Charles's later years, by ascribing them to the influence of grief and disappointment pressing upon a wounded and broken spirit.

Tho' the blade, blood-encrusted, hath sunk in
 the sheathe,
 No time and no distance a refuge afford,
 But chased on the mountains, and tracked o'er
 the heath, [sword.
 The scaffold must end what was left by the

Ye loyal, ye brave, and is this your reward?
 With the meed of the traitor, the coward
 repaid, [bared,
 While in peace ye had lived had your bosoms been
 On the prayer of your Prince, that implored
 you for aid.

Unpitied, unspared, let it sweep o'er my path,
 On me be centered its fury, its force,
 My rash lips have conjured this tempest of
 wrath, [course.
 But why should the sinless be scourged in its

If the fury of man but obey thy decree,
 If so guilty, my God, be the deed I have dared,
 Let thy curs, let thy vengeance, be poured
 upon me, [spared.
 But, alas! let my friends, let my country be

LENACHAN'S FAREWELL.*

FARE thee weel, my native cot,
 Bothy o' the birken tree!

* The Gaelic original of this song is said to be exceedingly beautiful. Indeed, even from this version it appears to be highly characteristic, though the translator has obviously done it no great justice. The air is also very fine, and a true Highland one. In Frazer's collection, it bears nearly the same name with the song, "*Ho cha neil mulad oirn.*"

Sair the heart and hard the lot
O' the lad that parts wi' thee.
Thee my grandsire's fondly rear'd,
Then thy wicker-work was full :
Mony a Campbell's glen he clear'd,
Hit the buck and hough'd the bull.

In thy green and grassy crook
Mair lies hid than crusted stanes ;
In thy bien and weirdly nook
Lie some stout Clan-Gillian banes.
Thou wert aye the kinsman's hame,
Routh and welcome was his fare ;
But if serf or Saxon came,
He cross'd Murich's hirst nae mair.

Never hand in thee yet bred
Kendna how the sword to wield ;
Never heart of thine had drow'd
Of the foray or the field :
Ne'er on straw, mat, bulk, or bed,
Son of thine lay down to die ;
Every lad within thee bred
Died 'neath heaven's open eye.

Charlie Stuart he came here,
For our king, as right became :
Wha could shun the Bruce's heir ?
Wha could tine our royal name ?
Firm to stand, and free to fa',
Forth he march'd right valiantlie.
Gane is Scotland's king and law !
Woe to the Highlands and to me !

Freeman yet, I'll scorn to fret,
Here nae langer I maun stay ;

But when I my hame forget,
 May my heart forget to play !
 Fare thee well, my father's cot,
 Bothy o' the birken tree !
 Sair the heart and hard the lot
 O' the lad that parts wi' thee.

WILL HE NO COME BACK AGAIN.*

ROYAL Charlie's now awa,
 Safely owre the friendly main ;
 Mony a heart will break in twa,
 Should he ne'er come back again.
 Will you no come back again ?
 Will you no come back again ?
 Better lo'ed you'll never be,
 And will you no come back again ?

* This song belongs to the times which compose the subject of it, and it is written with considerable spirit. The imputation on the men of the isles is, however, too general, for even those gentlemen who refused, upon principle, to join the standard of Charles, had no wish that he should be captured ; but on the contrary, many of them afterwards secretly lent themselves to his escape. If suspicion rested upon any one, it was only on the Laird of M'Leod, who wrote to Macdonald of Kingsborough, desiring him, if the Prince fell in his way, to deliver him up, and saying that he would thereby do a service to his country. But Kingsborough acted a very different part ; for he lodged the Prince hospitably in his house, and did not leave him till he saw him safe out of the reach of his enemies. For this he was afterwards taken up and imprisoned in a dungeon at Fort Augustus, where being examined by Sir Everard Falkner, he was put in mind how noble an opportunity he had lost of making the fortune of himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsborough indignantly replied, " No, Sir Everard, death would have been preferable to such dishonour. But at any rate, had I gold and silver, piled heaps on heaps, to the bulk of yon huge mountain, the vast mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast, from doing what I have done." This gentleman was afterwards removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept close prisoner for a year, nobody being permitted to see him but the officer upon guard, the serjeant and the keeper, which last was appointed to attend him as a servant. When the act of grace was passed he was discharged.

Mony a traitor 'mang the isles
Brak the band o' nature's law ;
Mony a traitor, wi' his wiles,
Sought to wear his life awa.
Will he no come back again ?
Will he no come back again ?
Better lo'ed he'll never be,
And will he no come back again ?

The hills he trode were a' his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree ;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There's none on earth can claim but he,
Will he no come back again, &c.

Whene'er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e'ening sinking down,
Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
To me they hae nae ither "jun",
Than, will he ne'er come back again, &c.

Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa' ;
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will he no come back again, &c.

Sweet the lavrock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen ;
And aye the o'ercome o' the sang
Is, " Will he no come back again ?"
Will he no come back again, &c.

GEORDIE SITS IN CHARLIE'S CHAIR.*

GEORDIE sits in Charlie's chair,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Deil cock him gin he sit there,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Charlie yet shall mount the throne,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Weel ye ken it is his own,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

* There have been innumerable versions of this Song, and its extreme popularity has always proved that not only was there much sympathy entertained even by the friends of the reigning family, for the fate of the Chevalier and his followers, after their defeat, but that the measures of severity with which the Duke of Cumberland thought it necessary to follow up his victory, were held in general detestation. The Ettrick Shepherd says he is in possession of various copies of it, and that in some of the common editions it has the appearance of a medley rather than a regular ballad. This edition, however, he considers perfect; all the good verses being in it, and there being also a kind of uniformity reserved throughout. The following verses, published in the *Scots Musical Museum*, have, doubtless, served as the basis for some of the modern additions which have been made to it:—

" Were ye e'er at Crookie den,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ?
 Saw ye Willie and his men ?
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
 " They're our faes wha brunt an' slew,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 There at last they gat their due,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
 " The hettest place was fill'd wi' twa,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 It was Willie and his papa,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 " The deil sat girning i' the neuk,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 Breaking sticks to roast the Duke.
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
 " The bluidy monster gied a yell,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
 An' loud the laugh ga'ed round a' hell,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie."

Weary fa' the Lawland loon,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Wha took frae him the British crown,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
But leaze me on the kilted clans,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
That fought for him at Prestonpans,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Ken ye the news I hae to tell,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ?
Cumberland's awa to hell,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
When he came to the Stygian shore,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
The deil himsel' wi' fright did roar,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

When Charon grim came out to him,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
"Ye're welcome here, ye devil's limb !"
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat on him a philabeg,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And in his doup they ca'd a peg,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

How he did skip and he did roar,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie !
The deils ne'er saw sic sport before,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They took him neist to Satan's ha',
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
To lilt it wi' his grandpapa,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

The deil sat girmin in the neuk,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
Riving sticks to roast the duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They pat him neist upon a spit,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
And roasted him baith head and feet,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

Wi' scalding brunstane and wi' fat,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
They flamm'd his carcase weel wi' that,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.
They ate him up baith stoop and roop,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ;
And that's the gate they serv'd the duke,
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

THE SONG OF M'RIMMON GLASH.*

O SWEET was the cot of my father,
That stood in the wood up the glen,
And sweet was the red-blooming heather
And the river that flow'd from the Ben ;
And dear was the little bird singing
From morning till e'en on the thorn,
And the daisies and violets springing
So fair on the bank of the burn.

* This Song, which is said to be a translation from the Gaelic, was communicated to the Ettrick Shepherd anonymously, and appears in his collection simply under the signature of T. G. The author, whoever he was, has entered with taste, feeling, and effect into the spirit which may well be supposed to have inspired one of the unfortunate partizans of the fugitive Prince in 1745.

I rose at the dawn of the morning,
And rang'd through the woods at my will ;
And often till evening's returning
I loitered my time on the hill.
Well known was each dell in the wild wood,
Each flower spot, and green grassy lea ;
O sweet were the days of my childhood,
And dear the remembrance to me !

But sorrows came sudden and early,
Such joys I may ne'er know again,
I followed the gallant Prince Charlie,
To fight for his rights and my ain.
No home has he now to protect him
From the bitterest tempest that blows ;
No friend, save his God, to direct him,
While watched and surrounded by foes.

I have stood to the last with the heroes,
That thought Scotland's right to have saved ;
No danger that threatened could fear us,
But we fell 'neath the blast that we braved.
My chief wanders lone and forsaken,
'Mong the hills where his stay wont to be ;
His clansmen are slaughtered or taken,
For, like him, they all fought to be free.

The sons of the mighty have perished,
And freedom with them fled away ;
The hopes that so long we have cherished,
Have left us for ever and aye.
As we hide on the brae 'mong the braken,
We hear our hames crash as they burn.
O God, when shall vengeance awaken
And the day of our glory return ?

BANNOCKS OF BARLEY.*

BANNOCKS o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !
 Wha in a brulzie will first cry "a parley ;"
 Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !
 Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o'
 barley.

Wha drew the gude claymore for Charlie ?
 Wha cow'd the lowns o' England rarely ?
 And claw'd their backs at Falkirk fairly ?—
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !
 Bannocks o' bearmeal, &c.

Wha, when hope was blasted fairly,
 Stood in ruin wi' bonnie Prince Charlie ?
 And 'neath the Duke's bluidy paws dreed fu'
 sairly ?
 Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !
 Bannocks o' bearmeal, &c.

CUMBERLAND AND MURRAY'S DESCENT INTO
 HELL.†

KEN ye whar cleekie Murray's gane ?
 He's gane to dwell in his lang hame.

* This heart-stirring Song is alike popular for its air and the recollections it inspires. The allusion in the last verse is sarcastic of the horrid and needless severities which the Duke of Cumberland inflicted on the poor Highlanders after the defeat at Culloden.

† Though the language and expression of this Song, even to a Scottish ear, is offensively vulgar, yet it exhibits throughout a combination of the ludicrous and the horrible, that would have done honour even to the genius of Burns. The chief object of the author's satire, is

The beddle clapt him on the doup,
 " O hard I've earn'd my gray groat.
 Lie thou there and sleep thou soun';
 Heav'n winna wauken sic a loon."

Whare's his gowd, and whare's his gain,
 He rakit out 'neath Satan's wame?
 He hasna what'll pay his shot,
 Nor caulk the keel o' Charon's boat.
 Be there gowd whare he's to beek,
 He'll rake it out o' brunstane smeek.

the famous Secretary Murray, who, on being taken prisoner and carried to London, betrayed some secrets that caused great trouble to several families who would otherwise have escaped. But the Duke of Cumberland also comes in for a share of castigation, and we may judge from this specimen of the feeling which his policy excited in Scotland, after his victory, what were the nature and character of the evils he inflicted on the unhappy followers of the Prince. We have already described some of these in preceding notes; but, as a further specimen, we quote the following extract of a letter from a clergyman in the North, published in the Scots Magazine, for June, 1746:—"As the most of this parish is burnt to ashes, and all the cattle belonging to the rebels carried off by his Majesty's forces, there is no such thing as money or pennyworth to be got in this desolate place. My family is now much increased by the wives and infants of those in the rebellion in my parish, crowding for a mouthful of bread to keep them from starving, which no good Christian can refuse." Many similar documents might be quoted in proof of the severe or rather merciless vengeance wreaked upon every quarter in which the insurgents had made the least head. In fact, by order of this ferocious Duke, the government troops carried fire and sword through whole districts of the Highlands, driving off the cattle, the only means by which the people subsisted, and leaving those who did not perish under military execution, to die a more lingering and horrible death from famine. Many poor people who never had offended, females, decrepited old men, and helpless infants became the victims of this savage ferocity; and mothers, with babes at their breast, were often found dead on the hills, literally from starvation. The Chevalier Johnstone details many acts of needless oppression and cruelty, committed by the government troops, and dwells with indignant energy on the barbarous policy which the Duke of Cumberland thus pursued. "As soon," says he, "as the Duke was certain, from the total dispersion of the Highlanders, that he had no reason to fear their re-appearance with arms in their hands, he divided his army into different detachments, which were

He's in a' Satan's frything pans,
 Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's ;
 He's washing them in brunstane lowe ;
 His kintra's blude it winna thow :
 The hettest soap-suds o' perdition
 Canna out thae stains be washing.

Ae deevil roar'd, till hearse and roopit,
 " He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit !"
 Anither roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,
 " He's howking the keystone out o' hell,
 To damn us mair wi' bless'd day-light !"
 Syne doukit i' the caudrons out o' sight.

ordered to scour the country, in order to pillage the houses and seize prisoners. These detachments having also a license from his Highness to act as executioners at will, committed the most horrible cruelties; burning the castles of the chiefs of the clans, violating their wives and daughters, and making it their amusement to hang up the unfortunate Highlanders who happened to fall into their hands, and thus surpassing in barbarity the most ferocious savages. Orders were at the same time transmitted to all the towns and villages between Inverness and Edinburgh, to stop any person without a passport; and a body of cavalry was detached to scour the Low Country, at the foot of the mountains, and to seize every person against whom there might be the slightest suspicion. In consequence of these arrangements, it was almost impossible to escape the fury of this sanguinary Duke, who, on account of his excesses and cruelties, unheard of among civilized nations, was held in contempt by all respectable persons in England—even by those who were in no manner partizans of the house of Stuart; and he was ever afterwards known in London by the appellation of 'the Butcher.'" A personal anecdote related of this Prince, exactly corresponds with the foregoing facts, and more than justifies all the evil that has been recorded of his character. Soon after the flight of the insurgents at Culloden, he was riding over the field, accompanied by Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Quebec, when he observed a wounded Highlander raise himself up on his elbow, and look at them with what appeared to him to be a smile of defiance, "Wolfe," cried he, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare." "My commission," said the gentle and excellent Wolfe, "is at your Royal Highness's disposal; but I can never consent to become an executioner." The Highlander, in all probability, was soon dispatched by some less scrupulous hand; but it was remarked, that from that day, the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander.

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,
Till his waukit loofs were in a blister ;
He stole his Whig spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,
And stole his scalping whittle's whunstane ;
And out o' its red-hot kist he stole
The very charter-rights o' hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain ;
He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.
Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,
With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,
He'll wile them aff your cloven cloots,
And wade through hell-fire in your boots.

Equally authentic with this anecdote is the fact, that on the day of the action, when it was discovered that some of the wounded had survived both the weapons of the enemy and the dreadful weather that came on in the interval, he sent out detachments from Inverness to put all those unfortunates to death. The savage executioners of his barbarous commands performed their duty with awful accuracy and deliberation, carrying every one they could find to different pieces of rising ground throughout the field, where, having first ranged them in due order, they dispatched them with musketry. On the following day, other parties were sent out to search the houses of the neighbouring peasantry, in which, it was understood, many of the mutilated Highlanders had taken refuge. They found so great a number as almost to render the office revolting to the bearers of it ; but with the exception of a few who received mercy at the hands of the officers, all were conscientiously murdered. An eye-witness afterwards reported, that on this day he saw no fewer than seventy-two individuals killed in cold blood ! But, according to the same author, by far the most horrible instance of cruelty which occurred in the course of those unhappy times, was one which took place in the immediate vicinity of Culloden House. Nineteen wounded officers of the Highland army had been carried, immediately after the battle, from a wood in which they had found their first shelter, to the court-yard of that residence, where they remained two days in the open air, with their wounds undressed, and only receiving such acts of kindness from the steward of the house, as that official chose to render at the risque of his own life. Upon the third day, when the search was made throughout the neighbouring cottages, these miserable men were seized by the ruthless soldiers of the Duke, tied with ropes, tossed into a cart, and taken out to the side of a park wall, when, being ranged up in order, they were commanded to prepare for instant death. Such as retained the use of their limbs, and whose spirits, formerly so daring, could not sus-

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,
And stappit him i' the dub o' hell.
The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,
The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,
Till the bluidy duke came trysting hither,
And the ae fat butcher fried the tither.

Ae deevil sat splitting brunstane matches ;
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches ;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.
A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stopt and glowr'd.

“ Fy, gar bake a pie in haste,
Knead it of infernal paste,”

tain them through this trying scene, fell upon their knees, and with many invocations to heaven, implored mercy. But they petitioned in vain. While in this attitude of supplication, and before they could utter one brief prayer to their Maker, the platoon, which stood at the distance of only a few yards, received orders to fire. Almost every one of the unhappy men fell prostrate upon the ground, and instantly expired. But, to make sure work, the soldiers were ordered to club their muskets, and dash out the brains of all who seemed to show any symptoms of life. This order was obeyed literally. One individual alone survived—a gentleman of the Clan Fraser. He had received a ball, but yet showed the appearance of life. The butt of a soldier's musket was accordingly applied to his head to dispatch him; nevertheless, though his nose and cheeks were frightfully injured, and one of his yes dashed out, he did not expire. He lay for some time in a state of agony not to be described, when Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, happening to pass, perceived his body move, and ordered him to be conveyed to a secure place, where he recovered in the course of three months. The unfortunate man lived many years afterwards to tell the dreadful tale. It is upon such cold-blooded atrocities, executed by the orders, and almost under the eye, of this notorious Prince, that posterity must form an estimate of his character. And it is clear that nothing but a just though indignant consideration of his merciless policy could have prompted the satire of “ *Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell*,” a composition, which, notwithstanding its coarseness and vulgarity, has the singular merit of being, in point of conception, at once the most horrible and ludicrous that ever was written since the world began.

Quo Satan; and in his mitten'd hand
 He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,
 And whittled him down like bow-kail castock,
 And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black tableclaith was spread,
 Th' infernal grace was reverend said ;
 Yap stood the hungry fiends a' owre it,
 Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,
 When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,
 "Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner!"

Hell's black bitch mastiff lapt the broo,
 And slipt her collar and gat gae,
 And, maddening wi' perdition's porridge,
 Gamph'd to and fro for wholesome forage.
 Unguarded was the hallan gate,
 And Whigs pour'd in like Nith in spate.

The worm of hell, which never dies,
 In wintled coil writhes up and fries.
 Whilst the porter bitch the broo did lap,
 Her blind whalps bursted at the pap.
 Even hell's grim sultan, red wud glowrin',
 Dreaded that Whigs would usurp o'er him.

ON MURRAY OF BROUGHTON.*

— *Quantum mutatus ab illo.*

To all that virtue's holy ties can boast,
 To truth, to honour, and to manhood lost,

* Murray of Broughton was a man of family and fortune in Tweeddale; but, independent of his rank, he possessed considerable talents and acquirements. It was doubtless these qualifications that recommended him to the office of Secretary in the insurgent army. The Highlanders, however, were jealous of him from first to last; and

How hast thou wandered from the sacred road,
 The paths of honesty, the pole to God!
 O fallen! fallen from the high degree
 Of spotless fame, and pure integrity!
 Where all that gallantry that filled your breast?
 The pride of sentiment, the thought profest,
 Th' unbiassed principle, the generous strain,
 That warmed your blood, and beat in every vein?
 All, all are fled! Once honest, steady, brave;
 How great the change to traitor, coward, knave!

O hateful love of life, that prompts the mind,
 The godlike, great, and good, to leave behind;
 From wisdom's laws, from honour's glorious plan,
 From all on earth that dignifies the man,
 With steps unhallowed; wickedly to stray,
 And trust and friendship's holy bands betray!
 Cursed fear of death! whose bug-bear terrors
 fright

Th' unmanly breast from suffering in the right;
 That strikes the man from th' elevated state
 From every character, and name of great,
 And throws him down beneath the vile degree
 Of galley'd slaves, or dungeon villany.

O Murray! Murray! once of truth approved,
 Your Prince's darling, by his party loved,

the result more than justified their worst suspicions of his integrity. When taken prisoner and carried to London, he there made such disclosures as compromised the safety of numerous families, who would otherwise have remained unsuspected. Many of them were put to great trouble, and some individuals only escaped imprisonment, or the scaffold, by flying into foreign countries. What put Murray's treachery beyond all doubt, was his delivering up the correspondence of old Lord Lovat, upon the evidence of which, chiefly, his Lordship's conviction and execution immediately followed. The price at which this celebrated Secretary thus purchased his life from Government is justly characterised by the indignant author of the above poem. The wretched man lived a few years the life of a dog—contemned, hated, or despised by all the world. From the *Jacobites* he ever after had no other name than *Traitor Murray*.

When all were fond your worth and fame to raise,
And expectations spoke your future praise ;
How could you sell that Prince, that cause, that
fame,

For life enchained to infamy and shame ?
See gallant Arthur, whose undaunted soul
No dangers frighten and no fears control,
With unconcern, the axe and block surveys,
And smiles at all the dreadful scene displays ;
While undisturbed his thoughts so steady keep,
He goes to death as others go to sleep.
Gay 'midst their gibbets and devouring fire,
What numbers hardy in the cause expire !
But what these to thee ? examples vain ;
Yet see and blush if yet the power remain ;
Behold the menial hand that broke your bread,
That wiped your shoes, and with your crumbs
were fed,

When life and riches proffered to his view,
Before his eyes the strong temptation threw,
Rather than quit integrity of heart,
Or act, like you, the unmanly traitor's part,
Disdains the purchase of a worthless life,
And bares his bosom to the butch'ring knife,
Each mean compliance gallantly denies,
And in mute honesty is brave, and dies.
While you, though tutored from your early youth
To all the principles of steady truth ;
Though station, birth, and character conspire
To kindle in your breast the manly fire,
Friends, reputation, conscience, all disclaim,
To glory lost, and sunk in endless shame,
For the dull privilege to breathe the air ;
Let everlasting infamy declare,
And down to late posterity record
A name that's cursed, abandoned, and abhorred !

Go, wretch! enjoy the purchase you have
 gained,
 Scorn and reproach your every step attend,
 By all mankind neglected and forgot,
 Retire to solitude—retire and rot.
 But whither, whither can the guilty fly
 From the devouring worms that never die?
 Those inward stings that rack the villain's
 breast,
 Haunt his lone hours, and break his tortured rest;
 Midst caves, 'midst rocks, and deserts you 'may
 A safe retreat from all the human kind; [find
 But to what foreign region can you run,
 Your greatest enemy, yourself, to shun?
 Where'er thou go'st wild anguish and despair,
 And black remorse attend with hellish stare,
 Tear your distracted soul with torments fell;
 Your passions, devils, and your bosom, hell!
 Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,
 Some minutes more inglorious life prolong;
 And when the fates shall cut a coward's breath,
 Weary of being, yet afraid of death,
 If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,
 JUDAS and MURRAY both may go to heaven!

ON WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.*

WHEN William shall depart this life,
 And from this earth be hurled,
 Ah! sure, to guess where he shall go,
 Must puzzle all the world.

* Hogg says that this is but one of a thousand specimens in his possession, of the vituperation and satire which the Duke of Cumberland's severities provoked after the battle of Culloden. Whether such unsparing abuse was merited or not, the reader is left to judge from facts quoted in some of the preceding notes to this volume.

In heavenly mansions there's no rest
For one of such contagion,
Since nought unclean can enter in
To that bright blessed region.

Where shall be found a place that's fit?
In hell he cannot enter,
For Satan no equal will admit;
Then chain him to the centre.

There, till that great and dreadful day,
When fervent heat shall purge him;
When this vain world shall pass away,
May all the furies scourge him.

UP AND RIN AWA, WILLIE.*

Up and rin awa, Willie,
Up and rin awa, Willie;
The Highland clans will rise again,
And chase you far awa, Willie.
Prince Charles he'll be down again,
With clans both great and sma', Willie,
To play your king a bonny spring,
And make you pay for a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c,

Therefore give o'er to burn and slay,
And ruin send on a', Willie,
Or you may get your butcher horns
Your own dirge for to blaw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

* This Song is from the MSS. of Mr Hardie of Glasgow. The historical allusions are not quite correct; but it breathes the real spirit of Jacobitism, and the expression is well adapted to the original air.

For had the clans been in your way,
As they were far awa, Willie,
They'd chas'd you faster aff the field
Than ever wind did blaw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

You may thank God for evermore,
That deil a clan you saw, Willie,
Wi' pistol, durk, or edge claymore,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Then take my last and best advice,
Pack bag and baggage a', Willie,
To Hanover, if you be wise,
Take Feck and George and a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

There's one thing I'd almost forgot,
Perhaps there may be twa, Willie:
Be sure to write us back again,
How they receiv'd you a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

CHARLIE STUART.*

O DREARY laneliness is now
'Mang ruin'd hamlets smoking!
Yet the new-made widow sits and sings,
While her sweet babe she's rocking:

* Cromek has published this sweet little fragment as an original of the olden time; but we suspect it to be one of the Parnassian flowers of Allan Cunningham.

“ On Darien think, on dowie Glencoe,
 On Murray, traitor ! coward !
 On Cumberland's blood-blushing hands,
 And think on Charlie Stuart.”

DRUMMOSSIE MUIR.*

“ WERE ye at Drummossie muir,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?
 Saw ye the duke the clans o'erpower,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?”
 “ My heart bleeds, as well it may,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie :
 Lang may Scotland rue the day,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

“ Many a lord of high degree,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Shall never more his mountains see,†
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 Many a chief of birth and fame,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Is hunted down like savage game,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

* The Ettrick Shepherd wrote this Song when in early youth, and it was a happy precursor of what he has since done in that species of writing. The sentiment and the expression were alike creditable to his patriotism and his genius.

† This allusion was pathetically exemplified in the case of the Earl of Kilmarnock. In the flight from Culloden he mistook a party of dragoons for Fitzjames's horse, and was instantly taken prisoner. His son, Lord Boyd, at that moment held a commission in the royal army, and from the ranks witnessed his father's distress and humiliation as he was led along the line, without his hat, which he had lost in the confusion, and with his long hair flying in disorder around his head and face. As the Earl passed the place where the youth stood, the latter stepped out of the ranks, and taking off his own hat, placed it on his father's head without uttering a word. The filial affection that

" Few, but brave, the clansmen were,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie ;
 But heavenly mercy was not there,*
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
 Posterity will ne'er us blame,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 But brand with blood the Brunswick name,
 My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie.

" Can it prove for Scotland's good,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Thus to drench our glens with blood,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie ?

thus warred with discipline and political duty, was justified by the sympathetic applause of the whole army.

* The Ettrick Shepherd here enters indignantly into the common feelings of his countrymen with regard to the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, and in our opinion he does so with great justice. Unfortunately for the memory of this Prince, all the instances of military execution which followed his victory at Culloden, were acts and deeds emanating from himself, committed upon his sole responsibility; and indeed so much had he and his minions exceeded the powers vested in them by Government, that it was afterwards found necessary to get Parliament to pass a bill of indemnity to screen him from all future consequences of his horrible violations of the law. How little he regarded any thing like legal restraint, may be guessed at from the fact of one of his officers having caused a citizen of Stirling to be flogged on the streets of that burgh, in spite of the interference of the civil authorities, and without a shadow of justification. And when even Lord President Forbes, who was the main prop of the civil Government at that period, mildly complained of some similar outrages against what he called the laws of the land!—"The laws of the land, my Lord," exclaimed the Duke contemptuously, "By G— I'll make a brigade give laws to the land." In fact, no form of trial was permitted in the cases of the insurgents, even within a few miles of Edinburgh, where the courts were always sitting. Men were hanged or shot in the most prompt and summary manner, and with as little pity or remorse as if they had been wild beasts. It was the same with regard to their property. Houses were plundered in open day at the will of the soldiers, and it often happened that creditors had the mortification of seeing those effects to which they looked forward as a guarantee for payment of money owing to them, sold in open day, and the proceeds pocketed by the myrmidons of the Duke. But it would be endless to recount the tyranny and consequent misery experienced through such monstrous measures. Government be-

Duke William nam'd, on yonder muir,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Will fire our blood for evermore,
 My bonny laddie, Highland laddie."

came at last thoroughly ashamed of them, and accordingly, all farther excesses were prohibited by proclamation. The Duke returned to England, and received the reward of his success : but unfortunately for his memory, he left to the indignant Scots the task of recording his character, and of transmitting his fame to posterity in the following epitaph :

Here continueth to stink
 The memory of William, Duke of Cumberland,
 Who, with unparalleled barbarity,
 And inflexible hardness of heart,
 In spite of all the motives to lenity,
 That policy or humanity could suggest,
 Endeavoured to ruin Scotland
 By all the means a tyrant could invent.
 Nor was he more infamous
 For the monstrous inhumanity of his nature,
 Than fortunate in accumulating
 Titles and Wealth ;
 For,
 Without merit,
 Without experience,
 Without military skill,
 He was created a Field-Marshal,
 And rewarded with
 The Profits of two Regiments,
 Besides a settled income of £50,000 a-year !
 He was the only man of his time
 Who acquired the name of a hero
 By the actions of a butchering Provot ;
 For, having with ten thousand regular troops
 Defeated half that number of famished and fatigued militia,
 He murdered the wounded,
 Hanged or starved the prisoners,
 Ravaged the country with fire and sword,
 And
 After thus rioting in continued cruelty,
 He posted off as if in triumph
 With the supposed head
 Of a brave but unfortunate Prince !
 O, generous and loyal reader,
 Although hope may flee thee for a while,
 And truth, and right, and justice be obscured,
 Let not thy spirit altogether sink ;
 Let not this success once tempt thee to despair.

CLAN-RONALD'S MEN.*

THERE'S news!—news! gallant news!
 That carle dinna ken, joe;
 There's gallant news of tartan trews,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 There has been blinking on the bent,
 And flashing on the fell, joe;
 The red-coat sparks ha'e got their yerks,
 But carle darena tell, joe.
 There's news!—news! &c.

The prig dragoons, they swore by 'zoons,
 The rebels' hides to tan, joe;
 But when they fand the Highland brand,
 They funk it and they ran, joe.
 There's news! news! &c.

Had English might stood by the right,
 As they did vaunt full vain, joe;
 Or play'd the parts of Highland hearts,
 The day was a' our ain, joe.
 There had been news! &c.

Heaven that punisheth our sins,
 Never overlooks such crimes as these.
 Retribution, though often slow, is always sure.
 This disgrace to royalty
 Having filled up the measure of his iniquity,
 At length lost the favour even of his own friends;
 And despised by all mankind, floundered in the mud of contempt,
 His success was forgotten,
 His triumph ceased with the occasion that gave it birth,
 His glory vanished like the morning dew;
 And
 They who once adored him as a hero and a god,
 Did at last curse him
 As a madman and a devil!

* This song, on account of the air to which it is usually sung, and its own lively and vigorous expression, is a general favourite. The conduct of Clanronald's men, however, was not always such as to

O wad the frumpy froward Duke,
Wi' a' his brags o' weir, joe,
But meet our Charlie hand to hand,
In a' his Highland gear, joe,
There wad be news ! &c.

We darena say the right's the right,
Though weel the right we ken, joe ;
But we dare think, and take a drink,
To Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
And tell the news ! &c.

Afore I saw the back of ane
Turn'd on his daddy's ha', joe,
I'd rather see his towers a waste,
His bonnet, bends, an' a', joe.
But yet there's news ! &c.

Afore I saw our rightful prince
From foreign foggies flee, joe.
I'd lend a hand to Cumberland
To row him in the sea, joe.
But still there's news ! &c.

Come fill your cup, and fill it up,
We'll drink the toast you ken, joe ;
And add beside, the Highland plaid,
And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
And cry our news, &c.

justify the chorus ; since there can be no doubt that their punctilious or rather superstitious folly lost the day at Culloden. After the army had been drawn up in order of battle, and was about to engage with the enemy, they refused to advance, because, forsooth, they had been posted on the left, instead of the right. As an excuse for such absurd conduct, they alleged that from the battle of Bannockburn till that day, they had been allowed the post of honour on the right, and they considered their being placed upon the left as a *bad omen*.

We'll drink to Athol's bonny lord ;
 To Cluny of the glen, joe ;
 To Donald Blue, and Appin true,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe.
 And cry our news ! our gallant news !
 That carle disna ken, joe ;
 Our gallant news, of tartan trews,
 And Red Clan-Ronald's men, joe !

OH ! CAULD IN THE MOOLS.*

OH ! cauld in the mools sleep the chiefs o' the
 Scotia's tint her Stuarts a' fairly ; [North,
 Though cauld i' the mools, and far frae the
 We maun think on Prince Charlie. [North,
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

When we the tartan dearest see,
 A sigh unkent we'll breathe for thee,
 And dash the heart drap frae our e'e,
 And mourn for our Prince Charlie.
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

When cares combine, and but a few
 Of sacred friends prove firm and true,
 Even then our hearts shall throb for you,
 Ye elect of Prince Charlie.
 Oh ! cauld, &c.

The author of *Clan-Ronald's Men* doubtless wrote it to cloak the disgrace of the Macdonalds, whose conduct at Culloden excited universal indignation among the Jacobites, and indeed amongst all rational men.

* This pleasing morsel of Jacobitism is sung to the tune of Johnny Cope ; but it seems ill adapted to that lively spirit-stirring air, the strain of sentiment it breathes being soft, plaintive, and sad.

Though 'mid the Highland hills we roam,
A wanderer poor, without a home,
We'll draw our stool where'er we come,
For they were kind to Charlie !
Oh ! cauld, &c.

We'll pu' a posie ilka year,
O' heather bloom, a symbol dear,
And dew it wi' a silent tear,
For thy ain sake, dear Charlie.
Oh ! cauld, &c.

Let other bards thy cause disown,
We'll tune our moorland harps alone,
And sit upon thy royal stone,
And mourn for our Prince Charlie.
Oh ! cauld, &c.

PRINCE CHARLES AND FLORA MACDONALD'S
WELCOME TO SKYE.*

THERE are twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens,
Come over the Minch,
And come over the main,
Wi' the wind for their way,
And the correi for their hame :

* The Ettrick Shepherd, notwithstanding the childish simplicity or rather absurdity of this reputed translation from the Gaelic, says that there is no song or air he likes better. According to his account too, it was copied verbatim from the mouth of Mrs Betty Cameron of Lochaber, well known for her great store of Jacobite songs, and her attachment to Prince Charles and the chiefs that suffered for him, of whom she never spoke without bursting out a-crying. The Shepherd, reasonably enough, supposes the translation to be Mrs Betty's own composition.

Let us welcome them bravely
Unto Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens ;
For the night it is dark,
And the red-coat is gone,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

There is Flora *, my honey,
So dear and so bonny,

* Miss Flora Macdonald has already been particularly noticed in a preceding note, but of a character so remarkable, there are few readers that would not wish to know all that can be told. We therefore subjoin a few additional particulars respecting her personal history, from Mr Chambers's amusing book on the events of 1745.

Flora Macdonald was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in the Island of South Uist, and therefore a gentlewoman by birth. At the time she became an auxiliary in aiding Prince Charles to escape, she was in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable accomplishments of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. Her father having died during her infancy, her mother was married to Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, who was at the head of one of the corps of militia then patrolling South Uist. She was generally an inmate in the family of her brother, the proprietor of Milton; but at that time she resided, on a visit, at Ormailade, the house of Clanronald, to whose family she was nearly related. O'Neal, one of the Prince's followers, being employed to ask her services in his behalf, she desired to see his Royal Highness, and was accordingly brought to an interview with him. How promptly she embarked in his cause, and how faithfully she acquitted herself as a partizan, is known to all the world.

In another note we have stated the particulars of her arrest and detention, upon a warrant from government, after the Prince had effected his escape. To the surprise of every body at that period, no prosecution was attempted, though the fact of her being a principal accessory in aiding Charles's flight was never for a moment denied. The truth was, that the ministry of the day had already pushed matters far enough, and public feeling was already sufficiently outraged by the bloody execution of the male prisoners, to permit them to think of persecuting a young and heroic female. But the tradition of Miss Macdonald's family, ascribes her liberation and exemption

And one that is tall,
And comely withal ;
Put the one as my king,
And the other as my queen,
They're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,

from punishment, to the interference of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of his late Majesty, George III. His Royal Highness having heard so much of the "Pretender's deliverer," as she was called, had the curiosity to visit her while in custody. At this interview, among other questions which he put to her, he asked how she came to do a thing so contrary to the commands of her sovereign, and so inimical to the interests of her country ? to which she answered in a firm but modest style, that she conceived herself to have only obeyed the dictates of humanity in doing what she had done, and that if ever it were his Royal Highness's fate, or that of any of his family, to apply to her under circumstances equally distressing with those of the Chevalier, she would, with God's blessing, act again precisely in the same manner. Frederick was so much pleased with this reply, that he exerted himself to get her liberated without delay.

After she had been set at large, she was taken into the house of a distinguished female Jacobite named Lady Primrose, and there exhibited to all the friends of the good cause who could make interest to get admission. The presents which she got at this period were perfectly overwhelming ; and the flattering attention which was paid to her, might have turned the heads of ninety out of a hundred such young ladies. Instances have been known, according to the report of her descendants, of eighteen carriages belonging to persons of quality, ranking up before the house in which she was spending the evening. Throughout the whole of these scenes, she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which, she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world.

After retiring to her native Island, which she did with a mind totally unaffected by her residence in London, she married Mr M'Donald of Kingsburgh, the son and successor of the venerable gentleman to whose house she had accompanied Prince Charles, as related in a preceding note. When past the middle of life, she went with her husband to America, and met with many strange mischances in the course of the Colonial war. Before the conclusion of that unfortunate contest, she returned with her family to Skye. It would appear that, at this advanced period of her life, she retained all the heroic courage which so remarkably distinguished her early years. It is told by her venerable daughter, Mrs Major Macleod, who accompa-

You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens ;
For the lady of Macoulain
She lieth her lane,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

Her arm it is strong,
And her petticoat is long,
My one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens ;
But their bed shall be clean,
On the heather most crain ;
And they're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens.
By the sea-moullit's nest
I will watch o'er the main ;
And you're dearly welcome
To Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree,
And a ship on the sea,

nied her on the occasion, that, a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, she alone could not be repressed, but came upon deck, and endeavoured, by her voice and example, to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm ; which caused her afterwards to observe, in something like the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now risked her life in behalf of both the House of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She lived to a good old age, continuing to the last a firm Jacobite. Such is said to have been the virulence of this spirit in her composition, that she would have struck any man with her fist, who presumed, in her hearing, to call Charles by his ordinary epithet, " the Pretender."

My twa bonny maidens,
 My three bonny maidens .
 On the lea of the rock
 Your craddle I shall rock ;
 And you're welcome unto
 The Isle of Skye again.
 Come along, come along,
 Wi' your boatie and your song,
 My twa bonny maidens,
 And three bonny maidens :
 More sound shall you sleep,
 When you rock on the deep ;
 And you'll aye be welcome
 To Skye again

A BALLAD FOR THOSE WHOSE HONOUR IS
 SOUND,
 WHO CANNOT BE NAMED, AND MUST NOT BE
 FOUND.*

SHOULD old gay mirth and cheerfulness
 Be dash'd for evermore,
 Since late success in wickedness
 Made Whigs insult and soar ?
 O no : their execrable pranks
 Oblige us to divine,
 We'll soon have ground of joy and thanks,
 As we had langsyne.

* In the original manuscript of this Song, in the possession of Mr Hardie of Glasgow, it is said to have been written by " *A Skulker in the year 1746 ;*" and if we compare its sentiments and allusions with the facts of that period, it is evidently a graphic transcript of the feelings of the beaten and unfortunate Jacobites. Under all their misfortunes they seem never to have lost hope ; and it is highly amusing to perceive how anxiously they looked forward to a day of retribution for their enemies the Whigs. These latter, it must be

Though our dear native prince be toss'd
From this oppressive land,
And foreign tyrants rule the roast,
With high and barbarous hand ;
Yet he who did proud Pharaoh crush,
To save old Jacob's line,
Our Charles will visit in the bush,
Like Moses langsyne.

confessed, displayed in their triumph on many occasions, a degree of vindictive zeal that was not called for on the score of public policy ; and was but little creditable to private feeling. Among various isolated cases of individual malice and oppression, noticed by the writers of the time, a singular one is recorded by the Chevalier Johnstone. While trying to elude pursuit, some time after the affair at Culloden, he had to pass through the moor of Glenilla, on his way to the village of Cortachie. "In travelling this route," says he, "I wished much to have fallen in with the minister of that parish, a sanguinary wretch, who made a practice of scouring the moor every day, with a pistol, concealed under his great coat, which he instantly presented to the breasts of any of our unfortunate gentlemen whom he fell in with, in order to take them prisoners. This iniquitous interpreter of the word of God considered it as a holy undertaking to bring his fellow creatures to the scaffold ; and he was the cause of the death of several persons whom he had thus taken by surprise. I had been cautioned to be upon my guard against his attacks, but I was not afraid of him, as I always had with me my English pistols, which were of excellent workmanship, loaded and primed, one in each breeches pocket. I desired, indeed, nothing so much as to fall in with him, for the good of my companions in misfortune,—being confident that I should have given a good account of him in an engagement with pistols ; for I have all my life remarked, that an unfeeling, barbarous and cruel man is never brave. But the punishment of this inhuman monster was reserved for my friend Mr Gordon of Abachie. When we separated, four days after our departure from Rothiemurchus, Abachie resolved to go to his own castle ; and the minister of Glenilla, having been informed of his return, put himself at the head of an armed body of his parishioners, true disciples of such a pastor, and proceeded with them to the castle of Abachie, in order to take Mr Gordon prisoner. The latter had only time to save himself, by jumping out of a window in his shirt. We seldom pardon any treacherous attempt upon our life. Accordingly Mr Gordon assembled a dozen of his vassals, some days afterwards, set out with them in the night, and contrived to obtain entrance into the house of this fanatical minister. Having found him in bed, they immediately performed that operation upon him, which Abelard underwent in days of yore, and carried off **** as trophies ; assuring him, at the

Though God spares long the raging set
Which on rebellion doat,
Yet his perfection ne'er will let
His justice be forgot.
If we, with patient faith, our cause
To 's providence resign,
He'll sure restore our king and laws,
As he did langsyne.

Our valiant prince will shortly land,
With twenty thousand stout,
And these, join'd by each loyal clan,
Shall kick the German out.
Then upright men, whom rogues attaint,
Shall bruik their own again,
And we'll have a free Parliament,
As we had langsyne.

Rejoice then ye, with all your might,
Who will for justice stand,
And would give Cæsar his true right,
As Heaven gave command ;
While terror must all those annoy
Who horridly combine
The vineyard's true heir to destroy,
Like Judas langsyne.

same time, that if he repeated his nightly excursions with his parishioners, they would pay him a second visit that should cost him his life. In this adventure his wife alone was to be pitied. As for himself, his punishment was not near so tragical as the death on the scaffold, which he had in view for Mr Gordon of Abachie. Doubtless this chastisement completely cured him of Jacobite hunting."

The mean vindictive conduct of such men as the minister of Glenilla threw great odium on the whigs, and it is not at all surprising that the wrath of the Jacobites is so frequently expressed against both them and their principles. In vituperating that party, the author of the above old song only echoes the sentiments of a thousand other productions of that day, all of which were provoked by similar pro-

A health to those fam'd Gladsmuir gain'd,
 And circled Derby's cross ;
 Who won Falkirk, and boldly strain'd
 To win Culloden moss.
 Health to all those who'll do't again,
 And no just cause decline.
 May Charles soon vanquish, and James reign,
 As they did langsyne.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.*

ALTHOUGH his back be at the wa',
 Another was the fau'tor ;
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.
 He gat the skaith, he gat the scorn,
 I lo'e him yet the better ;
 Though in the muir I hide forlorn,
 I'll drink his health in water.
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

I'll maybe live to see the day
 That hunds shall get the halter,
 And drink his health in usquebae,
 As I do now in water.
 I yet may stand as I hae stood,
 Wi' him through rout and slaughter,
 And bathe my hands in scoundrel blood,
 As I do now in water.
 Although his back be at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

ceedings of individuals quite independent of the violence exhibited by Government.

* This is an old and favourite song among the Jacobites, both for

BESSY'S HAGGIES.*

KEN ye wha supped Bessy's haggies?
 Ken ye wha dinner'd on our Bessy's haggies?
 Four gude lords, and three bonny ladies,
 A' to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.
 Ae gude chief wi' his gear and his glaumrie,
 Lords on the bed, and dukes in the aumrie;
 There was a king's son kiver'd o'er wi' raggies,
 A' for to dinner on our Bessy's haggies.

The horn it is short, gudewife, can ye mend it?
 'Tis nearer the lift, kind sir, gin ye kend it.
 In and out, out and in, hey for the baggies!
 Fient a crumb is o' Bessy's haggies.
 Gudewife, gin ye laugh, ye may laugh right fairly;
 Gudewife, gin ye greet, ye may greet for Charlie;
 He'll lie nae mair 'mang your woods and your
 craggies,
 You'll ne'er mair see either him or your haggies.

the sentiment and the air, which bears the same name. The writer's zeal, however, seems to have been greater than his discretion.

* Mr Gordon, of Ford, communicated this Song to the Ettrick Shepherd, who gives it as an antique. The tune is older than the year 1745; but the words evidently refer to that period. The sentiment would hardly seem to be justified by facts, if an anecdote told of old Lady Drummair be authentic. When the Duke of Cumberland took the command in Scotland and advanced against the Highland army, it was remarked that at Holyrood-House, Falkirk, and other places, he occupied the same quarters, the same room, and the same bed which Prince Charles had previously vacated. In like manner, when he entered Inverness, after the victory of Culloden, he took up his lodgings in the house of Lady Drummair, whose daughter, Lady M'Intosh, had there acted as the presiding divinity of Charles' household for two months before. How this venerable Jacobite entertained him is not recorded; but the comment which she was accustomed to make on the singular circumstance of her having lodged both Princes, betokened no great relish for the familiar presence of royalty: "I've ha'en twa Kings' bairns," said she, "living wi' me, in my time; but, to tell yon the truth, I wish I may ne'er ha'e anither."

Leeze me on him that can thole alteration,
 A' for his friends and the rights o' the nation !
 Leeze me on his bare houghs, his broad sword,
 and plaidie !
 He shall be king in the right o' his daddie.
 Foul fa' the feiroch that hings by his bonnet !
 The rump-rotten rebald, fieh ! fie upon it !
 He may grunch in his swine-trough up to the
 laggies,
 Never to be blest wi' a gudewife's haggies.

BATTLE OF VAL.*

UP and rin awa, Willie,
 Up and rin awa, Willie ;
 Culloden's laurels you have lost,
 Your puff'd-up looks, and a', Willie.
 This check o' conscience for your sins,
 It stings you to the saul, Willie,
 And breaks your measures this campaign,
 As much as Lowendahl, Willie.
 Up and rin awa, &c.

* The fate of the house of Stuart being sealed by the victory gained at Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, after reducing the Highlands, embarked for Flanders, and about January, 1747, joined the Allied Powers in their war against France. The forces of the Confederates, amounting to 120,000 men, were allowed to lie inactive in their camps for six weeks, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and almost destitute of forage and provisions, while the French, commanded by *Mareshal Saxe, Counts Lowendahl and De Clermont*, were comfortably lodged in cantonments at *Bruges, Brussels, and Antwerp*,—*Mareshal Saxe* declaring, "that when the Allied forces had been reduced by sickness and mortality, he would convince Cumberland that the first duty of a general was to provide for the health and preservation of his troops."

On the 20th June, both armies took the field, when a most sanguinary conflict took place at the village of *Val*, three miles west from *Maestricht*, which terminated in the defeat of Cumberland, and his retreat to the latter place, having sustained a lose of 6000 men, 16

Whene'er great Saxe your troops attack'd,
About the village Val, Willie,
To scour awa ye wasna slack,
For fear you'd get a ball, Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

In just reward for their misdeeds,
Your butchers gat a fa' Willie;
And a' that liv'd ran aff wi' speed
To Maestricht's strang wa', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

Baith Scott and Lockhart's sent to hell,
For to acquaint mamma, Willie,
That shortly you'll be there yoursel,
To roast ayont them a', Willie.
Up and rin awa, &c.

The Maese you cross'd just like a thief,
To feed on turnips raw, Willie,
In place of our good Highland beef,
With which you gorg'd your maw, Willie,
Up and rin awa, &c.

To Hanover I pray begone,
Your daddie's dirty sta', Willie,
And look on that as your ain hame,
And come na here at a', Willie.
It's best to bide awa, Willie,
It's best to bide awa, Willie,
For our brave prince will soon be back,
Your loggerhead to claw, Willie.

pieces of cannon, &c. During the whole of this campaign, Count Lowendahl was eminently successful in defeating the plans of Cumberland; and the French King, who visited his army in person, the same year, was so pleased with the exertions of the Count, that he promoted

A TOAST.*

HERE's a health to the King whom the crown
 doth belong to ;
 Confusion to those who the right king would
 wrong so ;
 I do not here mention either old king or new
 king ;
 But here is a health, boys—a health to the true
 king.

Here's a health to the clergy, true sons of the
 church,†
 Who never left king, queen, nor prince in the
 lurch ;
 I do not here mention either old church or new
 church ;
 But here is a health, boys—a health to the true
 church.

him to the rank of a Marechal of France, and at the same time appointed Marechal Saxe governor of the conquered Netherlands.

* The Jacobites, during many years after the insurrection of 1745, were obliged to be exceedingly guarded in their expressions, for fear of exciting the jealousy or the resentment of Government. The *Toast* is a good specimen of the sort of equivocal to which they resorted in communicating their political sentiments.

† It is the Episcopal Church that is here alluded to ; for the Duke of Cumberland, finding the clergy of that persuasion very generally identified with the cause of the exiled family, caused every place of worship in which they officiated, to be shut up, immediately after the battle of Culloden. It was not long till even severer measures were resorted to against them. An Act was passed, which ordained that every Episcopal clergyman, officiating without having taken the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and assurance, or without praying once, during the performance of worship, for the King, his heirs and successors, and for all the Royal Family, should, for the first offence, suffer six months' imprisonment ; for the second, be transported to the plantations for life, and, in case of returning from banishment, be subjected to perpetual imprisonment. Other conditions were required to constitute an Episcopal meeting a legal one ; and the Act further declared, that any person resorting to an *illegal* meeting-house of that persuasion, without giving notice of such meeting to a magistrate within five

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*

THICKEST night o'erhangs my dwelling?
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes, softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend.

days, should suffer fine and imprisonment. In consequence of the extreme severity with which this statute was carried into effect, a vast portion of the Episcopalian clergy underwent a persecution not less severe than that which had been suffered by the Presbyterian Church in the reign of Charles II. They displayed, however, under its continued oppressions, a fortitude not less exemplary, and testified by the constancy of their attachment to the principles which they professed, that in the words of the above Song, "*They never left King, Queen, nor Prince in the lurch.*"

* This Song, and the air to which it is sung, owe their birth to the joint enthusiasm of Burns and Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. Both were keen *Jacobites* of the modern school; and on this, as well as on some other occasions, they mutually agreed to dedicate their composition to that cause. The words were solely by Burns—the air by Masterton; to whose merit the former bears testimony, by asserting that he was the worthiest and best hearted man living. The subject of the Song is supposed to be James, Viscount Strathallan, whose father, Viscount William, was killed at Culloden. The son escaped to France.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LAMENT.*

THE storm is raging o'er the Kyle,
And o'er thy glen, dark Auchnacary,
Your Prince has travell'd many a mile,
And knows not where to go or tarry.
He sees, far in the vale below,
The wounded soldier home returning;
And those who wrought this day of woe,
Are round yon watchfire dimly burning.

* This is a modern production, and ascribed to Mr Daniel Weir of Greenock. Independent of its poetical merit, it is accurately descriptive of the Prince's wretched condition, while at the fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacary, where he was concealed a few days when proceeding to join his friend Lochiel in Badenoch, after eluding his pursuers in the islands. So beset with dangers was the route by which he had to travel to this meeting, and so intersected was the country at every point with military patrols, guarding the passes to prevent his escape, that the Highlanders themselves thought it would be next to a miracle if he should finally accomplish it. Mr Chambers' narrative of his wanderings on this occasion rivals any thing in romance. At one time, after being eight-and-forty hours without a morsel of food, he was obliged to throw himself upon the *honour* of a band of robbers, whose only refuge and shelter was a rocky cave upon the side of the hill of Corambian. These poor fellows, however, who only robbed from necessity, proved kind, humane, and honourable men; for though they knew the Prince the moment he was introduced to them, and were aware of the immense price set upon his head, they faithfully kept his secret. One of them, whose name was Hugh Chisholm, and who came to Edinburgh a good many years afterwards, communicated to Mr Home, the author of Douglas, a few interesting particulars. He said that when Charles was brought to their cave by Macdonald of Glenaladale, he had upon his head a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet. His neck was cinctured with a dirty clouted handkerchief. His coat was of coarse dark-coloured cloth; his vest of Stirling tartan, much worn. A belted plaid was his best garment. He had tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he had not another, was of the colour of saffron. Altogether, his outward man betrayed the extremity of privation and distress. Although previously informed that it was young Clanronald who was to be introduced to them, they instantly recognised the Prince in spite of his disguise, and kneeled down involuntarily to do him homage. After they had provided a repast for him, which his long fast made him devour almost voraciously, they set their wits to work to renew his wardrobe, and they were not slow in accomplish-

O Scotland lang shall rue the day,
She saw Culloden drench'd and gory;
The sword the bravest hearts may stay,
But some will tell the mournful story.
Amidst those hills that are mine ain,
I wander here a houseless stranger;
With nought to shield me from the rain,
And every hour beset with danger.

Howl on, ye winds, the hills are dark,
There shrouded in a gloomy covering;
Then haste thee o'er the sea, my bark,
For blood-hounds are around me hov'ring.

ing even this object. Having learned that a detachment of the King's troops, commanded by Lord George Sackville, was ordered from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, and knowing that it must pass at no great distance from their habitation, they lay in wait for it at a part of the road suitable for their purpose. They first permitted the soldiers to pass and get out of sight, and then, attacking the servants with the baggage, they seized some portmanteaus, in which they found linens and every thing that the comfort of the Prince required. Charles remained with this predatory band about three weeks, during which they performed not only the duty of the most faithful body guards, but acted as scouts, spies, and couriers, as circumstances demanded. From Fort Augustus, with which they held regular communications, they brought all sorts of intelligence, collected among the inhabitants, and even occasionally procured the newspapers of the day for the Prince's perusal. The vigilance of the Government patrols, however, continued to be incessant; one of these men was therefore dispatched to Lochaber to endeavour to discover Lochiel, and to inform him of Charles's situation. This he effected, and by means of Cameron of Clunes, who arranged a meeting with his Royal Highness, in a concealed hut at the head of Glencoich, they afterwards joined Lochiel and other friends in Badenoch, though not without running a thousand risques, and suffering incredible hardships. When the faithful robbers consigned the Prince to the guardianship of Clunes and his three sons, who accompanied him, Hugh Chisholm and the man who had gone as courier to Lochiel, were appointed to attend him for some time, till they should think him out of danger. The courier's name was Peter Grant. Chisholm is supposed to have been their chief. According to Mr Chambers, this person while in Edinburgh, was visited by many persons from curiosity. Some of them gave him money, to mark their approval of his fortitude and honour, in resisting the vast allurements of £30,000 offered for the Prince's apprehension, dead or alive. Chisholm always refused his right hand to shake, agreeably to

O Scotland, Scotland, fare thee well,
 Farewell ye hills, I dare not tarry;
 Let hist'ry's page my sufferings tell,
 Farewell Clanronald and Glengary.

ROYAL CHARLIE.*

THE wind comes frae the land I love,
 It moves the flood fu' rarely;
 Look for the lily on the lea,
 And look for royal Charlie.

Ten thousand swords shall leave their sheaths,
 And smite fu' sharp and sairly;
 And Gordon's might, and Erskine's pride,
 Shall live and die wi' Charlie.

the ordinary custom of salutation, assigning as a reason, that he had got a shake of the Prince's hand, on parting with him, and was resolved never to give that hand to any man till he should meet with the Prince again.

* Perhaps nothing affords a more decided proof of the enthusiastic devotion of the Scotch Jacobites, than the frequency with which we find strong political sentiment put into the mouths of the ladies, by many of our song writers. But the propriety of the practice is completely justified by the fact of such political feeling having actually prevailed still more strongly among the women than the men, in 1745. It was remarked emphatically, by Lord President Forbes, that men's swords did less for the cause of Prince Charles than the tongues of his fair countrywomen. His Lordship was a shrewd man of the world; and, as a zealous supporter of the existing Government, he justly feared the consequences of this petticoat influence more than all the other causes of excitement put together. In his official correspondence he repeatedly refers to it as a matter to be feared as well as regretted. It is difficult to account for the balance of zeal thus displayed by the female sex, unless we are to find a cause for it, in their having been less capable of appreciating the probable consequences. In their light and airy visions of futurity, nothing, of course, would arise but the splendour of returning royalty, and all the glittering advantages of Court honours and royal smiles. The men, on the other hand, had to calculate not only on success, but defeat. They might, no doubt, acquire promotion and fame, and wealth and honour; but they had also to look to the chance of fur-

The sun shines out—wide smiles the sea,
The lily blossoms rarely ;
O yonder comes his gallant ship.
Thrice welcome, royal Charlie !

“ Yes, yon’s a good and gallant ship,
Wi’ banners flaunting fairly ;
But should it meet your darling Prince,
’Twill feast the fish wi’ Charlie.”

Wide rustled she with silks in state,
And waved her white hand proudlie,
And drew a bright sword from the sheath,
And answered high and loudlie :—

“ I had three sons, and a good lord,
Wha sold their lives fu’ dearlie ;
And wi’ their dust I’d mingle mine,
For love of gallant Charlie.

It wad hae made a hale heart sair,
To see our horsemen flying ;
And my three bairns, and my good lord,
Amang the dead and dying :

“ I snatched a banner—led them back—
The white rose flourish’d rarely :
The deed I did for royal James
I’d do again for Charlie.”

feltd lands, ruined families, and the fearful possibility of the halter, the block, and the headsman’s axe. As remarked by Allan Cunningham, the ladies of 1745 resembled Mause Headrigg, crying out, “ *Testify with your hands as we testify with our tongues, and they will never be able to harl the blessed youth into captivity.*” This song comes from the lips of one of those resolute heroines—probably of the family of Mar.

ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART,
THE 20TH OF DECEMBER, 1746.*

A WHILE forget the scene of woe,
Forbid awhile the tear to flow,
The pitying sigh to rise;
Turn from the axe the thoughts away,†
'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
And end the night in joys.

So, when black clouds and beating rain,
With storms the face of nature stain,
And all in gloom appears;
If Phœbus deigns a short-lived smile,
The face of Nature charms awhile,
Awhile the prospect clears :

* The original manuscript of this composition, which was only published a few years ago, remained for three-fourths of a century in the possession of a distinguished family in Sommersetshire, to whose Jacobite ancestor it had been presented by its author, the Rev. Dr Isaacs, of Exeter. The care with which it was thus preserved as a literary relic, shews that the principles which it inculcates, and for which the west of England was notorious in 1715, were not by any means extinct there in 1745.

† This allusion denotes that the scaffold had recently exhibited the last scene of the tragedy which followed the government victory at Culloden. The massacre and devastation perpetrated by the Duke of Comberland in the Highlands, was not deemed punishment enough for the vanquished Jacobites. It was thought necessary, also, to strike terror in the south as well as in the north; and accordingly, a long list of those who had been taken prisoners, or who had delivered themselves up, was made out for prosecution, under the statutes against High Treason. Several hundreds were arraigned at London, York, and Carlisle, and out of the numerous convictions obtained, about eighty suffered death by the hands of the executioner. All these unfortunate individuals are said to have met their fate with heroic fortitude and resolution; and some of them even gloried in their political martyrdom in such a manner as to astonish the beholders. With one exception also they continued to the last to justify the cause which had brought them to the scaffold, praying for the exiled Royal Family, and particularly for Prince Charles, whom they represented as a pattern of excellency, and quali-

Come then, and whilst we largely pour
Libations to the genial hour,
That gave our hero birth ;
Let us invoke the tuneful Nine,
To sing a theme, like them, divine,
To sing his race on earth !

How in his tender infant years,
The guardian hand of heaven appears
To watch its chosen care ;
Estranged from ev'ry foe to truth,
Virtuous affliction form'd his youth,
Instructive though severe.

fied to make the nation happy, should it ever have the good fortune to see him restored.

Of all those who met death at this tragical period, the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat, necessarily excited most interest, as their trials were conducted with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance peculiar to the arraignment of Peers for the crime of High Treason. The Earl of Cromarty was tried at the same time, but his share in the insurrection having been less conspicuous, he received a pardon. Many exertions were made by the friends of the other noblemen, to obtain the same grace for them, but without effect. They accordingly prepared to meet their doom.—The 18th of August being fixed for the execution of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, the sheriffs of London and Middlesex went in procession, and conducted them from the Tower to the scaffold. On arriving within the area which surrounded it, they were conducted into separate apartments in a house fitted up for their reception, where their friends were admitted to see them. The walls were hung with black, as well as the passage leading to the scaffold, which was surrounded with soldiers six deep. Lord Kilmarnock's rank giving him precedence, even in this scene of death, he was led out first ; but, before leaving the room, he took a tender farewell of those who attended him. When he stepped upon the scaffold he seemed to feel all the horror of his situation ; for he muttered in the ear of one of the attendant clergymen, " Home, this is terrible !" His countenance also bore the stamp of deep melancholy, and conveyed to the spectators an impression of the mingled feelings of resignation and despair, which occupied him within. His palid complexion, and his care-worn, though still elegant form, excited a strong and sympathetic interest in the unhappy nobleman's fate, and many individuals, even at a distance, involuntarily burst into tears. After having stripped off his upper clothes, and bared his neck, he gave a purse containing five guineas to the execu-

No sinful court its poison lent,
An early bane his life to taint,
 And blast his young renown :
His father's virtues fire his heart—
His father's sufferings truth impart,
 To form him for a throne.

How, at an age, when pleasure's charms
Allure the stripling to her arms,
 He formed the great design,
To assert his injured father's cause,
Restore his suffering country's laws,
 And prove his right divine.

tioner, and mentioned in what manner he would give the signal for the descent of the axe. He then went forward, and knelt upon a black cushion which was placed for the purpose before the block. It was found necessary, however, farther to adjust his garments, so as to prevent any impediment to the fatal stroke, and he again rose for that purpose. This being done, he knelt down again, and having uttered a silent but fervent prayer, as appeared from the motion of his hands, he gave the signal, and his head was instantly severed from his body.

The under sheriff now went and intimated to the other noble victim, that his time was also come, and accordingly, Balmerino immediately made his appearance on the fatal stage. Very different, however, was the impression made by his demeanour on the spectators. Kilmarnock, in his despondency had recanted his political principles, in the hope of pardon, and his dignity and fortitude seemed to have given way altogether under the dread of death. Balmerino, on the other hand, had from first to last adhered to his political creed. At the same time, he maintained throughout the utmost serenity of temper, and had even the philosophy or indifference to jest occasionally on the subject of his misfortunes. The firm step, therefore, with which he strode the scaffold, his undaunted look, and his bold bluff figure, but above all, his dress, which was the same regimental suit of blue turned up with red, which he had worn during the campaign, excited the admiration of the crowd, rather than their pity, and made them regard him almost as a being of a superior order. In undressing himself, and preparing for the stroke of the executioner, he exhibited as much coolness as if he had been only going to lie down to sleep. Having put on a flannel vest, which had been made on purpose, and a tartan cap, to denote that he died a true Scot, he stepped up to the block, which he called his *pillow of rest*, and kneeling down, went

How, when on Scotia's beach he stood,
 The wondering throng around him crowd,
 To bend the obedient knee ;
 Then, thinking on their country chain'd,
 They wept at worth so long detain'd
 By Fate's severe decree.

How, when he moved, in sweet amaze,
 All ranks in transport on him gaze,
 E'en grief forgets to pine ;
 The wisest sage, or chastest fair,
 Applaud his sense, or praise his air,
 Thus form'd with grace divine.

through a sort of rehearsal of the fatal ceremony, for the instruction of the executioner ; shewing how he would give the signal for the blow, by dropping his arms. This being over, he returned to his friends, who were standing at another part of the scaffold, and having taken a tender farewell of them, he looked round upon the crowd, and said, " I am afraid there are some who may think my behaviour bold ;" but, continued he, addressing a gentleman near him, " remember, sir, what I tell you ; it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience." At this moment, he observed the executioner standing with the axe, and going up to him, he took the fatal weapon into his own hand and felt its edge. On returning it, he showed the man where to strike his neck, and hoped that he would do it with resolution and vigour ; " for in that, my friend," added he, " will consist your mercy." With a placid or rather cheerful expression of countenance, he then knelt down at the block, and having uttered the following words :—" O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless the Prince and the Duke, and receive my soul ;" he dropped his arms for the blow. Unfortunately the suddenness with which the signal was thus given, prevented the executioner from taking deliberate aim, and the axe, instead of going through the neck, hit its victim between the shoulders. The unhappy nobleman turned his head half round, and gnashed his teeth either with rage or pain, while his eyeballs glared dreadfully around. A second stroke, however, taken with surer aim, went through two-thirds of the neck, and death immediately followed, for the body fell away from the block. A third blow entirely severed the head, and the tragedy was completed.

Old Lord Lovat having been reserved by Government as the last victim of political vengeance, his trial did not take place till some months after the execution of the other noblemen. It was expected that on account of his great age he would have been pardoned, or at

How great in all the soldier's art,
 With judgment calm, with fire of heart,
 He bade the battle glow :
 Yet greater on the conquer'd plain,
 He felt each wounded captive's pain,
 More like a friend than foe.

By good unmoved, in ills resign'd,
 No change of fortune changed his mind,
 Tenacious of its aim ;
 In vain the gales propitious blew,
 Affliction's dart as vainly flew,
 His mind was still the same.

Check'd in his glory's full career,
 He felt no weak desponding fear,
 Amidst distresses great ;
 By every want and danger prest,
 No care perplex'd his manly breast,
 But for his country's fate.

least respited, till a natural death had superseded the office of the executioner. But the men in power were too vindictive to admit the plea of gray hairs, or even infirmity of body, as an apology for treason on this occasion, and, accordingly, the aged Lord was consigned to the scaffold like the rest. When he mounted the steps he was so feeble as to require two persons to assist him up. But he exhibited the most philosophical indifference as to his fate. He felt the edge of the axe, and expressed himself satisfied with its sharpness. He then called the executioner, gave him ten guineas, and told him to do his duty with firmness and accuracy, adding that he would be very angry with him, if he should hack and mangle his shoulders. With cool deliberation he laid his head upon the block, which fortunately was severed at a single blow. The age and infirmities of this old chieftain alone excited the sympathy of the spectators ; for he was generally known to be the most equivocal politician of his time. Indeed, his character during a long life had been marked by singular duplicity, and though he possessed considerable talents, they were never exerted in the public service, so as to atone for his utter destitution of moral worth. In politics he was, from his earliest years, a thorough bred disciple of Machiavel, and even on his trial he betrayed the same principles, for he exerted himself to baffle his enemies, with all the dissimulation

For oh! the woes by Britain felt,
Had not atoned for Britain's guilt,
 So will'd offended heaven;
That yet awhile the usurping hand,
With iron rod should rule the land,
 The rod for vengeance given.

But in its vengeance heaven is just,
And soon Britannia from the dust
 Shall rear her head again;
Soon shall give way the usurping chain,
And peace and plenty once again
 Proclaim a Stuart's reign.

What joys for happy Britain wait,
When Charles shall rule the British State,
 Her sullied fame restore;
When in full tide of transport tost,
E'en memory of her wrongs be lost,
 Nor Brunswick heard of more.

The nations round with wondering eyes
Shall see Britannia awful rise,
 As she was wont of yore.
And when she holds the balanced scale,
Oppression shall no more prevail,
 But fly her happy shore.

and chicanery which had marked his conduct at other periods of his life. The speech which he made in his defence was specious in argument, and eloquent in expression; but he found it impossible to get over the evidence of his own letters, produced by Murray of Broughton, which had been written to the exiled family, and in particular to the young Chevalier, promising them his assistance, and negotiating at the same time the elevation of his family to a Dukedom. Though a double dealer selfish to the last, and notwithstanding he had studied through life to make every thing subservient to his own purposes, he vainly wished to have it believed that he died a patriot; and, as if quite unconscious of the opinion which the world entertained of him,

Corruption, vice, on every hand,
 No more shall lord it o'er the land,
 With their Protector fled :
 Old English virtues in their place,
 With all their hospitable race,
 Shall rear their decent head.

In peaceful shades the happy swain,
 With open heart and honest strain,
 Shall hail his long-wish'd Lord,
 Nor find a tale so fit to move
 His listening fair one's heart to love,
 As that of Charles restored.

Though distant, let the prospect charm,
 And every gallant bosom warm,
 Forbear each tear and sigh !
 Turn from the one the thought away
 'Tis Charles that bids us crown the day,
 And end the night in joy.

JEMMY DAWSON. *

COME, listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear ;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

while he laid his head upon the block, he uttered Horace's celebrated sentiment, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori !*"

* This ballad is commemorative of the melancholy and peculiarly hard fate of a youthful victim who was sacrificed to the harsh and unrelenting policy of the Government, at the period of its triumph in 1746. He was the son of a gentleman of Lancashire of the name of Dawson, and, while pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland, and the progress of the insurgents. At that moment he had committed some youthful excesses, which induced him to run away from his College, and either

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline :
For thou canst weep at ev'ry woe,
And pity ev'ry plaint—but mine.

from caprice or enthusiasm, he proceeded to the north and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and nine were ordered for immediate execution, as having been most actively and conspicuously guilty. Kennington Common was the place appointed for the last scene of their punishment, and, as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarities inflicted by the British law of Treason, a vast mob from London and the surrounding country assembled to witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block, and the fire, into which their hearts were to be thrown, without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them formerly to risque their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last ; for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down, in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Colonel Townly was the first that was laid upon the block, but the executioner observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it violently on the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it quite insensible to the remaining part of the punishment. This not having the desired effect, he cut the unfortunate gentleman's throat. The shocking ceremony of taking out the heart and throwing the bowels into the fire, was then gone through, after which the head was separated from the body with a cleaver, and both were put into a coffin. The rest of the bodies were thus treated in succession ; and on throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, " God save King George !" and the spectators responded with a shout. Although the rabble had hooted the unhappy gentlemen on the passage to and from their trials, it was remarked that at the execution their fate excited considerable pity, mingled with admiration of their courage. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was, the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime ; but who had been permitted to attend this last scene of his brother's life, in a coach along with a guard. The other was the fact of a young

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
 A brighter never trode the plain ;
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
 And faultless was her beauteous form,
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the favour'd Youth astray ;
 The day the rebel clans appear'd,—
 O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found ;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

and beautiful female, to whom Mr Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad. This singular fact is narrated, as follows, in most of the Journals of that period :—

“ A young lady, of a good family and handsome fortune, had for some time extremely loved, and been equally beloved by Mr James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kensington Common for high treason ; and had he been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

“ Not all the persuasions of her kindred, could prevent her from going to the place of execution ;—she was determined to see the last of a person so dear to her ; and, accordingly, followed the sledges in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend.—She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and that she found he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and, crying out, *My dear, I follow thee, —I follow thee ; Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together*, fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

How pale was then his true-love's cheeks,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows,
So pale, or yet so chill, appear.

With falt'ring voice, she weeping said,
"Oh, Dawson! monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O, George! without a prayer for thee,
My orisons would never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fates' decree."

O, then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.

"That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly lov'd so long ;
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

Ah ! sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd ;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd.

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to ev'ry heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
" Yet, yet," she cried, " I follow thee.

" My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore ;
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er, and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expir'd !

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale,
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

smothered within her breast, it is thought, put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated, at once, all the animal spirits."

O WAD YE KEN WHARE SHE COMES FRAE.*

O WAD ye ken whare she comes frae,
Her hame was in the north, man,
But och, wae's me, she was sae puir,
She had to cross the Forth, man.
She didna like their boats ava,
She came by Stirling brig, man ;
And now she's singing her ain sang,
Amang the Lawland Whig, man.

Although hersel be auld and gray,
She was a sodger ance, man,
When Struan rais'd her clans sae bauld,
For justice and her Prince, man.
Hersel she had a gude claymore,
She us'd it wi' gude will, man,—
Some English lads could witness that,
If they had liv'd to tell, man.

Hersel she fought at Falkirk muir,
She fought at Prestonpans, man,
Where the English loons 'll ne'er forget
Their meeting wi' the clans, man.
O had the Lowlands join'd us then—
Had they but been the thing, man,
Hersel had been a Highland laird,
And Charlie been her king, man.

* In this production, which is not without spirit and humour, the principal events of Prince Charles' expedition are characterised in a strain of genuine popular feeling, as well as expression. Its author, however, has adopted the vulgar Highland prejudice as to Lord George Murray's supposed treachery. The fourth stanza evidently refers to that now exploded notion. Lord George did all that a brave and skilful commander could, under the peculiar and unexpected circumstances which occurred at the battle of Culloden.

But ah, wae's me! the Highland sword,
The Highland heart ahint it,
Could na ward aff the traitor's blow,
Our fate ye could na stint it :
Selt by a loon we thought was true,
By ane we thought our ain, man,
Our country's freedom got a fa',
Nae mair to rise again, man.

Ochon! ochon! the fatal day,
The day o' dark despair, man ;
Aye when her ainsel thinks upon't,
It maks her heart right sair, man :
The flower o' a' the Highland clans—
The like we'll never see, man—
Lay streekit in their bluidie plaids,
Cauld on Culloden lee, man.

O, is there ane amang ye a',
Ae lad o' Scottish name, man,
Wha'll say 'twas wrang your fathers did,
Or that they were to blame, man ;
To fight for puir auld Scotland's rights,
To bring her back her ain, man.
O were the deed to do the day,
She'd do it o'er again, man.

But ah, wae's me! the time is past,
The day's for ever gane, man,
And gane's the Prince she lo'ed sae weel—
The chieftains match'd by nane, man.
Yet o'er their graves she'll drap a tear,
She caresna wha observe it,
And wish they'd gat a better fate,
For weel they did deserve it.

Yet aye she has her country yet ;
 An inch she'll never yield o't ;
 And tho' her arm be auld and stiff,
 Her sword she weel can wield it :
 And should the French but e'er come here,
 O, gin she meet them fairly,
 She'll mak the rascals rue the day
 They cheated her puir Charlie.

THE EMIGRANT.*

MAY morning had shed her streamers on high,
O'er Canada, opening all pale on the sky!
Still dazzling and white was the robe that she
wore, [shore.
Except where the mountain wave lash'd on the
Far heaved the young sun, like a lamp on the
wave, [cave,
And loud screamed the gull o'er his foam-beaten
When an old lyart swain on a head-land stood
high, [eye.
With the staff in his hand, and the tear in his

* The feelings of those exiles, who for years hopelessly lingered in foreign lands after 1746, are well portrayed in this poem. The severities of Government during the suppression of the insurrection, compelled vast numbers to seek for safety abroad. Those who escaped to France were chiefly of the better ranks, and they were consoled for the loss of their property and the ruin of their families, by escaping a tragical death on the scaffold, and by experiencing both the protection and humanity of the French Government. A sum was set apart for their subsistence, and most of them received an annual pension out of it. To the eternal disgrace of the Dutch Government, however, it yielded to a requisition from the English resident in Holland, to deliver up twenty Scotsmen who had emigrated thither. One of them only was so unfortunate as to be arrested. The others fled, and escaped into other countries. Nothing proves so strongly the persevering vengeance of the British Cabinet against the unhappy fugitives as the fact that at the distance of thirteen years, the Chevalier John

His old tartan plaid, and his bonnet so blue,
Declared from what country his lineage he drew;
His visage so wan, and his accents so low,
Announced the companion of sorrow and woe.

“ Ah, welcome thou sun, to thy canopy grand,
And to me, for thou com'st from my dear native
land !

Again dost thou leave that sweet isle of the sea,
To beam on these winter-bound vallies and me !

“ How sweet in my own native valley to roam,
Each face was a friend's, and each house was a
home ;

To drag our live thousands from river or bay,
Or chase the dun deer o'er the mountain so gray.

“ Now forced from my home and my blythe
halls away,

The son of the stranger has made them a prey ;
My family and friends to extremity driven,
Contending for life both with earth and with
heaven.

“ My country,” they said,—“ but they told me a
Her vallies were barren, inclement her sky ; [lie,
Even now in the glens, 'mong her mountains so
blue,

The primrose and daisy are blooming in dew.

“ How could she expel from those mountains
of heath, [death !
The clans who maintained them in danger and

stone did not think himself safe in Canada, and had serious apprehensions of being seized and sent home for trial.

Who ever were ready the broad sword to draw,
In defence of her honour, her freedom, and law.

“ We stood by our Stuart, till one fatal blow
Loosed ruin triumphant, and valour laid low ;
The lords whom we trusted, and lived but to
 please,
Then turned us adrift to the storms and the seas.

“ O gratitude ! where didst thou linger the while ?
What region afar is illumed with thy smile ?
That orb of the sky for a home will I crave,
When yon sun rises red on the Emigrant's grave !

HIGHLAND HARRY.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he o'er the plain ;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
 O for him back again !
 O for him back again !
I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen,
And set me down and greet my fill
For Highland Harry back again.
 O for him back again, &c.

* The first three verses of this Song were altered by Burns from the olden original, which was always exceedingly popular, both on account of the air and the sentiment. The other two verses were afterwards added by Sutherland.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain ;
 Then I wad see the joyfu' sight
 Of Highland Harry back again.
 O for him back again, &c.

Sad was the day, and sad the hour,
 He left me in his native plain,
 And rush'd his injur'd prince to join ;
 But, oh ! he ne'er came back again !
 O for him back again, &c.

Strong was my Harry's arm in fight,
 Unmatch'd on a' Culloden plain ;
 But vengeance has put down the right,—
 I'll never see him back again !
 O for him back again, &c.

THE BONNY MOORHEN.*

My bonny moorhen, my bonny moorhen,
 Up in the gray hill, down in the glen ;
 It's when ye gang butt the house, when ye gang
 ben,
 Aye drink a health to my bonny moorhen.
 My bonny moorhen's gane over the main,
 And it will be simmer ere she come again ;
 But when she comes back again, some folk
 Joy be wi' thee, my bonny moorhen ! [will ken :

My bonny moorhen has feathers anew,
 She's a' fine colours, but nane o' them blue ;

* The enigmatical mode of expressing the sentiment in this Song denotes it to have reference to one or other of the periods of active rebellion, but whether in 1715, or 1745, is doubtful. The colours

She's red, and she's white, and she's green, and
 she's gray ;
 My bonny moorhen, come hither away :
 Come up by Glenduich, and down by Glendee.
 And round by Kinclaven, and hither to me ;
 For Ronald and Donald are out on the fen,
 To break the wing o' my bonny moorhen.

YOUNG AIRLY.*

It was upon a day, and a bonny simmer day,
 When the flowers were blooming rarely,
 That there fell out a great dispute
 Between Argyle and Airly.
 Argyle has rais'd an hundred men,
 An hundred men and mairly ;
 And he's away down by the back o' Dunkel',
 To plunder the bonny house o' Airly.

are supposed to allude to those in the tartans of the Clan Stuart. The original air bears the same name as the Song.

* This Ballad, as well as another in Page 13 of the present volume, has, it would appear, been altered occasionally to suit the different epochs in the history of the Jacobite cause. According to the Ettrick Shepherd, both compositions are much older than the events of 1715 or 1745. In a note to the other ballad, we have explained the historical fact in which it originated. Why either the one or the other have been referred to the era of 1745, may be owing to the circumstance of the lady of young Ogilvie of Airly, a Johnstone of Westerhall, having accompanied him through most of the vicissitudes of Prince Charles's career ; marching with the Highland army into England, and remaining with it during the whole period of the retreat from Derby to Culloden. The love of this lady for her husband, and her attachment to the house of Stuart, are yet the theme of story and tradition in that part of the country where his property lay. The alleged burning of Airly in 1746, is said to be only a piece of gratuitous poetical mischief. The lady Ogilvie and her children of that day, did not suffer by fire, however hardly they may have been dealt with in other respects. Argyll's destruction of this Castle took place a century before, as explained in the previous note above referred to.

The lady look'd o'er her window,
And O but she sigh'd sairly,
When she espied the great Argyle,
Come to plunder the bonny house o' Airly!
"Come down, come down now, Lady Ogilvie,
Come down and kiss me fairly."
"No, I winna kiss thee, fause Argyle,
Tho' ye sudna leave a stannin' stane o' Airly."

He took her by the middle sae sma,'
"Lady, where is your dowry?"
"It's up and down by the bonny burn side,
Among the plantings o' Airly."
They sought it up, they sought it down,
They sought it late and early,
And they fand it under the bonny palm tree
That stands i' the bowling green o' Airly.

"A favour I ask of thee, Argyle,
If ye will grant it fairly;
O dinna turn me wi my face
To see the destruction o' Airly."
He has ta'en her by the shouther-blade,
And thrust her down afore him,
Syne set her on a bonny green bank, [Airly.
Till he plunder'd and burn'd the house o'

"Haste, bring to me a cup o' gude wine,
As red as ony cherry;
I'll tak the cup and sip it up;
Here's a health to bonny Prince Charlie!
O I hae born me eleven braw sons,
The youngest ne'er saw his daddie;
And If I had to bear them again,
They a' should gang awa wi' Charlie.

" But if my gude Lord were here this night,
 As he's awa' wi' Charlie,
 The great Argyle and a' his men
 Durstna plunder the bonny house o' Airly.
 Were my gude Lord but here this day,
 As he's awa' wi' Charlie,
 The dearest blood o' a' thy kin
 Wad sloken the lowe o' Airly.

THE BEE HIVE.*

THERE was an old woman that had a bee hive,
 And three master bees about it did strive;
 And to each master bee she did give a name.
 It was for to conquer each other they came.
 With a fal de ral, &c.

There was one they called Geordie, and one
 they called Fed,† [head?
 The third they called Jamie; pray who was the
 Jamie and Geordie together did strive
 Who should be the master bee of the bee hive.
 With a fal de ral, &c.

Says Geordie to Jamie, " I'd have you forbear,
 From ent'ring my hive; if you do, I declare,
 My bees in abundance about you shall fly,
 And if they do catch you, you surely shall die."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

* The *Bee Hive* has little merit in point of composition, and still less as an allegory. It is only inserted here as a further specimen of the *ways and means* by which the *Jacobite* spirit was kept alive among the people.

† *Fed*, the Jacobite abbreviation of the name of Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II.

Says Jamie to Geordie, "'Twas very well known,
 Before you came hither the hive was my own,
 And I will fight for it as lang's I can stand,
 For I've full forty thousand brave bees at
 With a fal de ral, &c. [command.

" But you've clipped all their wings, and shorn
 all their backs :
 Their stings they hing down with a devilish relax;
 But the summer will come and restore the green
 plain, [again."
 And something may hap that will rouse them
 With a fal de ral, &c.

Then bee Geordie said, " Sir, I'd have you
 begone
 Abroad with your hive, for 'tis very well known,
 Yours is not true honey, nor gathered at noon,
 But sucked up abroad by the light of the moon."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

" Thou vulgar marsh bee," then said Jamie again,
 " For the hive have my fathers long travelled
 in pain ; [owns,
 And the whole world knows, and the old woman
 That mine is THE BEE HIVE, but thine are
 THE DRONES."
 With a fal de ral, &c.

THE CURSES.*

SCOTLAND and England must be now
 United in a nation,

* This is a bitter explosion of Jacobite fury, and was probably written immediately after the passing of the Act of Union. The

And we must all perjure and vow,
 And take the abjuration.
 The Stuarts' ancient freeborn race,
 Now we must all give over;
 And we must take into their place
 The bastards of Hanover.

Curs'd be the Papists who withdrew
 The king to their persuasion :
 Curs'd be that covenanting crew,
 Who gave the first occasion.
 Curs'd be the wretch who seiz'd the throne,
 And marr'd our constitution ;
 And curs'd be they who helped on
 That wicked revolution.

Curs'd be those traiterous traitors who,
 By their perfidious knavery,
 Have brought our nation now into
 An everlasting slavery.
 Curs'd be the Parliament, that day,
 Who gave their confirmation ;
 And curs'd be every whining Whig,
 For they have damn'd the nation.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.*

FRAE the friends and land I love,
 Driven by fortune's felly spite ;

sentiments, however, were applicable to all the periods of insurrection and excitement ; of course, as a song, it was constantly in use and highly popular. The Union was a deadly blow to the cause of the Stuarts, and hence the soreness betrayed on account of that event by their followers.

* This and the Song immediately following are old compositions, but they were popular even till the extinction of the Stuart family.

Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight :
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
 When remembrance racks the mind,
 Pleasure but unveils despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore ;
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again,
 And ilka loyal bonny lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE JACOBITE'S PLEDGE.*

HERE's a health to them that's away,
 Here's a health to them that's away,
 Here's a health to him that was here yestreen,
 But durstna bide till day.
 O wha winna drink it dry ?
 O wha winna drink it dry ?
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Is nane o' our company.

The first is taken from Johnson's museum ; both the words and air are affectingly simple. The second was procured by the Ettrick Shepherd, from a set of old manuscript songs belonging to the Honourable Miss Rollo.

* Allan Ramsay altered the original of this Fragment into a love song, for the sake of preserving the old chorus. He took the same liberty with many more of our Jacobite productions ; but we must find an apology for the bad taste of such management in the peculiar circumstances of the times. To have published any of the Jacobite songs at that period, in their original state, would have been tantamount to putting his neck into a halter.

Let him be swung on a tree,
 Let him be swung on a tree;
 Wha winna drink to the lad that's gane,
 Can ne'er be the man for me.
 It's good to be merry and wise,
 It's good to be honest and true,
 It's good to be aff wi' the auld king,
 Afore we be on wi' the new.

TRUE BLUE.*

I hope there's no soul
 Met over this bowl,
 But means honest ends to pursue :
 With the voice and the heart
 Let us never depart
 From the faith of an honest true blue, true blue,
 From the faith of an honest true blue.

For our country and friends,
 Let us damn private ends,
 And keep our old virtue in view ;
 Stand clear of the tribe
 That address with a bribe,
 For honesty's ever true blue, &c.

Of the politic knave,
 Who strives to enslave,
 Whose schemes the whole nation may rue ;
 Of pension and place,
 That curse and disgrace,
 Stand clear, and be ever true blue, &c.

* Hogg is at a loss to determine whether this be a Jacobite or a Whig song. The chorus would denote it one of the latter, but the general strain of the sentiment and expression partakes more of the

As with hound and with horn
 We rise in the morn,
 With vigour the chase to pursue ;
 Corruption's our cry,
 Which we'll hunt till we die ;
 'Tis worthy a British true blue, &c.

Here's a health to all those
 Who slavery oppose,
 And wish our old rights to renew ;
 To each honest voice
 That concurs in the choice,
 And support of an honest true blue, true blue,
 And support of an honest true blue.

PRINCE CHARLES.*

O how shall I venture or dare to reveal,
 Too nice for expression, too good to conceal,
 The graces and virtues that illustriously shine
 In the Prince that's descended from Stuart's
 great line ?

O could I extol as I love the great name,
 Or sound my low strain to my Prince's great
 In verses immortal his glory should live, [fame,
 And to ages unborn his merit survive.

usual spirit of the Jacobite muse. All the Whig songs were wretched in point of taste. This composition is lively, poetical, and clever ; and whether Jacobite or Whig, it is entitled to a place in any collection.

* The strain of this production denotes it to be one of the panegyric effusions which abounded when Prince Charles first arrived in Scotland. Its adulation is too fulsome for modern taste ; but it affords evidence of the enthusiastic feeling and blind idolatry of Jacobite loyalty. In *Hogg's Relics* it is set to a fine air by Oswald, whose

O thou great hero, true heir to the crown,
The world in amazement admires thy renown:
Thy princely deportment sets forth thy great
praise,
In trophies more lasting than ages can raise.

Thy valour in war, thy conduct in peace, [cease.
Shall be sung and admir'd when division shall
Thy foes in confusion shall yield to thy sway,
And those that now rule shall be glad to obey.

May the heavens protect him, and his person
rescue [crew;
From the plots and the snares of the dangerous
May they still crown his arms with triumph in
fight,
And restore him again to the crown that's his
right.

Then George and his breed shall be banish'd
our land,
To his paltry Hanover and German command ;
Then freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
And Britons be bless'd with a Stuart once more.

FLORA'S LAMENT.*

SWEET is the rose that's budding on yon thorn,
Down in yon valley sae cheery,

compositions in that line the Shepherd asserts are far too little celebrated.

* All the song-writers who have associated the Prince and Flora Macdonald in their compositions, for the sake of effect, err most egregiously as to facts. This Song is as outrageously wrong in that respect as any of them; and the reader has only to recur to some of the previous notes in this volume, to discover the extreme license which

But sweeter the flower that does my bosom adorn,
And springs from the breast of my dearie.
The lav'rock may whistle and sing o'er the lea,
Wi' a' its sweet strains sae rarely ;
But when will they bring such joys to me,
As the voice of my ain handsome Charlie.

The tears stole gently down frae my een,
Nae danger on earth then could fear me ;
My throbbing heart beat, and I heaved a sigh,
When the lad that I loved was near me.
Fu' trig wi' his bonnet, sae bonny and blue,
And his tartan dress sae rarely ;
A heart that was leal, and to me ever true,
Was aye in the breast o' my Charlie.

His long-quartered shoon, and his buckles sae
clear,
On his shoulder was knotted his plaidie :
Naething on earth was to me half sae dear,
As the sight o' my ain Highland laddie.
Red were his cheeks, and flaxen his hair,
Hanging down on his shoulders sae rarely ;
A blink o' his e'e, wi' a smile, banish'd care,
Sae handsome and neat was my Charlie.

My Charlie, ochon ! was the flow'r o' them a' ;
For the loss of my mate I am eerie ;
For when that the pibroch began for to blaw,
'Twas then that I quite lost my dearie.
O, wae's me, alas ! wi' their slaughter and war,
'Twas then that he gaed awa' fairly ;
And broad is the sea that parts me afar
Frae love and my ain handsome Charlie.

the author has here assumed. *Flora's Lament*, we believe, is modern, and obviously not in the very best taste.

Ance my saft hours wi' pleasure were blest,
But now they are dull and eerie;
And when on slumber's soft pillow I rest,
I behold the sweet shade o' my dearie.
But as long as I live, and as long as I breathe,
I will sing o' his memory dearly,
Till love is united in the cold arms of death,
Poor Flora shall mourn for her Charlie.

MY LADDIE.*

My laddie can fight, my laddie can sing,
He's fierce as the north wind, and soft as the
spring,
His soul was design'd for no less than a king,
Such greatness shines in my dear laddie.
With soft down of thistles I'll make him a bed,
With lilies and roses I'll pillow his head,
And with my tun'd harp I will gently lead
To sweet and soft slumbers my laddie.

Let thunderbolts rattle on mountains of snow,
And hurricanes over cold Caucasus blow;
Let care be confin'd to the regions below,
Since I have got home my dear laddie.
Let Sol curb his coursers, and stretch out the
day,
That time may not hinder carousing and play;
And whilst we are hearty be every thing gay
Upon the birth-day of my laddie.

* This appears to have been a birth-day song, in honour of Prince Charles, and would seem to have been written about the time of his arrival in Scotland. Both the sentiment and the expression are poetical, and in its general strain it rises above the common run of those merely loyal effusions which the Jacobite muse of that particular period so profusely and zealously discharged. Hogg says he got it

He from the fair forest has driven the deer,
 And broke the curs'd antler the creature did
 wear,
 That tore up the bonniest flowers of the year,
 That bloom'd on the hills of my laddie.
 Unlock all my cellars, and deal out my wine,
 Let brave Britons toast it till their noses shine,
 And a curse on each face that would seem to
 decline
 To drink a good health to my laddie.

WHEN ROYAL CHARLES.*

WHEN roval Charles, by Heaven's command,
 Arriv'd in Scotland's noble plain,
 Arriv'd in Scotland's noble plain,
 Thus spoke the warrior, the warrior of the land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain :
 Go on, brave youth, go combat and succeed,
 For thou shalt conquer—'tis decreed.

out of Mr Scott's manuscript collection, and afterwards collated it with another copy which he found in young Dalguise's collection.

* Notwithstanding the disastrous termination of Prince Charles' expedition in 1746, the Jacobite muse despaired not of the cause of his family, nor ceased to hope, as expressed in this effusion of loyalty and zeal, that the time was not far distant, when he should once more

“ Return triumphant o'er his foes,
 And ruling Britain, end their woes.”

The reception which Charles met with at the Court of France after effecting his escape, and the liberality of the French government in protecting the exiles who followed in his train, afforded, among other circumstances, a strong ground for indulging in such hopes. No sooner was it understood at Versailles that His Royal Highness had landed at a French port, than the Castle of St. Anthoine was prepared for his reception; and a cavalcade of young noblemen was appointed to meet and congratulate him on his safe return. The fame of his exploits in Scotland had already preceded him, and on the Court as well as on the French people, had made such an impression as rendered him every where an object of interest and

At Falkirk's fam'd victorious field,
Where Hawley, proud, was forc'd to yield,
Where Hawley, proud, was forc'd to yield,

curiosity. When he arrived at Versailles, the King was attending a Council of his Ministers, but his Majesty instantly rose and went out to welcome him. "My dearest Prince," said he, tenderly embracing him, "I thank Heaven for thus seeing you returned in safety, after so many fatigues and dangers; you have proved yourself possessed of all the qualities of the heroes and philosophers of antiquity, and I hope you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." After spending some time in further conversation with the King, Charles passed to the apartment of the Queen, who received him with the same demonstrations of respect and affection. And when he was about to withdraw from the palace, the whole court crowded around him to express their admiration of his heroic enterprise, and the satisfaction with which they saw him once more in France. Every where did he receive similar testimonies of congratulation and esteem, and this gallant nation, so prone to admire whatever is great, enterprising, and heroic in the actions of men, almost beheld realised in the person of Charles, the *beau ideal* of Chivalry, a real *preux Chevalier*, who in their enthusiasm they likened to their own celebrated Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

In addition to the personal regard thus testified for Prince Charles by Louis XV. and his people, it was officially stated, that a new expedition would soon be fitted out, and composed of such an effective force as would enable him to overcome all opposition. Accordingly several regiments of the exiled cavaliers were embodied immediately, at the head of which were placed Lochiel, Lord Ogilvie, and some others who had distinguished themselves in the late insurrection. These levies were posted at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais, and they served for a while as demonstrations of a serious intention to effect another invasion. Subsequent events, however, demonstrate that the French Court were never serious in this intention; and finally, the Prince and his partizans found that they and their cause were but as dust in the balance, when weighed against the policy which dictated that both should be sacrificed to the political interests of France. In 1748, negotiations for peace, which had been entered into with the British government a year before, were brought to a close, and the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was soon after made public. According to one of its provisions, France not only acknowledged the right of the House of Hanover to the Crown of England, but agreed that, in terms of a treaty entered into in 1718, she should utterly renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and cease to permit them to reside within her territory. Thus at one and the same time, did the Scottish Jacobites discover the hollow and deceitful character of the promised assistance of the French king, and the hopes of the unfortunate Charles Edward were extinguished for ever.

Notwithstanding the express stipulation in this treaty, that the

Let the applauding, the applauding world be
taught,

How well brave Charles's heroes fought :

Ah, still brave youth, thou'lt combat and succeed,

Yes, thou shalt conquer—'tis decreed.

Stuarts should be deprived of the rights of hospitality in France, Prince Charles lingered in that country for a considerable time, vainly imagining, that national policy would yield to the point of honour in the breast of the French king, who had pledged himself to see the Stuart family restored. At length the ministry gave Charles unequivocal proofs of their determination to fulfil this condition of the treaty ; and it was plainly intimated to him, that if he did not withdraw himself from France, he would be conveyed out of it by force. Charles only replied, that all he wanted was, " that the king should keep his word ;" and he continued to go about Paris, attending the opera and all public places as usual. A petty official warfare ensued in messages and counter-messages, which, however ridiculous in itself, excited a great sensation in the frivolous Court of Lewis XV. For a person in Charles's circumstances to attempt to thwart the government of the Grand Monarque, was in those days deemed a very extraordinary instance of daring. and caused him accordingly to become, as it were, an object of national interest. Previously the people had looked upon him as a being of superior order, in consequence of the wild and romantic character of his Scottish expedition ; but now their admiration was still more increased, because they considered him a martyr to political expediency, and suffering under unmerited misfortunes. Whenever, therefore, he appeared in public, the people crowded after him ; and when he entered the theatres or other places of amusement, he became the sole object of interest and attention. " On such occasions," says a contemporary, " he himself seemed the only person indifferent to his fate. He talked with good humour and gaiety upon every other topic of the day, to the young noblemen who surrounded him, but no one could speak to him without mingled emotions of admiration and regret, and few beheld him without tears." This state of things, however, could not be permitted to last, if the ministry meant to preserve the faith of a public treaty. Besides, it was soon perceptible that the public feeling so strongly excited in Charles's favour, was by no means agreeable to the French king. And, to add to the embarrassment, the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, then residing in Paris, as hostages to guarantee fulfilment of certain parts of the late treaty, complained bitterly of the marked respect everywhere shown to the public enemy of their country, while they were treated with ill suppressed contempt or dislike. Louis, therefore, addressed a letter to Charles's father at Rome, demanding that he should be withdrawn by parental authority from the French territory, otherwise active measures would be resorted to, in order to compel his departure. The old Chevalier instantly obeyed this mandate, and by letter com-

Though thou art banish'd for a while,
 Yet fortune still on thee shall smile,
 Yet fortune still on thee shall smile;
 Thou shalt return triumphant o'er thy foes,
 And, ruling Britain, end our woes.
 Usurper then begone, begone with all thy race,
 And to our rightful Prince give place.

manded the Prince to fulfil the king's wishes. Charles, however, though said to have always entertained the utmost respect for his father, in this case remained inflexible, and held out obstinately against his commands. He stated that he still looked to the honour of Louis for a fulfilment of all his engagements, and declared in the most peremptory manner, that no pensions, promises, or advantages whatever, should induce him to renounce his just rights; but, on the contrary, that he was resolved to consecrate the last moment of his life to their recovery. The French ministers in this dilemma, advised their monarch to call a Council of State, which was accordingly held, and there it was at last determined to end the difficulty by sending the Prince out of the kingdom by force. Louis, it would appear, only yielded to this measure from a conviction of its political necessity, for he was known to entertain a warm affection for his unfortunate guest; and when the order of arrest was presented to him for signature, he exclaimed, with unaffected regret, "*Ah, pauvre Prince ! qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un véritable ami !*" The order was immediately put in execution, and Charles was conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, where, in a small apartment, attended only by one real friend, the faithful Neil MacEachan, who, with Flora Macdonald, had accompanied him in his journey through Skye, he was left to ruminate on his wayward fortunes. The unhappy Prince had borne himself with dignity and composure at the moment of his being taken into custody; and while the military escort was conveying him to Vincennes, he spoke in a haughty tone, as if to prove that he scorned the treatment he experienced; but according to MacEachan's report, no sooner had the officers retired, than he clasped his hands together, and burst into tears, exclaiming, "Ah, my faithful Highlanders ! you would never have treated me thus—would I were still among you !"

The rest of Charles Edward's story may be stated in a few words. He was, soon after this, sent out of the French dominions, which he never again entered. His residence, during the remainder of his life, was chiefly at Avignon, a city of Provence, but belonging to the Pope. There he lived a life of retirement, though not of peace, for disappointment and sorrow preyed upon his mind, and wrought such a change upon his temper and disposition, that the noble qualities for which he got so much credit in his youth, entirely disappeared. In short, the heroic and generous Prince of 1745, in his latter years became a slave to vulgar sensuality, and acted the part of a brutal tyrant towards an amiable wife; thus leaving to the friends of his house

THE EXILE TO HIS COUNTRY.*

THO' rugged and rough be the land of my birth,
To the eye of my heart 'tis the Eden of earth.
Far, far have I sought, but no land could I see,
Half so fair as the land of my fathers to me.

And what though the days of her greatness be
o'er, [no more,
Though her nobles be few, though her kings are
Not a hope from her thralldom that time may
deliver, [ever!
Though the sun of her glory hath left her for

Dark, dark are the shades that encompass her
round, [found,
But still 'mid those glooms may a radiance be
As the flush through the clouds of the evening
is seen,
To tell what the blaze of the noontide hath been.

the task of framing an apology for qualities so little worthy of the blood and tears which its cause had cost a heroic people—and to its enemies the power of exulting, with apparent justice, in the downfall and final extinction of his race.

* With all the enthusiasm of a poet, and in a strain of indignant nationality, the author of this beautiful Song enters into the feeling of dislike, hatred, and prejudice with which the Union with England was so long and almost universally considered in Scotland. Even after the lapse of half a century, the minds of the Scottish people were by no means reconciled to that measure; and many intelligent, well educated men, were known to have favoured the insurrection in 1745, less from attachment to the family of the Stuarts, than from a hope that their restoration would lead to a repeal of what was called the detested Union; a measure in which they saw nothing but degradation and ruin—the decay of the nobles—the beggary of the people,—with the utter extinction of their country's name and rank as a nation. How much these well meaning but mistaken patriots deceived themselves, was signally verified in the course of another half century; and never, perhaps, since the beginning of time, were the actual political results so opposite to those which had been thus anticipated. Instead of the decay and

With a proud swelling heart I will dwell on
her story,
I will tell to my children the tale of her glory ;
When nations contended her friendship to know.
When tyrants were trembling to find her their
foe.

Let him hear of that story, and where is the Scot,
Whose heart will not swell when he thinks of
her lot ; [that are o'er,
Swell with pride for her power, in the times
And with grief that the days of her might are
no more !

Unmanned be his heart, and be speechless his
tongue, [she sung ;
Who forgets how she fought, who forgets how
Ere her blood through black treason was swell-
ing her rills, [hills !
Ere the voice of the stranger was heard on her

How base his ambition, how poor is his pride,
Who would lay the high name of a Scotsman
aside ; [fear,
Would whisper his country with shame and with
Lest the Southrons should hear it, and taunt as
they hear.

ruin so fearfully prognosticated, Scotland saw trade and commerce revive, manufactures increase and flourish, wealth and population extend, the luxuries as well as comforts of life abound ; and, to crown all, she discovered that while she thus grew in all the essentials of prosperity, there was in reality no diminution of political fame. Her sons filled more than a due share of all the offices of Government, and whether in the cabinet or in the field, they continued to sustain the honour and perpetuate the renown of their country. In process of time she saw one of the humblest of her nobles rise to guide even the helm of the state ; while others carried the fame of the national arms to the uttermost corners of the earth.

Go tell them, thou fool, that the time erst hath
been, [were but seen ;
When the Southrons would blench if a Scot
When to keep and to castle in terror they fled,
As the loud border echoes resounded his tread.

Shall thy name, O my country ! no longer be
heard ; [bard ;
Once the boast of the hero, the theme of the
Alas ! how the days of thy greatness are gone,
For the name of proud England is echoed alone !

What a pang to my heart, how my soul is on
flame,
To hear that vain rival in arrogance claim,
As the meed of their own, what thy children
hath won, [glish have done.
And *their* deeds pass for deeds which the En-

Accursed be the lips that would sweep from
the earth,
The land of my fathers, the land of my birth ;
No more 'mid the nations her place to be seen,
Nor her name left to tell where her glory had
been !

I sooner would see thee, my dear native land,
As barren, as bare as the rocks on thy strand,
Than the wealth of the world that thy children
should boast, [lost.
And the heart-thrilling name of old Scotia be.

O Scotia ! my country, dear land of my birth,
Thou home of my fathers, thou Eden of earth,
Through the world have I sought, but no land
could I see, [to me !
Half so fair as thy heaths and thy mountains

HAME, HAME, HAME.*

HAME, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
There's an eye that ever weeps, and a fair face
will be fain, [nie bands again.
As I pass through Annan Water with my bon-
When the flower is i' the bud and the leaf upon
the tree, [trie ;
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain coun-

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping ty-
rannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie ! [save,
There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can
But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, Hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame to my ain countrie !
The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save,
The new grass is growing aboon their bloody
grave ; [my e'e—
But the sun through the mirk, blinks blythe in
“ I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie.”

* This Song is finely descriptive of the feelings of a Scotch Jacobite exile. The reader may remember to have seen it noticed in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." Hogg ascribes it, and we believe, with justice, to the muse of Allan Cunningham.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.*

HERSEL pe Highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen,
Amang the Lawland Whig, man.
First when her to te Lawlands came,
Nainsell was droving cows, man,
There was nae law upon hims nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid pricked on her shouder;
De gude claymore hung py her pelt,
Her pistol charged with powder.
But curse upon these Saxon preeks,
In which her limbs are lockit;
Ohon that ere she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every thing in the Highlands now
Pe turned to alteration;
Te sodger dwell at our door cheek,
And tat's a great vexation.
Scotland pe turned a Hingland now,
The laws pring in de cadger:
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh, she fears te sodger.

* This can hardly be called a purely Jacobite song; it is rather a *jeu d'esprit* levelled at the peculiar restraints imposed on the Highlanders, after the insurrection in 1745. "Her nainsell" doubtless thought it a horrible imposition to pay toll at the turnpike gates "for nought but gaun upon te crund;" and he must have viewed with unmeasured wrath the ludicrous but insulting Act of Parliament which prohibited the kilt, and imprisoned him in breeches. The style in which the Highlander speaks in this song is irresistibly comical.

Anither law came after tat,
 Me never saw te like, man,
 They make a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him turnimspike, man :
 And now she pe a ponny road,
 Like Loudon corn riggs, man ;
 Where twa carts may gang on her,
 And no preak ither's legs, man.

They charge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no be sheaper,
 For nought but gaun upon te crund,
 And they gi'e me a paper.
 They take the horse then py te head,
 And there they make him stand, man ;
 She tells them she had seen the day
 They had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubt nainsell maun draw her purse,
 And pay him what him like, man :
 She'll see a shudgement on his door,
 That filthy turnimspike, man.
 But I'll away to te Highland hills,
 Where deil a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near the turnimspike,
 Unless it be to purn her.

ON THE RESTORATION OF THE FORFEITED
 ESTATES, 1784.*

As o'er the Highland hills I hied,
 The Camerons in array I spied,
 Lochiel's proud standard waving wide,
 In all its ancient glory.

* It was only at the distance of forty years from the last effort made

The martial pipe loud pierc'd the sky,
The song arose, resounding high
Their valour, faith, and loyalty,
That shine in Scottish story.

No more the trumpet calls to arms,
Awaking battle's fierce alarms,
But every hero's bosom warms
With songs of exultation ;
While brave Lochiel at length regains,
Through toils of war, his native plains,
And, won by glorious wounds, attains
His high paternal station.

Let now the voice of joy prevail,
And echo wide from hill to vale :
Ye warlike clans, arise, and hail
Your laurell'd chiefs returning.
O'er every mountain, every isle,
Let peace in all her lustre smile,
And discord ne'er her day defile
With sullen shades of mourning.

by the House of Stuart, to recover its lost inheritance, that the Government of Britain thought it expedient to relent with regard to those individuals who had then fatally risked every thing that was dear to them, in behalf of unfortunate royalty. Few of the original exiles survived, but their children and descendants still lingered abroad ; and as the Highlanders at home had, generally speaking, atoned for past transgressions, by a long course of quiet and steady obedience to laws which were even subversive of their national habits and prejudices, such as those which abolished the Highland dress, and prohibited the use of arms, it was at length deemed politic as well as just, to testify the sense entertained of their now peaceable demeanour by passing an Act of grace restoring the exiled families to the homes of their forefathers. This well judged clemency was not lost upon the Scottish people. Though meant only to conciliate the Highlanders, it was deemed a compliment to the whole nation ; and perhaps, no measure since the Union did more to abate ancient prejudices, reconcile hostile parties, and attach the people in general to the reigning dynasty. From that day forward the political distinction of *Jacobite*, may be said to have existed only in name, till it

Macleod, Macdonald, join the strain ;
 Macpherson, Fraser, and Maclean ;
 Through all your bounds let gladness reign,
 Both prince and patriot praising ;
 Whose generous bounty richly pours
 The streams of plenty round your shores,
 To Scotia's hills their pride restores,
 Her faded honours raising.

Let all the joyous banquet share,
 Nor e'er let Gothic grandeur dare,
 With scowling brow, to overbear,
 A vassal's rights invading.
 Let Freedom's conscious sons disdain
 To crowd his fawning timid train,
 Nor even own his haughty reign,
 Their dignity degrading.

Ye northern chiefs, whose rage unbroke,
 Has still repell'd the tyrant's shock ;
 Who ne'er have bow'd beneath her yoke
 With servile, base prostration ;
 Let each now train his trusty band
 'Gainst foreign foes alone to stand,
 With undivided heart and hand,
 For freedom, king, and nation.

finally expired in the total extinction of the family for whose interest it had been so long and faithfully perpetuated. With this change of policy in Government, we find that the muse also changed her tone. A lingering spirit of regret for the past still remained ; but as acquiescence in the irremediable behests of fate succeeded to the vain hopes which were wont to be indulged for their favourite Prince's return ; and instead of the narrow patriotism which burned but for a particular family, we find there was engendered the genuine *amor patriæ*, and a warm expansive passion for the general weal.

BOTH SIDES OF THE TWEED.

WHAT's the spring-breathing jess' mine and rose ;
 What's the summer with all its gay train ;
 Or the plenty of autumn to those
 Who've barter'd their freedom for gain ?
 Let the love of our king's sacred right,
 To the love of our country succeed ;
 Let friendship and honour unite,
 And flourish on both sides of the Tweed.

No sweetness the senses can cheer,
 Which corruption and bribery blind ;
 No brightness that gloom e'er can clear,
 For honour's the sun of the mind.
 Let the love, &c.

Let virtue distinguish the brave,
 Place riches in lowest degree ;
 Think him poorest who can be a slave,
 Him richest who dares to be free.
 Let the love, &c.

Let us think how our ancestors rose,
 Let us think how our ancestors fell,
 The rights they defended, and those
 They bought with their blood we'll ne'er sell.
 Let the love of our king's sacred right,
 To the love of our country succeed ;
 Let friendship and honour unite
 And flourish on both sides of the Tweed.

THE END.

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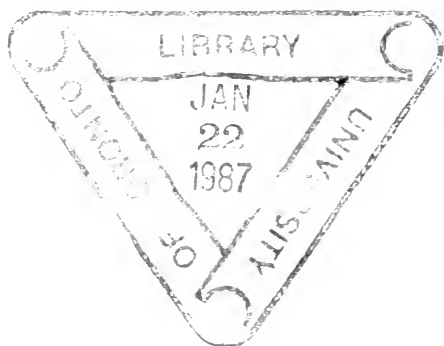
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